



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

7



George Bancroft

1844

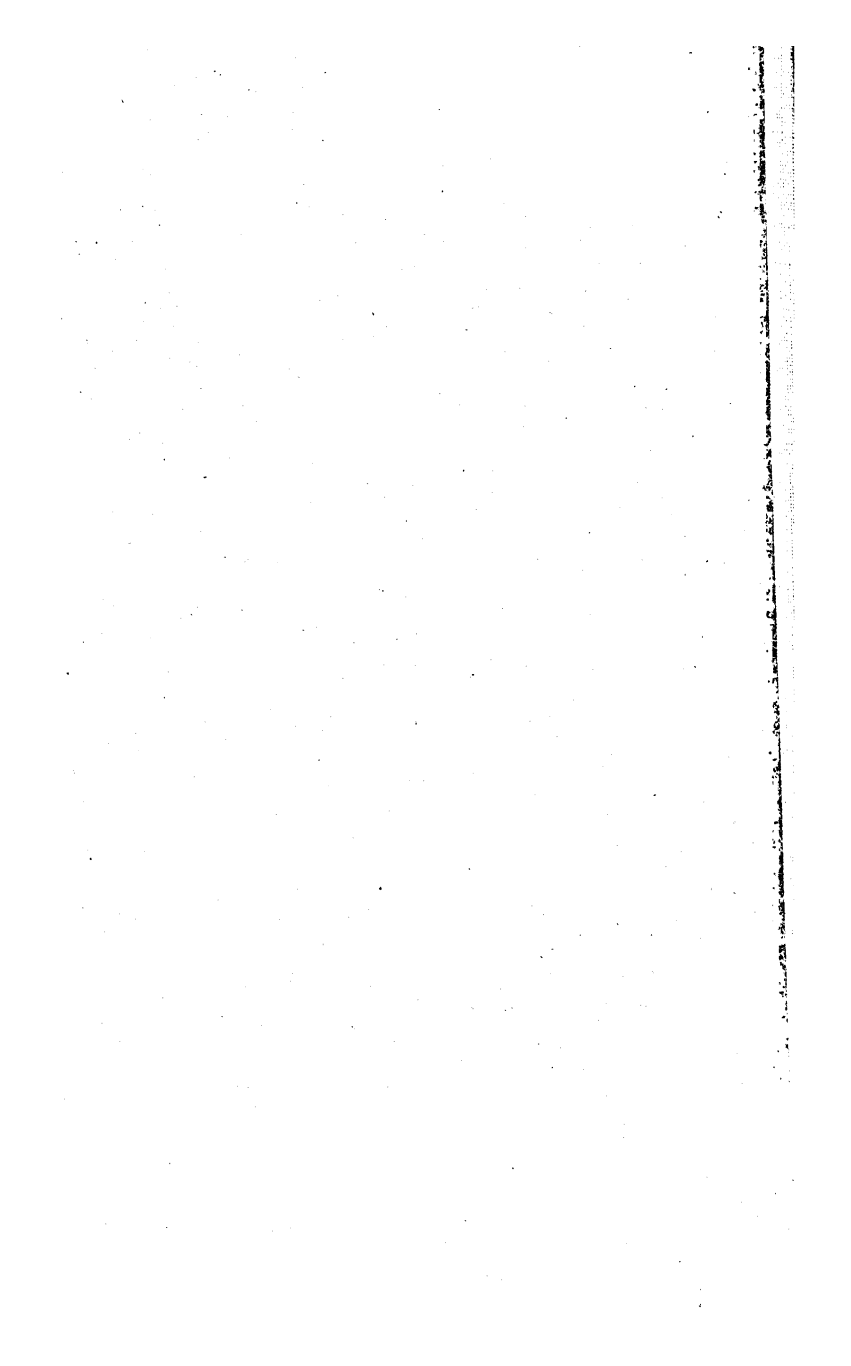
1850

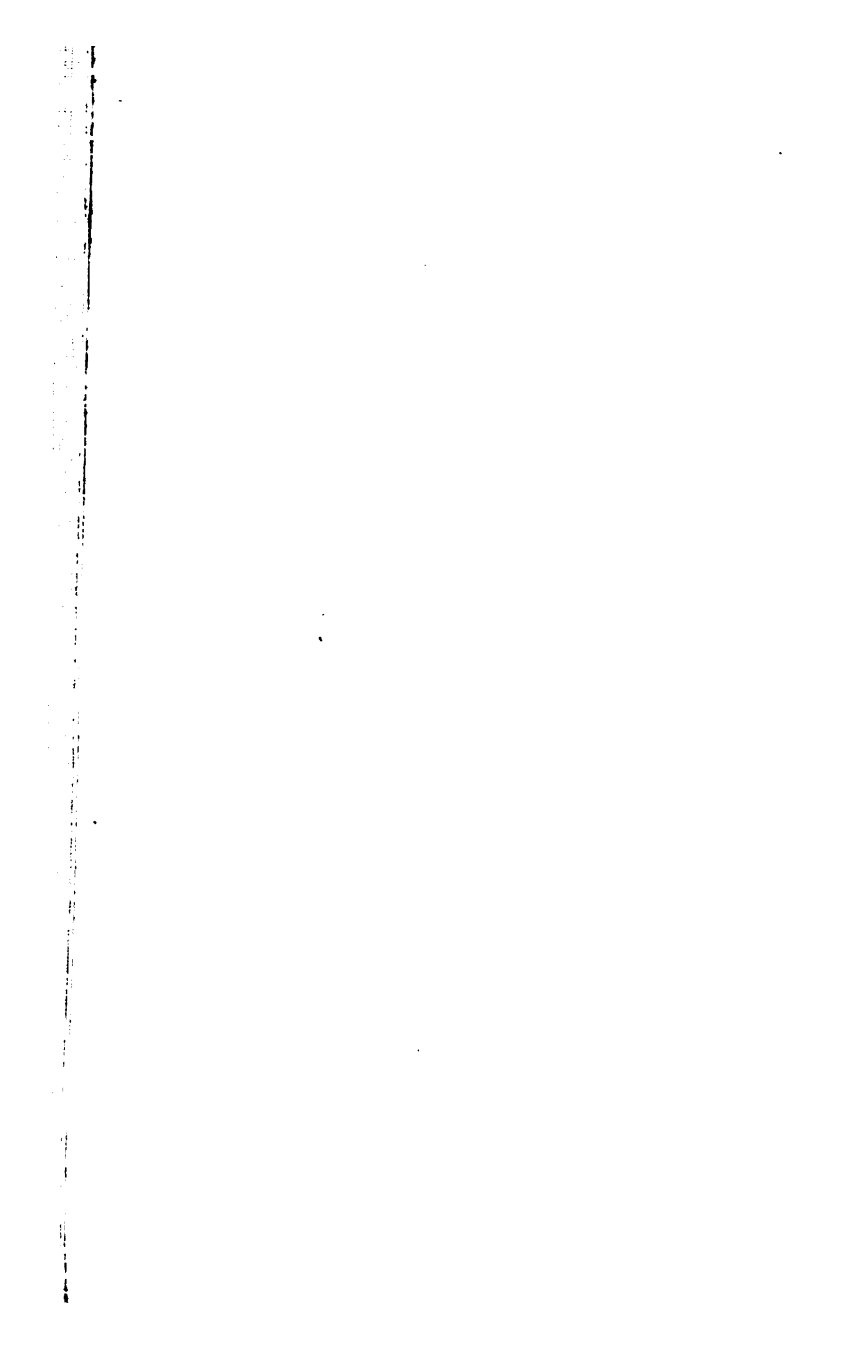
7



George Bancroft

MMN
T-580







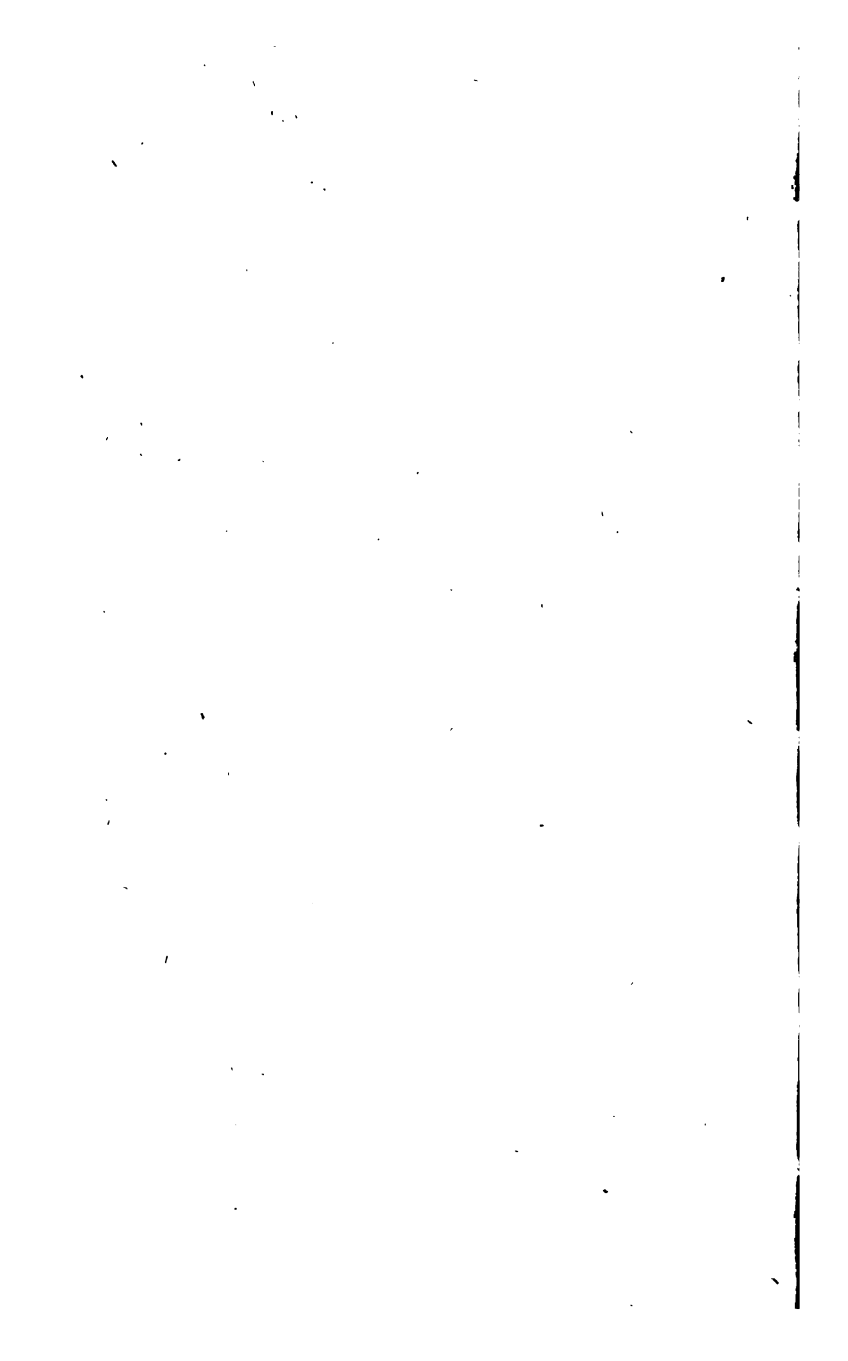
THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY

1911

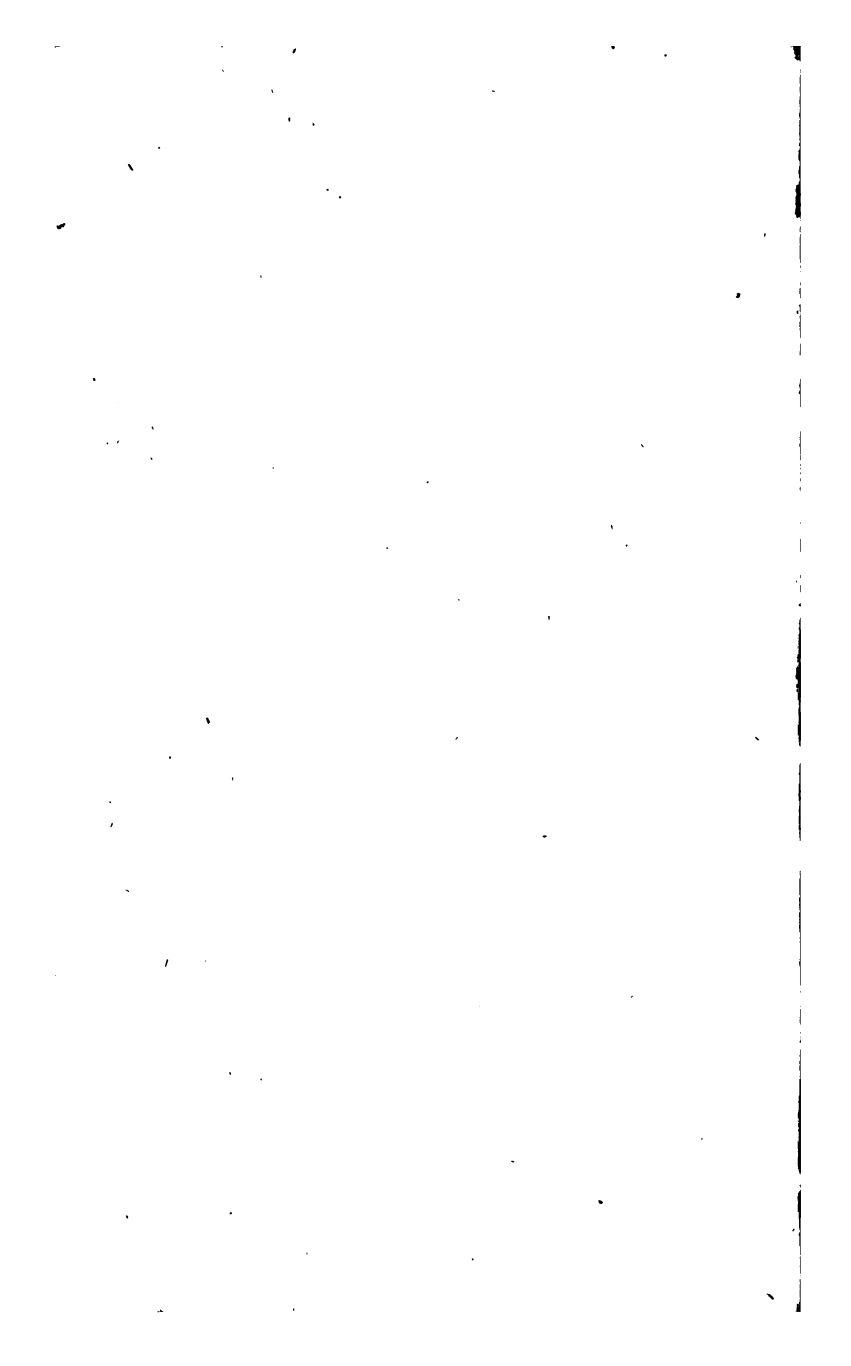


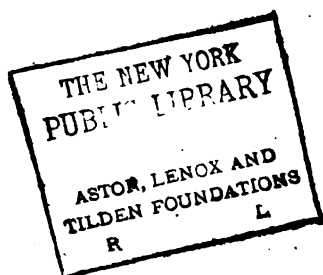
THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

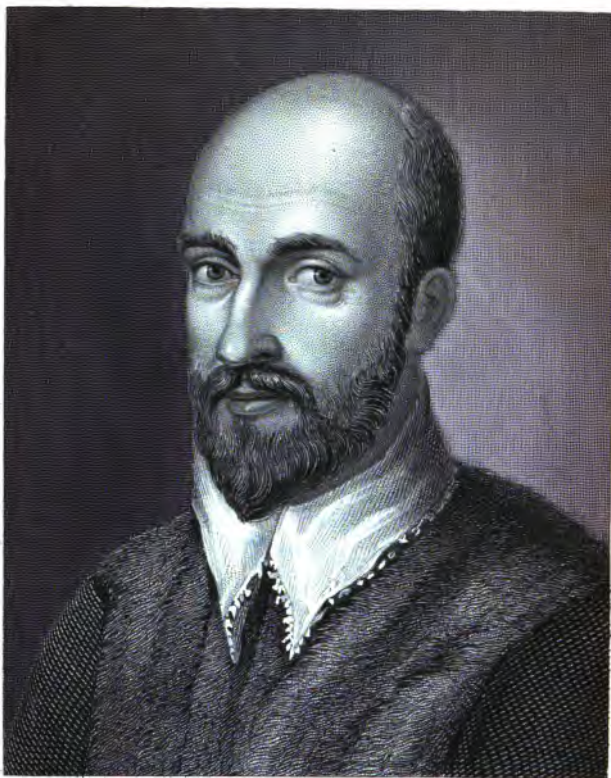
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L







Luigi Lippo del

Rich. Rogers sc.

Luigi Lippo.

from an Original Picture presented to the Author.

by W. ROSCOE Esq.

Published May 1st 1830.

THE
JERUSALEM DELIVERED
OF
TORQUATO TASSO.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH SPENSERIAN VERSE,

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:

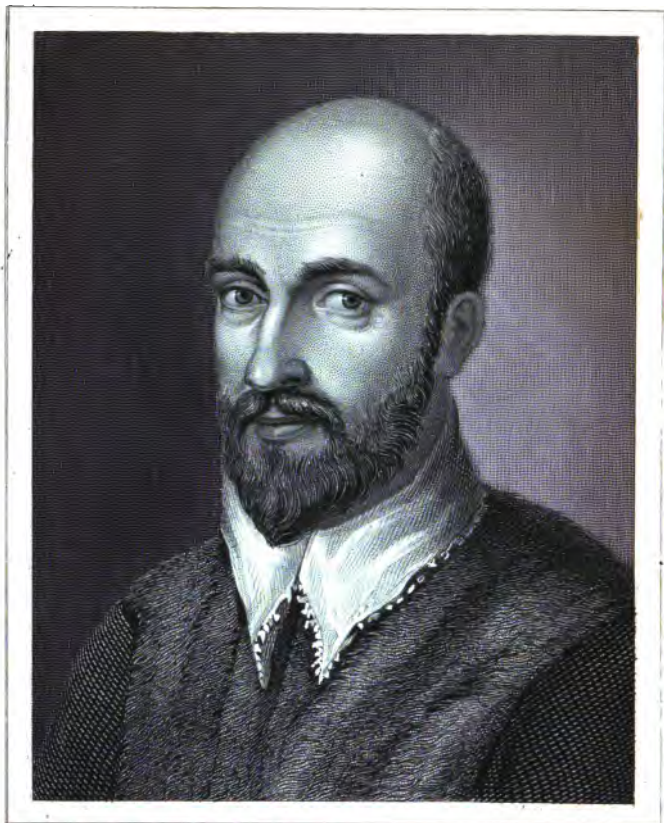
BY
J. H. WIFFEN.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN.

MDCCCXXX.

JHE



Louis Paree del

Robt. Clough sc

Torq.^{to} Tasso.

from an Original Picture presented to the Author.

By W. ROSCOE Esq.

Published May 1st 1830.

THE
JERUSALEM DELIVERED
OF
TORQUATO TASSO.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH SPENSERIAN VERSE,

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:

BY
J. H. WIFFEN.

THIRD EDITION.

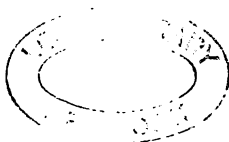
LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN.

MDCCCXXX.

JHE

PRINTED BY SAMUEL MANNING AND CO.,
LONDON-HOUSE YARD, ST. PAUL'S.

ROYAL
CLUB
VIAGRA



THE
JERUSALEM DELIVERED
OF
TORQUATO TASSO.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH SPENSERIAN VERSE,

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:

BY
J. H. WIFFEN.

THIRD EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN.

M.DCCC.XXX.

PRINTED BY S. MANNING AND CO.,
London-House Yard St. Paul's.



TO
GEORGIANA,
DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

I.

YEARS have flown o'er since first my soul aspired
In song the sacred Missal to repeat,
Which sainted Tasso writ with pen inspired,—
Told is my rosary, and the task complete :
And now, 'twixt hope and fear, with toil untired,
I cast the' ambrosial relique at thy feet ;
Not without faith that in thy goodness thou
Wilt deign one smile to my accomplished vow.

II.

Not in dim dungeons to the clank of chains,
Like sad Torquato's, have the hours been spent
Given to the song, but in bright halls where reigns
Uncumbered Freedom,—with a mind unbent
By walks in woods, green dells, and pastoral plains,
To sound, far-off, of village merriment ;
Albeit, perchance, some springs whence Tasso drew
His sweetest tones, have touched my spirit too.

III.

O that, as happier constellations bless
My studious life, my verses too could boast
Some happier graces, (*should I wish for less?*)
To' atone for charms unseized and splendours lost!—
No! the rich rainbow mocks the child's caress,
Who can but sorrow, as his fancy's crossed,
That e'er so beautiful a thing should rise,
To' elude his grasp, yet so enchant his eyes.

IV.

On the majestic Sorrentine I gazed
With a familiar joy — methought he smiled ;
But now the vigil's past, I stand amazed
At the conceit, and sorrow like the child.
What second hand *can* paint the scenes that blazed
In Tasso's brain, with tints as sweet and wild ?
As much the shapes that on his canvas glow,
Their birth to Frenzy as to Genius owe.

V.

Yet may I hope o'er generous minds to cast
A faint reflection of his matchless skill,
For here his own Sophronia, unaghost,
Flings firm defiance to her tyrant still ;—
Clorinda bleeds ; lovelorn Erminia fast
Hies through the forest at her steed's wild will ;
And in these pages still Armida's charms
Strike the rapt heart, and wake a world to arms.

VI.

Thus then, O Lady, with thy name I grace
The glorious fable ; fitly, since to thee
And thine the thanks are due, that in the face
Of time and toil, the Poet's devotee
Has raised the' enchanted structure on its base,
And to thy hand now yields the' unclosing key,—
Blest, if in one bright intellect like thine,
He wins regard, and builds himself a shrine !

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

BUT few observations appear to me requisite, in introducing to the public this new edition of the Translation of Tasso. By the careful revision which I have given to the whole, I have endeavoured to render it more deserving of the approval it has met with, and of that which I would hope it may finally obtain, as a British Classic; with less than which, no writer who has devoted many years to such a task, ought to rest satisfied, how much soever his intimation of such a hope may be open to invidious comment. I have availed myself, for its improvement, of all the strictures I have met with on the work, which I thought deserving of regard, however equivocal the spirit might appear in which they were written. My adoption of the Spenserian stanza I have seen no valid reason for regretting; nor can I think that I have judged amiss of the public taste, in preferring to affix a

memoir of the poet's interesting life, rather than a mass of Notes, highly serviceable and appropriate in illustration of the obscure allusion or complex fable of Dante and Ariosto, but wholly superfluous to the lucid text of Tasso.

An indication of the various sources

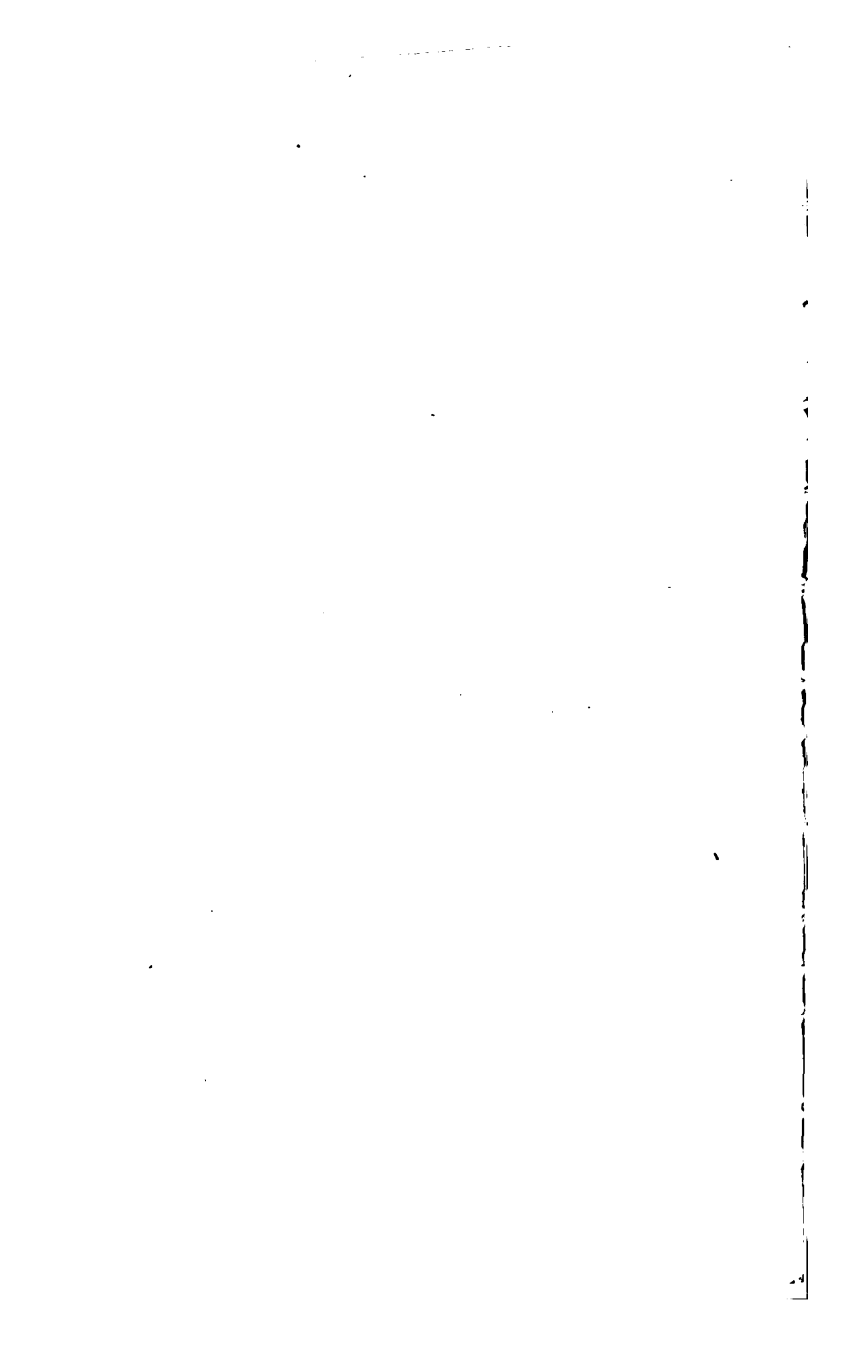
'whence he stole

His balmy sweets,'

might not have been an uninteresting addition, but this has been already given to a considerable extent; and were it otherwise, the undertaking would be inconsistent with my views in having embodied the work in its present form and size, with the same embellishments, and without any material omission of matter in the much more expensive original edition.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DEDICATION	iii
PREFACE	v
LIFE OF TASSO	ix
LIST OF ENGLISH CRUSADERS	liii
CANTO I.	3
—— II.	29
—— III.	57
—— IV.	79
—— V.	107
—— VI.	133
—— VII.	165
—— VIII.	199
—— IX.	223
—— X.	251
—— XI.	273
—— XII.	297
—— XIII.	327
—— XIV.	351
—— XV.	373
—— XVI.	393
—— XVII.	415
—— XVIII.	443
—— XIX.	473
—— XX.	509
L'ENVOI	547
NOTES	551



THE
LIFE OF TASSO.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO THE PERIOD OF HIS FIRST VISIT
TO FERRARA.

A. D. 1544—1565.
Act. 1—21.

OF the family of Tasso, a name that has passed over Europe with so extraordinary a celebrity, the most ancient notices are of the twelfth century. The Tassi were at that period settled in Almenno, a pleasant territory near Bergamo. About the year 1200, they retired for security from the civil commotions which then distracted the Italian cities, to Cornello, a mountain near the river Brembo; where, in course of time, they became wealthy and powerful lords. About the year 1290, lived Omodeo Tasso, the first inventor, or the revivor of regular posts, whose descendants, obtaining the generalship of the post-offices in Italy and other countries, arrived at high dignities. In Spain and Flanders, some of the Tassi became founders of titled families, and in Germany they attained to the rank of sovereign princes.

The stem of all these illustrious branches, however, remained at Bergamo; and it was in this city that Bernardo, the father of Torquato Tasso was born, A. D. 1493. Bernardo Tasso, after a youth spent in the cultivation of letters, and in the celebration of an unsuccessful attachment to Ginevra Malatesta, a lady of incomparable beauty, in whose praise he published a volume of poetry, was in 1531 invited by Ferrante Sanseverino, prince of Salerno, to act in the capacity of Secretary, at his court near Naples. In this situation, devoting himself to poetical pursuits, or following his patron in military expeditions, he spent seven or eight years very agreeably; at the expiration of

b

which time, finding himself fast rising in fame and fortune, he paid his addresses to Portia Rossi, a Neapolitan lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and their marriage was celebrated with much splendour, in the spring of 1539.

The happiness which he enjoyed with this amiable woman, was increased, the year following, by the birth of a daughter, whom he named Cornelia, and by the permission of his prince to retire for a time, from the fatigues of his office, to the quiet enjoyment of his favourite studies. He chose for his retreat the city of Sorrento, which, separated from Naples only by its beautiful bay, commands, under a serene sky, a prospect of the whole romantic region round. Here, having hired a palace which overlooked the sea, he conducted his wife and infant daughter, and applied himself to the composition of the "*Amadigi*," a poem which, he hoped, would not only greatly increase his literary reputation, but add considerably to his means of independence. In this delightful residence, and in the midst of these elegant pursuits, Torquato, the son who was destined so peculiarly to become his pride, and to experience a life of such strange vicissitude, was welcomed into the world, the 11th of March, 1544.

The year 1547 was, however, fatal to the fortunes of his patron. An insurrection arising at Naples against the Viceroy, D. Pedro de Toledo, who had attempted to establish the Inquisition there, the Prince of Salerno was chosen by the nobility of that city, as their ambassador to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. But the Viceroy, anticipating the accusations of his opponents, found means to justify his proceedings; and when Sanseverino reached Nuremburg, he was received as a favourer of heresy and rebellion, and forbidden for awhile to leave the city, upon pain of death. When at length permitted, he returned to Naples, but an attempt having been made to assassinate him by the creatures of the Viceroy, he resolved to forsake a country where he could no longer remain with safety; and Bernardo, who had too much magnanimity to abandon him in his adversity, after settling his family at Naples, departed with him to the court of France. When the news of Sanseverino's defection was known at Naples, he and all his adherents were declared rebels, deprived of their estates, and sentenced to have incurred the penalty of death. By this edict of the States, Bernardo lost a richly furnished house, and an annual revenue of 900 scudi, a stroke, from the effects of which his fortunes never recovered; and the foundation was thus unhappily laid for the uniform life of dependence which Torquato afterwards experienced.

His mother meanwhile had attained his seventh year; and Portia, in her attention to his education and to that of her daughter, found some solace for the long separation from her husband. Torquato had already received some instruction in Latin from D'Ange-

luzzo, a friend of his father's, and he was now sent to a seminary of the Jesuits, which had lately been established in the city ; and such, says Manso, was his ardour for learning, that to quiet his importunity, his mother was often obliged to let him depart to his studies before day-break, sending a servant with him to light his way. During the three years that he continued under the tuition of those Fathers, the young Tasso not only perfected himself in Latin, but made considerable progress in Greek, and cultivated so diligently his talent for rhetoric and poetry, that in his tenth year, he recited original verses and orations, which excited the admiration of all auditors. His father had made it his chief care to imbue his mind early with sentiments of deep piety ; and the virtuous dispositions which he had thus acquired, were assiduously cultivated by the Jesuits, his instructors. He was even admitted by them at nine years of age to the communion-table, and, as he observes in one of his letters, partook of the consecrated Host with feelings of unwonted and indescribable satisfaction. To these early impressions may be ascribed the deep sense of religion which pervades his writings, which led perhaps to the choice of a sacred subject for his most celebrated poem, and which certainly in after-life, when all other consolations failed, enabled him to bear up under the pressure of sufferings, too severe to be contemplated, without the strongest emotions of pity and of pain.

Of the progress which young Tasso was making in his studies, his father received frequent accounts. Devoted wholly to the interests of his patron, who resided principally at Venice, he spared no exertions at the court of France to induce a co-operation with his plans for the invasion of Naples ; but meeting with small success in the negociation, and sighing to revisit his family, he solicited and received permission of the prince, to return to Italy. Having succeeded therefore in procuring from Pope Julius the Third a special license, he in the February of 1554, arrived at Rome, and was invited to occupy apartments in the palace occupied by the Cardinal Ippolito of Este. The Cardinal received him with the utmost courtesy, and interested himself greatly in his affairs ; and countenanced by so powerful a protector, Bernardo had little to fear from the malice of his enemies.

With Portia, however, his disconsolate lady, it was far otherwise. She had been entitled on her marriage to a dowry of 5000 ducats, and an investiture on her life of 1500 more, the capital of which, on the confiscation of her husband's property, she in vain attempted to procure from her brothers. To every representation addressed to them, they turned a deaf ear, and signified to her at length, with unfeeling cruelty, that if she attempted to obtain by law possession of her rights, the strong arm of the Viceroy should not be wanting, to awe her into si-

lence. They even exerted themselves to prevent her leaving Naples; and as she could not resolve to hazard the forfeiture of her claims by flight, she retired with her daughter into the monastery of San Festo. This change of residence administered fresh grief to a heart already worn down by sickness and suffering, as it hereby became necessary to send Torquato to his father. The anguish which his departure occasioned, both to himself and her, to whom he now bade a first, and, as it proved, a final farewell, seems never to have been effaced from the poet's memory. He was then but ten years old; yet he thus pathetically laments the parting, in an Ode to the River Metauro, written between twenty and thirty years afterwards.

I.

Me from my mother's breast, a child,
 Did cruel Fortune tear;
 The tears she shed, the kisses wild
 She pressed in her despair
 On my pale cheek, and oh, the zeal
 Of her most passionate appeal
 To Heaven for me, in air
 Alone recorded,—with regret
 I yet remember, weep for yet!

II.

Never, ah never more was I
 To meet her face to face,
 And feel my full heart beat more high
 In her beloved embrace!
 I left her—oh the pang severe!
 Like young Camilla, or, more drear,
 Ascanius-like, to trace
 O'er hill and dale, through bush and brier,
 The footsteps of my wandering sire.

The young Tasso was received by his father, after so long a separation, with the greatest delight, and for two years applied himself closely to his studies. But in 1556 Bernardo received intelligence of the death of this beloved wife, whose fortitude and self-devotion seem to have equalled all that is related of the Roman matrons in the best ages of the republic. She died, it is but too probable, of a broken heart, the victim of sensibility to their mutual misfortunes; but her death was so sudden, as to excite the terrible suspicion of her husband, that she had been poisoned by her brothers. In his verses, in his letters, Bernardo Tasso ceases not to lament her loss, whom he loved, he says, "more than life, and yet whom he loved less than she deserved." By her death, his daughter Cornelia was left in the hands of his unprincipled kinsmen, who some years after set the crowning

stroke to their iniquity, by instituting, for the purpose of retaining their sister's portion, a lawsuit against the young Torquato; alleging, that as he had followed his father to Rome, he too had incurred the penalties of rebellion. They shortly also married Cornelia, by this time grown a beautiful and accomplished young lady, to Marzio Sersale, a Sorrentine gentleman, in opposition to the wishes of her father, who had hoped to form for her a higher and more advantageous connexion: as, however, this gentleman, though of small estate, was descended from an ancient and noble family, and as he and Cornelia lived together in the greatest harmony, Bernardo was soon reconciled to the marriage.

A war meanwhile broke out between Philip the Second and the Pope, and Bernardo, from having incurred so deeply the hatred of the Spanish party, not thinking himself secure at Rome, sent his son to Bergamo, where he was received with open arms by his relation, the lady Tasso, and took refuge at Pesaro, in the court of Giudubaldo the Second, Duke d'Urbino. Torquato, during the time he stayed at Bergamo, applied himself assiduously to his studies: in 1557 he was sent for by his father, and presented to the Duke, who made him the companion in study of his son Francesco Maria. To the study of the languages, he now added that of the mathematics and philosophy, perfecting himself at the same time in the exercises of the sword, and in those other bodily accomplishments which were then thought necessary to the formation of a finished gentleman.

Torquato resided nearly two years at the court of Urbino; when, being sent for to Venice by his father, who was printing there his "*Amadigi*," he was dismissed by the Duke with no less favour than regret. Dante and Petrarch formed, while he was at Venice, the principal subjects of his study, and with their compositions he nourished the poetical enthusiasm that was every day acquiring in his bosom a greater ascendancy. He had now completed his sixteenth year; and his father, anxiously balancing the various chances offered for his advancement in life, resolved to send him to the University of Padua, regarding jurisprudence as the only science that would secure him from the necessity of subjecting his prospects and happiness, as he himself had but too fatally done, to the uncertain protection of the Great. To Padua accordingly Torquato went, and was entered of the University in November, 1560.

He prosecuted his studies there with great diligence, attending the lectures of Guido Panciroli, a civilian of eminence. To one, however, whose fancy was wedded to the romantic fictions of Boiardo and Ariosto, law must have proved a dry and a sickening pursuit, more particularly as no one had yet appeared, to give, like Montesquieu, to the science, the dignity and interest of philosophical disquisition. The consequence was, a

recurrence in secret to more congenial pursuits, and the production in 1561, of his "Rinaldo." It must be matter of astonishment that a youth who had not yet reached his eighteenth year, should have been able to imagine and conduct to the end, with such masterly skill, a poem of such beauty and regularity, in the short space of ten months, and amidst his unneglected legal occupations. Our young author, however, lest he should incur his father's displeasure, had not dared to acquaint him with the secret; some literary persons of distinction undertook to communicate it, and by commendations of the excellence of the poetry, managed to soften in some degree his affliction at the intelligence. Passing through Padua some time after from Urbino, Bernardo had an opportunity himself of seeing the manuscript, and being satisfied with the genius it displayed, no longer thought of confining the talents of his son to a study so unpalatable to him as the law. At the solicitation of Molino and Viniero, two learned men to whose criticism Torquato had subjected his poem, he even gave permission for its being printed; and it was accordingly ushered into the world from the press of the Franceschi at Venice, in April, 1562. It was received with incredible applause, and the young author was soon known throughout Italy by the endearing name of Tassino, the dear little Tasso. It is impossible for any one to peruse without admiration and sympathy many passages of the work, and more particularly these concluding stanzas, wherein the student, lamenting the circumstances under which the poem was composed, alludes to his early age, and pays a beautiful compliment to his parent, and to the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, into whose service Bernardo had entered, and to whom the "Rinaldo" was inscribed.

Thus have I sung—in battle field and bower,
 Rinaldo's cares, and prattled through my page,
 Whilst other studies claimed the irksome hour,
 In the fourth lustre of my verdant age;
 Studies, from which I hoped to have the power
 The wrongs of adverse fortune to assuage;
 Ungrateful studies, whence I pine away
 Unknown to others, to myself a prey.

Yet O! if Heaven should e'er my wishes crown
 With ease, released from Law's discordant maze,
 To spend on the green turf, in forests brown,
 With bland Apollo whole harmonious days,
 Then might I spread, Luigi, thy renown,
 Where'er the sun darts forth resplendent rays;
 Thyself the genial spirit should infuse,
 And to thy virtues wake a worthier Muse.

But thou, first fruit of fancy and of toil,
 Child of few hours and those most fugitive !
 Dear little book, born on the sunny soil
 By Brenta's wave ! may all kind planets give
 To thee the spring no winter shall despoil,
 Life to go forth, when I have ceased to live ;
 Gathering rich fame beyond our country's bounds,
 And mixed with songs with which the world resounds.

Yet, ere I bid thy truant leaves adieu,
 Ere yet thou seek'st the Prince, whose name, impressed
 Deep in my heart, upon thy front we view,
 Too poor a portal for so great a guest !
 Go, find out him from whom my birth I drew,
 Life of my life ! and whose the rich bequest
 Has been, if aught of beautiful or strong
 Adorns my life, and animates my song.

He, with that keen and searching glance which knows
 To pierce beyond the veil of dim disguise,
 Shall see the faults that lie concealed so close
 To the short vision of my feeble eyes,
 And with that pen which joins the truth of prose
 To tuneful fable, shall the verse chastise,
 (Far as its youth the trial can endure),
 And grace thy page with beauties more mature.

At full liberty now to follow his inclinations, Torquato gave up the study of the law with transport, and in November of the same year entered the University of Bologna, where under the distinguished professors, Pendasio and Piccolomini, he devoted himself wholly to philosophy and the Muses. Before he left Padua, he had conceived the design of writing a poem on the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, a subject the most interesting, and, above all, the most fitted to receive every poetical adornment that the fancy could conceive. He had fixed upon the names of various personages to introduce in it, had imagined several of the episodes with which he afterwards embellished it, and he now sketched out the first three Cantos in 116 octave stanzas, which are yet preserved among the MSS. of the Vatican. To fit himself for the task contemplated, he composed his three admirable Discourses on Heroic Poetry ; and being shortly informed, that the Cardinal d'Este had admitted him amongst the gentlemen of his household, he set forward to join Bernardo at Ferrara, the principal scene of his glory and misfortunes.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS FIRST ARRIVAL AT FERRARA TO HIS FLIGHT
FROM THAT CITY.

A. D. 1565.—1577.
Act. 21.—33.

WHEN Tasso reached Ferrara, on the last day of October, 1565, the city was splendid with preparations for the Archduchess Barbara of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand the First, whom Alphonso of Este was about to receive in marriage. The bride elect made her entrance into the city with a numerous and sumptuous attendance, wearing on her head a golden crown. The balls, the tournaments, and representations that followed in the palace or palace-garden, amidst a stupendous scenery of palaces, and woods, and mountains, lasted for six days, and seemed to the imaginative Tasso rather the work of enchantment than the effect of machinery. He has recorded in the "*Aminta*" his sensations of transport and astonishment at the magnificent carnival that was thus presented to his view,—a scene, to which we doubtless owe many of the rich descriptions of magical enchantment that we meet with in the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*."

The death of Pope Pius the Fifth terminated these rejoicings; and the Cardinal Luigi departed for Rome to assist in the election of a new pontiff; leaving Tasso at perfect liberty to attend either to pleasurable or philosophical pursuits. Tasso employed the interval in insinuating himself into the favour of the Princess Lucretia d'Esté; and by her was introduced to her younger sister, Leonora, who was just recovering from a long illness. These two ladies, says Serassi, were most beautiful in person, and of manners so elegant and courteous, as to excite in all the highest admiration. Lucretia was thirty-one years old, her sister a year less,—an age which had only given maturity to her charms, without impairing her vivacity and grace. Their mother, the virtuous and unfortunate Renée of France, had bestowed great pains upon their education; and, besides the usual accomplishments, had inspired them with a taste for poetry, which they occasionally cultivated. To minds of this description, the author of the "*Rinaldo*," must have been an object of some interest; and the pleasure which the youthful poet felt from their attentions, is attested in some Canzoni of his written at this period, in language full of the respectful gallantry which their favourable notice would naturally inspire. The favour of these Princesses, introduced him in a short time to the notice of their brother, the Duke Alphonso, who, knowing him to be engaged in a poem on

the conquest of Jerusalem, regarded him with a gracious eye, and introduced him to many of the illustrious men who frequented his court. Grateful for these marks of consideration, Tasso resolved to dedicate his poem to this prince, and to introduce Rinaldo for the hero of his fable, as a means to celebrate him and his family. The "Gerusalemme" was accordingly resumed, and prosecuted with such diligence, that in a few months he had completed five whole cantos. Occasionally he unbent himself from this great work by the composition of complimentary verses to the princesses, similar to the following, which he addressed to Leonora when she was restricted from singing by her physicians, on account of her delicate state of health.

Ahi! ben è reo destin, che invidia e toglie.

Oh! 't is a merciless decree,
That to the envied world denies
The sound of that sweet voice, which we
So much admire, so dearly prize!

The noble thought and dulcet lay
Breathing of passions so refined
By honour's breath, would drive away
Sharp sorrow from the gloomiest mind.

Yet, 't is enough for our deserts,
That eyes and smiles so calm and coy
Diffuse through our enchanted hearts
A holy and celestial joy:

There would be no more blessed place
Than this, our spirits to rejoice,
If, as we view thy heavenly face,
We also heard thy heavenly voice!

On the return of their brother the Cardinal, the Princesses failed not to communicate to him the pleasure they had received from the society of the young poet; for whom, amongst many other obligations, they procured the distinction of being admitted to the table where the highest courtiers were entertained, often in company with the Duke; a favour to which Tasso attached no small consequence. Amongst the distinguished men whose friendship or acquaintance he now acquired, were Agostino degli Arienti, Manzuoli, the Cardinal's favourite Secretary, and Giambattista Pigna, Secretary to the Duke, a Ferrarese poet of great consideration amongst the courtiers: with Guarini, the subsequent author of the "Pastor Fido," he was already acquainted.

There was at this time resident at Ferrara one Lucretia Bendidio, a lady of great beauty, vivacity, and accomplishments, who had touched the sensibility of most of the young geniuses

in the city. The harps both of Pigna and Guarini were sounded in her praise; and Tasso, participating in the same feeling of admiration, was equally anxious to obtain her favourable notice. With that inclination to scholastic debate which was so much affected in those ages, he undertook on her account to support in the Academy against every disputant, fifty amorous Theses or Conclusions; and he defended them for three days, with infinite reputation for ingenuity, in presence of an illustrious assemblage of the beauty and learning of Ferrara. But it was not by disputation alone that he sought to find favour in the bright eyes of the lady; she was a charming singer, and Tasso called in the aid of his melodious lute to celebrate her talent. His compliments were not addressed to unheeding ears; for though he met with a formidable rival in Pigna, he failed not to receive from the object of his admiration many marks of partiality. She married into the house of the Macchiavelli, but never ceased to regard him with favour; and in particular studied to console him in the days of his calamity.

Serassi and Dr. Black profess to regard him as having been deeply enamoured of this lady, but I confess I can only discern in the effusions addressed to her, one of those merely amorous fancies which are so apt to play around the heads of susceptible young persons, but which make no deep impression, and vanish altogether with the object that called them into birth. The real symptoms of the passion must be sought for in his compositions of a later, but of no distant date.

These poetical amusements of Tasso were interrupted by the afflicting intelligence, that his father was lying dangerously ill, at Ostia on the Po. He hastened thither immediately, and arrived in time to receive his last benedictions, and on the 4th of September, 1569, at the advanced age of 76, Bernardo Tasso closed a life marked by many vicissitudes and sorrows, but cheered throughout by literary enjoyment, and a truly Christian philosophy. Overcome by grief for his severe loss, and by the vigils he had undergone in his affectionate attendance on him, Torquato himself sickened two days after his father's death; when he had a little recovered, he returned to Ferrara.

In the spring of the following year, a marriage was concluded between the Princess Lucretia and the Prince d'Urbino. Leonora, thus deprived of her most intimate companion, renounced in a great measure all public amusement, and devoted herself to pursuits more congenial to her taste—to private study, and the conversation of literary men.

Tasso, amongst others, had the honour of frequent admission to her society. He acknowledges in an Ode which he addressed to her on his first coming to Ferrara, that he was then struck with admiration of her person, and that, had he not been checked by reverence, he should have become perfectly enamoured of

her. But the regard with which he had been treated by the two sisters, must by this time have much diminished the distance which rank and ceremony had thrown round Leonora; whilst, from the facility of access granted to him, he could not fail to contemplate her perfections with a more unmingled feeling of pleasure and esteem. She on her part, appreciating highly his genius, and his many estimable qualities, found no small enjoyment in his society. To her he read portions of his Poem as they were composed; to her taste appealed; and, flattered by the warmth of her praises and by her gracious condescension, he seems now to have given himself up with less unreserve to the delightful emotions inspired by her presence. Poetry, it must be confessed, was dangerous ground for them to tread in concert, calculated as it peculiarly is to become the echo of those gentle wishes which find a voice so universal in the hearts of youth; nor could Tasso read, nor could Leonora listen to a tale so affecting as that of Olindo and Sophronia, without indulging a train of thought and feeling closely akin to the influences of love. One thing is certain, that at this period he redoubled his assiduities to her, addressing her in strains wherein feeling so far predominates over fancy, as to render it matter of little doubt that her image was gaining over him a powerful ascendancy. The first advances of the passion are, however, marked by great timidity towards the individual beloved; and if Tasso yet dared to acknowledge in song the growing tenderness of his soul, it would probably be in verses like the following, treasured up in privacy as the record of a feeling too sacred or presumptuous to be submitted to the gaze of others.

Amor l'alma m'allaccia, &c.

Love binds my soul in chains of bliss

Firm, rigorous, strict, and strong;

I am not sorrowful for this,

But why I quarrel with him is,

He quite ties up my tongue.

When I my lady should salute,

I can on no pretence;

But timid and confused stand mute,

Or, wandering in my reason, suit

My speech but ill with sense.

Loose, gentle Love, my tongue, and if

Thou 'lt not give up one part

Of thy great power, respect my grief,

Take off this chain in kind relief,

And add it to my heart!

In 1570, Torquato attended his lord the Cardinal, to the court of France, having first, as a measure of precaution, left a

testamentary writing in the hands of one of his intimate friends. On the second visit which the Cardinal paid to the king, he introduced our poet to his acquaintance, saying; "Behold the bard of Godfrey and of the other French heroes, who signalised themselves so greatly at the conquest of Jerusalem!" Charles the Ninth (his name might then be pronounced, and himself approached without horror), received him in the most distinguished manner, saw him often, and gave him uniformly the like reception. He pardoned at his request an unfortunate poet, who, having been guilty of some crime, was ordered for execution, and he would have acknowledged the honour which Tasso had rendered to French heroism, by the richest presents, if the high-mindedness of our poet had not opposed, by a species of refusal, his beneficent intentions. Amongst the acquaintance which Torquato made in France, none seems to have gratified him more than that of the poet Ronsard, for whose writings he professed great admiration, and who, notwithstanding his unsuccessful attempt to engraft upon French poetry the genius of the Greek, was by no means unworthy of the celebrity he enjoyed.—Tasso had here the misfortune to lose the favour of his patron. Whether calumniated by some invidious courtier, or too unguarded in expressing his indignation at the masked severity shewn by the ministry of Charles to the Catholics, preparatory to the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew, he experienced a great change in the Cardinal's behaviour, and as he was of too haughty a spirit to brook the least contumely, he demanded leave of absence, and retired to Rome. Whilst at Rome, it would appear that his favourite Leonora paid a visit to her uncle, the Cardinal Ippolito the Second of Este, a prelate distinguished by his magnificence in building, and his favour to literary men. The villa and gardens which he formed at Tivoli were considered as the most delightful in Italy; and it must have been in their shades that she received these beautiful verses, attesting the fidelity with which he cherished her image in his absence.

TO LEONORA OF ESTE.

Al nobil colle, ove in antichi marmi.

To the romantic hills, where free
 To thine enchanted eyes,
 Works of Greek taste in statuary
 Of antique marbles rise,
 My thought, fair Leonora, roves,
 And with it to their gloom of groves
 Fast bears me as it flies;
 For far from thee, in crowds unblest,
 My fluttering heart but ill can rest.*

* *Che mal può da voi lunge omai quelarmi.*

There to the rock, cascade, and grove,
 On mosses dropt with dew,
 Like one who thinks and sighs of love,*
 The livelong summer through,
 Oft would I dictate glorious things
 Of heroes to the Tuscan strings
 Of my sweet lyre anew ;
 And to the brooks and trees around,
 Ippolito's high name resound.
 But now what longer keeps me here !
 And who, dear Lady, say,
 O'er Alpine rocks and marshes drear,
 A weary length of way,
 Guides me to thee ? so that, enwreathed
 With leaves by Poesy bequeathed
 From Daphne's hallowed bay,
 I trifle thus in song ?—adieu !
 Let the soft Zephyr whisper who.

Meanwhile, by letters to the Princess and her sister, he made application to be received into the service of Alphonso. This, through their mediation, was easily effected ; a pension was assigned him of about fifteen crowns of gold a month, and he was obligingly informed that he was exempted from any particular obligation, and might attend in quiet to his studies. Of this fortunate refuge from the storms of fortune, he makes grateful mention in his "Gerusalemme," nor could the severity with which he was afterwards treated by the Duke, ever efface from his mind the memory of this kindness. In the leisure and tranquillity of mind which he now enjoyed, our poet applied himself with great assiduity to his "Gerusalemme," filling up the intervals which he had left, adorning it with episodes, and improving perpetually the sweetness and majesty of the diction. As a relaxation from the labour of this revision, taking advantage of a visit which Alphonso made to Rome, he began, and it is said, in less than two months, finished his "Aminta," a pastoral fable of consummate beauty, which, if he had written nothing beside, would have immortalized his name. In Italy, from the absolute perfection of its style and its great melody of phrase, the Aminta enjoys a celebrity little less eminent than the "Gerusalemme Liberata ;" but in our own country, partly from the disrepute into which pastoral poetry has fallen, and partly from our not having long possessed a translation that gave any idea of its excellence, it appears to be but little known or appreciated, except by lovers of Italian. Nothing however could exceed its success, when on the return of Alphonso to Ferrara in the spring of 1573, it was represented before the Cardinal his brother, and

* *Pur come uom, che d'amor pensa e sospira.*

a numerous and delighted audience. Their applause was unbounded ;—nor had the public admiration of its beauties suffered the least diminution, when, eight years afterward, it issued from the press of Aldus. Edition followed edition in quick succession, and so numerous were the imitations of it, that nothing for a length of time was to be heard of in Italy but pastoral dramas. The princess Lucretia had not been able to witness the representation of the piece, that was making so much noise in all quarters ; she therefore requested her brother to permit her the pleasure of hearing it recited by the Author, and for this purpose invited him to her palace at Pesaro. As the summer advanced, Lucretia, to avoid the heats, retired to Casteldurante, and took Tasso with her. He here spent some months in a most agreeable manner, completing his great poem, and celebrating the amiable qualities of the princess in sonnets and canzoni of considerable beauty ; * and when he returned to Ferrara,

* As for instance, according to Serassi, the sonnet commencing “*Negli anni acerbi tuoi purpurea rosa.*” Ginguené, however, is of a very different opinion. It bears, he says, indubitably the impress and the seal of Leonora ; I think so too, from the more peculiar applicability of the description to Leonora’s character, and from the allusion in it to *Aurora*, one of her undoubted synonyms. As such, I present a translation of it to the reader.

Thou, Lady, in thine early days
Of life didst seem a purple rose,
That dreads the suitor sun’s warm rays,
Nor dares its virgin breast disclose ;
But coy, and crimsoning to be seen,
Lies folded yet in leaves of green.

Or rather, (for no earthly thing
Was like thee then), thou didst appear
Divine AURORA, when her wing
On every blossom shakes a tear,
And, spangled o’er with dewdrops cold,
The mountain-summits tints with gold.

Those days are past ; yet from thy face
No charm the speeding years have snatched,
But left it, ripening every grace,
In perfect loveliness, unmatched
By what thou wert, when, young and shy,
Thy timid graces shunned the eye.

More lovely looks the flower matured,
When full its fragrant leaves it spreads ;
More rich the sun, when, unobscured,
At noon a brighter beam it sheds ;
Thou, in thy beauty, blendest both
The sun’s ascent and rose’s growth.

he received both from her husband and herself many valuable presents, and in particular a very precious ruby, which was of great service to him in the time of his adversity.

Devoting himself on his return with the most persevering industry to his poem, he had at length, in the spring of 1575, the extreme satisfaction of seeing it completed: but on the other hand he began to be dissatisfied with his situation, from finding himself an object of hatred to a number of the courtiers, who, envious of the distinction he had acquired by the "*Aminta*," and jealous of the glory that would attend the publication of his "*Gerusalemme*," combined to disturb his tranquillity, and by a variety of ways to calumniate him to his patron. He therefore resolved first to discharge his obligations to the family of *Esté*, by printing his poem under the auspices of the Duke; and then either to retire to Rome, or to seek the service of some prince equally favourable to literary men, like the Cardinal de' Medici. Meanwhile, to render his poem as perfect as possible, he submitted it to the critiques of a number of his friends at Rome—a step which in the sequel involved him in the greatest difficulties, not less from the diversity of opinions, which he found it impossible to reconcile, than from the ascetic severity of one or two of his censors, who professed to see, in his charming fictions, something profane and seductive, derogatory to the grandeur of the enterprise which he celebrates, and to the sanctity of the church, of which they were the bigotted expectants. The most acrimonious of these cynics were one *Silvio Antoniano* and *Spero Sperone*, an ancient friend of his father; but who, disappointed in his own expectations of poetical renown, had contracted a surliness of disposition which ill fitted him for discharging the part of a liberal critic.

The "*Gerusalemme*," however underwent two revisions, and it was not till the second took place that *Antoniano* and *Sperone* assisted. The first was made principally by *Da Barga*, author of the "*Syrias*" and "*Cynegeticon*," by *Scipio Gonzaga*, and *Flaminio de' Nobili*, a divine, philosopher, and scholar of considerable eminence. Besides perplexing our poet with several metaphysical objections deduced from the supposed spirit of *Aristotle's* rules, these critics objected to the episode of *Sophonra* and *Olindo*, and to the excess of embellishment which they discovered in the poem. Tasso, however, could by no means bring himself to omit the episode, anxious as he was to preserve throughout his fable the most perfect unity. In the ornamental parts, though obstinate in the opinion that epic poems are the better the more they abound in ornaments, he curtailed many of the most marvellous, in deference to their judgment, and the work of revision was brought to an end in the autumn of 1575. But though the advantages thereof seem to have been considerable, they could not recompense our poet for

the effect produced on his sensibility, by the difficulties arising from their contradictory criticisms, and the consequent delay of publication. To the agony which he experienced from these causes (such is his expression), was added a fresh cause of inquietude. He was tormented by the suspicion, and appears to have had sufficient reason for it, that some rival had intercepted his letters, for the purpose of discovering his secrets, and availing himself of the objections made to his poem.

The Princess Lucretia coming meanwhile to reside at Ferrara, Tasso imparted to her his design of going to Rome. She attempted to dissuade him from it, giving it as her judgment that he ought not to depart from Ferrara before the publication of his book, unless perhaps with her to Pesaro, "for that every other journey would be suspicious and odious;" she mentioned to him also, in her solicitude for his welfare, some other circumstances, which convinced him that he was besides very diligently watched. It would seem that Alphonso was apprised of his intention to solicit the protection of some other patron, and was jealous lest he should be defrauded of the dedication. He had heard more than once the various Cantos recited, he was charmed with their beauty, and was now solicitous to rivet the gratitude and obligations which the poet had expressed. For this purpose he redoubled his attentions, and Tasso was often invited to Belriguardo, a superb palace surrounded with delightful gardens, to which the Duke frequently retired. He was still, however, fixed in resolution to go to Rome; and Alphonso, desirous to hasten the publication of the poem, at length granted him permission. Tasso was received most affectionately at Rome by Scipio Gonzaga. His evenings he devoted wholly to his literary friends; but the individual whose acquaintance at this period with our poet had the greatest influence on his future fortunes, was the Cardinal Ferdinand de' Medici, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, who now made overtures to Tasso of his protection. They were not indeed accepted; Tasso returned to Ferrara without coming to any determination respecting his change of residence; but the interview to which he had imprudently consented, with one of Alphonso's greatest enemies, became, there is too much reason to believe, one of the chief causes of his subsequent misfortunes. At present, however, the Duke, if he felt any anger at the step which his poet had taken, had the temper or the policy to disguise it, and Tasso was received with his accustomed courtesy.

In the February of this year arrived at Ferrara, Eleonora Sanvitali, the bride of Giulio Tiene, Count of Scandiano, a young lady who to great beauty united a noble disposition, and taste for the fine arts. She was accompanied by Barbara Sanseverina, Countess of Sala, her mother-in-law, who with much majesty of deportment, yielded not to Eleonora in beauty, viva-

city, or talent. In the festivals at court during the Carnival, the Lady Barbara appeared with her hair fashioned in the form of a crown, which gave her, says Serassi, the very air of Juno. The loveliness however of Eleonora, rendered peculiarly striking by the exquisite beauty of her under-lip, which pouted forth a little, divided with her the admiration of the courtiers; and nothing was heard of in the palace but this rosy lip and graceful coronet. Tasso celebrated both, in verses which procured him the favourable regard of these illustrious ladies, a circumstance which tended not a little to increase the rage and envy of his rivals.

By the death of Pigna, the House of Este was left destitute of a historian, and Tasso, in order perhaps to have a better pretext for leaving Alphonso's service, in case of a repulse, offered himself as a successor. His offer was accepted, and Tasso thus found himself more firmly chained than ever to the court from which he was desirous to be freed. This unsteadiness of purpose drew from Gonzaga, a gentle censure; but such was the flux and reflux of his thoughts, that he could by no means break the fetters with which he was bound to Ferrara by convenience, by gratitude, and, above all, by his affection for the Princess. He was sensible of the weakness to which he yielded; he dreaded it as the ruin of all his prospects; but a kind expression from the Duke, or a smile from Leonora, was sufficient to dissipate the schemes which he formed in his hours of dissatisfaction. Every means was used that seemed likely to operate, in detaching him from an interest so hateful as that of the De Medici. The Duchess d'Urbino, in a long letter, promised to exert in his favour whatever interest she possessed with her brother; and the Princess Leonora, without any thing leading to such a subject, said, that hitherto her means had been very limited, but now that her revenue was increased by the demise of her mother, she would render him assistance from that source. "This," says Tasso in his letters, "I neither seek, nor will seek;" but the benignity of the offer from one whom he looked up to with such tenderness, must have greatly strengthened for a time his reluctance to leave Ferrara.

The second and more severe revision of the "*Gerusalemme*" by Antoniano and Sperone was now commenced. The first had left poor Tasso exhausted, perplexed, and in a frame of mind little able to undergo the long series of captious objections which these critics started. Antoniano had been in his youth a distinguished improvisatore, and professor of belles lettres at Ferrara. Made subsequently tutor by Pius the Fourth to his nephew, Cardinal Borromeo, and in the high road to preferment, he devoted himself to theological studies, and became a model of acrimonious sanctitude. Tasso, in the outset of their labours, expresses to Gonzaga his fear that Antoniano

would show rather subtlety than soundness of judgment, and so indeed it proved.

But his refined critiques were the least evils that he had to endure from this cold ascetic. Antoniano read the poem not only as a literary critic, but as an Inquisitor; and of his rigour in this capacity some idea may be formed by his professing to regard it as a kind of impiety, that our poet should mingle magic and worldly passions in the description of a conquest to which the motive was so holy. Acting upon this principle, he condemned all the parts of the poem relative to enchantment and love, strengthening his dictum with the threat that should Tasso refuse to assent to their omission, he would not procure those privileges without which he could not expect to obtain the slightest profit from his work. In order if possible to gain the bigot over, Tasso wrote him a long and most ingenious letter, from which, by proposing to omit some of the episodes, enchantments, and seducing passages, he hoped to have some favour shewn to his beautiful imaginings. But the letter had no other effect than to make the ghostly critic deem him learned; "a circumstance," says Tasso, in his proud petulance, "about which I am perfectly indifferent." Nor did Sperone give him less vexation than Antoniano. The literary Diogenes affected to discover that the unity of the Fable was broken by the important part which Rinaldo performs in the story; an objection which gave Tasso greater anguish than all the rest, as he had prided himself upon the geometrical nicety with which he had constructed the Fable, and as the objection against the unity of heroes bore against the whole plan and tissue of the poem. In order, however, to obtain permission to print his book, our poet was obliged to submit to their severity, and with a heavy heart sat down to the mutilation of the poem.

"I have removed," says he in his after letters, "the miracle of the buried person, the metamorphosis of the knights into fishes, and the wonderful ship; I have moderated greatly the voluptuousness of the last stanzas of the 20th canto, although they were seen by the Ferrarese Inquisitor, and tolerated, nay, almost extolled. I shall remove the strange events of the 18th canto; I shall take away the stanzas of the parrot; those of the kisses; and some of the rest in this and the other cantos which gave most offence to Antoniano, besides a vast number of verses and words. I shall accommodate to his taste the invention of the natural magician; I shall remove from the 4th and 16th cantos those stanzas which to him seem licentious, but which are in reality by far the most beautiful. In order, however, that they may not be lost entirely, I will cause a various impression of these two cantos to be made, and will give them entire to ten or fifteen of my most intimate friends. To the world (such is the necessity of the times), my poem must

appear mutilated—but of this, say not a word. Flaminio has noticed a thing as artfully managed in my poem, that there is no love in it of which the event is happy, and this is really the case. Surely this might produce toleration for these descriptions; and as the love of Erminia seems in a certain degree to have a happy consequence, I shall remedy this also, and make her not only a Christian, but a religious nun.” To this pitiable extent did the first poet of his age find it necessary to prostrate his sublime and delightful genius, with a heart bleeding with anguish and disappointment!

The Princess Leonora, to withdraw him from the vexations which so deeply agitated him, took him with her for a few days to Cosandoli, a delightful country-seat on the Po, where in the amiable society which he most affected, he forgot for awhile his anxieties; and when he returned to Ferrara, was sufficiently at ease to resume his poetical attentions to the Countesses of Sala and Scandiana. On the fervour of those to the latter lady, Serassi grounds his opinion, that it was with her that Tasso was enamoured, rather than Leonora of Este; but after a close consideration of the whole question, it seems sufficiently evident, that he used the name of this lady merely as a convenient mask to veil the effusions which his love for the Princess caused him to pour forth. It is possible, notwithstanding, that Tasso may have been betrayed by his admiration of the Countess to assume in his compositions to her the fervour most congenial to his feelings, which, he tells us, were amorous from his youth, no less than to have occasionally feigned a tenderness for the sake of patronage and distinction.

About this period, our poet became fully convinced of the treacherous part that had been played by one of his false friends. He had ascertained by unquestionable evidence, that the man had opened with false keys the chest in which he kept his papers. Manso suspects that he had set in circulation the secret of his love for the Princess, with which by this means he had become acquainted, but it is certain he had given proofs of peculiar treachery and malignity; wherefore, meeting each other in the court-yard of the palace, Tasso remonstrated with him in a friendly manner on his dishonourable conduct—but with so little effect, that instead of offering an apology, or even vindicating his innocence, the villain insolently gave Tasso the lie. This the poet requited by a blow, given, he observes, from no impulse of anger, but from his sense of the demands of honour. His opponent made no attempt at the time to resent the blow; but having collected his brothers, they attacked him all at once and unexpectedly from behind, as he was walking alone in the piazza of the palace. Tasso however, who managed his sword with a dexterity equal to that with which he used his pen, returned their assault with so much bravery, as to put them all to flight.

The principal champion, one Maddolò, a notary in the service of the court, repaired to the court of Florence,—the others to different asylums; but the Duke, justly irritated against the refugees, gave orders to his Counsellor to proceed against them with the utmost rigour.

To this a new vexation shortly succeeded; our poet received intelligence that his "Gerusalemme" was printing in different cities of Italy. It is impossible to portray the melancholy and agitation into which he was thrown by the unwelcome tidings. He had toiled for many years at the delightful task, and he now saw himself about to be defrauded, not merely of the profit which he had hoped to derive, but of the glory for which his bosom was on fire, as the surreptitious copies could scarcely be expected to appear without many and great errors. He therefore made application to the Duke to use his utmost endeavours for the prevention of so great an injury. Alphonso wrote to different princes and governments in his behalf, and procured from the Pope a written order to all the governors of the Church, both to seize whatever copies might be printed, and to insist upon the restoration of those which had been sold. The Count Ferrante Tassone, to relieve the tortured mind of Tasso, invited him during these proceedings to Modena, furnished for his amusement every possible species of diversion, and introduced him to a number of distinguished personages whom he collected to do him honour. Foremost amongst these was Tarquinia Molza, a lady celebrated for her beauty, and her elegant Latin and Italian verses. Tasso's admiration of her person and acquirements is evinced in the following short, but charming composition in her praise.

TO TARQUINIA MOLZA.

Mostra la verde terra.

The green earth of its wealth displays
White violets, and the lovely sun
Its sparkling crown of rosy rays
O'er shaded vale and mountain dun.
Thou, Lady, for thy sign of wealth,
Of genius, beauty, thought sublime,
Fling'st forth in glorious show by stealth
The riches of unfading rhyme.

And whilst thy laurels, charmed from blight,
Thus greenly mock the passing hours,
Thy verses all are rays of light,
Thy living thoughts ambrosial flowers.

Tasso had not been long returned from Ferrara, ere his melancholy, induced originally on his ardent temperament by the

severity of his critics, and the persecutions of his enemies, returned upon him more deeply than ever. He now tormented himself with imaginary fears; fancying that his persecutors had accused him of treachery to the Duke, and of heresy to the Inquisition. To his religious fears was added the suspicion that some of his enemies wished to stab or poison him,—symptoms, which but too plainly indicate the approach of that mental disease which was about to disturb his reason. The Duke and the Princesses endeavoured by every means to calm his groundless anxieties, but their efforts proved wholly unavailing. At length one evening in June, 1577, in the chamber of the Duchess d'Urbino, he ran with his drawn dagger at one of her servants who had given him some real or imaginary offence; and the Duke in consequence issued orders for his being confined to his chamber, which he seems to have done in this instance less for punishment than for the purpose of curing his disorder. To this end he caused him to be attended by his ablest physicians, and when convalescent, to be conducted to his delightful palace of Belriguardo. On the subject of heresy, in order more fully to tranquillize his mind, he had him examined by the Inquisitor at Ferrara, who assured poor Tasso in the most affectionate manner that he was both a good and faithful Catholic, and freely absolved him from all accusation. But nothing could satisfy the phantasies he formed: the sentence of the Inquisitor he deemed invalid, as the usual formalities had in his case been unobserved; and although Alphonso repeatedly declared that he was well assured of his fidelity, he still afflicted himself with the idea that he had lost the favour of his patron, whom he harassed with a variety of unnecessary assurances, petitions, and requests. The Duke at last, either wearied out with his delusions, or willing to try the effect of rigour, forbade him to write either to himself or to the Duchess of Urbino. This circumstance increased in a tenfold degree his terror and agitation. A crowd of strange alarms possessed his fancy, and assuring himself that he had no longer any certainty of safety in the Duke's protection, he resolved to provide for his security by flight. Taking advantage therefore of the first solitary moment afforded him, he on the 20th of June fled from Ferrara, leaving behind him all his manuscripts and books. Dreading pursuit, he selected in his flight the most sequestered paths; and having neglected to provide himself with money, suffered a variety of hardships on his way.—From this period we are to behold the finest genius of Italy, a prey to frequent sorrow and disease, wandering from court to court and from city to city, his splendid fancy darkened by distress, his health destroyed by imprisonment, and his noble heart devoured at once by the agonies of hopeless love and the restless ambition of literary glory,—an object now of the highest admiration, and now of the sincerest pity!

CHAPTER III.

FROM HIS FLIGHT FROM FERRARA TO THE DEATH OF LEONORA.

A. D. 1577—1581.

Act. 33—37.

TASSO in a few days entered the territories of Naples, with the intention of seeking an asylum at Sorrento, with his sister Cornelia, who was now become a widow, the mother of several engaging children. They had never met since childhood; but having uniformly preserved a great affection for each other, Tasso had no reason to doubt of his being cordially received. The general mistrust, however, which he had recently imbibed, inspired him with the idea of putting her affection to the test, before he made himself known: changing garments therefore with a shepherd, he presented himself before her as a messenger from her brother, with letters that stated him to be in imminent risk of his life. Alarmed at this intelligence, she eagerly inquired of him the particulars; and so touching a picture did he draw of his misfortunes, that his sister fainted with excess of grief. Being now certain of her love, and reproaching himself deeply for the pain he had caused her to suffer, he began to comfort her affliction, and having by degrees prepared her mind for the event, discovered himself to her, and found in her embraces and sisterly tenderness, one of the sweetest consolations he had for a long time known.

Thus welcomed by Cornelia to her beautiful retreat, with the most lovely and sublime scenery constantly before him, the object of the tenderest solitudes and cares, Tasso soon experienced a sensible improvement both in health and spirits. But in proportion as the melancholy humour dissipated, which had led him to indulge so many apprehensions, arose the suspicion that he had left Ferrara on too light grounds; and passing quickly, as was but too much his practice, from one extreme of conduct to the other, he could not refrain from writing to the Duke and the Princesses to be restored into their wonted favour. His applications were noticed by none but Leonora, and from her reply he sufficiently perceived that it was not in her power to befriend him. Restless now, and perfectly unhappy, he took the resolution to return, and resign his life into the hands of the Duke; and no sooner was he convalescent from a dangerous sickness with which he had been attacked, than he departed from Sorrento to execute his design, though contrary to the urgent advice and entreaties of his sister.

Arrived at Rome, Tasso alighted at the house of his agent, who, as well as the Ferrarese ambassador, received him kindly, and wrote to Alphonso in his favour. To Scipio Gonzaga and the Cardinal Albano, his equally firm friend, it did not seem expedient that he should return to Ferrara, even although he were invited; they advised him to rest content with an assurance of the Duke's forgiveness, and the restitution of his papers and effects. Tasso, however, continued his solicitations, and whether uneasy at the fruitlessness of his applications, or from a motive yet more strong, became eager to return to Ferrara, stimulated, as Manso imagines, by the letters of Leonora. The Duke, after a time, consented to receive him again into his service; but signified, that it was first necessary for him to recognise, in the melancholy humour with which he was afflicted, the source of all his fears and suspicions, and that he must firmly resolve to allow it to be cured by the physicians; he would not, he said, blame him for his past expressions and conceits, but if, when he came back, he did not submit to the prescriptions of his medical advisers, he should cause the poet to be expelled from his States, with an injunction never to return.

Notwithstanding the coolness of this permission, Tasso submitted to every thing, promised every thing, and returned to Ferrara in company with the ambassador. His first reception was courteous and kind, and for some time he had the same access to the Duke and his sisters as before; but whether his hopes were too high, the frequency and the fervour of his attentions too troublesome, or the insinuations of his foes revived to his prejudice, he soon began to imagine himself slighted; nor could he wholly restrain his impatience at the circumstance of his writings being still withheld, which he was above all things desirous of receiving, to polish and correct. For the purpose of recovering them, he frequently requested an audience of the Princesses; but the door, he informs us, was closed against him by the attendants, sometimes even with disrespect. He had then recourse to the Duke himself, who, however, refused to see him. Thus repulsed at all points, it is not to be wondered at that his patience soon became exhausted; nor that, precluded from that pursuit of glory which was the reigning passion of his soul, he should resolve to seek a surer asylum from mortification and inquietude, in the service of some other lord. Accordingly, after thirteen years of devotion, which merited a better recompense, he a second time quitted Ferrara, and bent his course on foot towards Mantua, hoping that its Duke, who had so highly favoured his father, would extend to him the like protection. The daughter of that prince, however, was on the point of becoming the second wife of Alphonso; so that, finding his prospects at Mantua by no means promising, Tasso departed, first to Padua, and afterwards to Venice, having been obliged to sell,

for the supply of his exigences, the collar of gold, and ruby ring, which, in his happier hours, had been presented to him by the Duchess d' Urbino. At Venice, Maffeo Viniero, a patrician and man of merit, wrote in his favour to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; but before a reply could be received, Tasso, with one of his sudden decisions, quitted Venice, and proceeded to the court of Urbino, where his person and misfortunes were well known, and where he met with the respect and sympathy most soothing to his wounded mind.

It was not long, however, before his melancholy returned on him with added force, and with his melancholy his usual train of suspicions and imaginary dangers; so that, not deeming himself safe, even at the court of Urbino, he determined to have recourse to the protection of the Duke of Savoy; he wrote to that prince a letter full of courtesy and elegance, and, without uttering a word of his intention, withdrew from Urbino, and turned his steps towards Piedmont. On the road to Vercelli, arriving towards evening on the banks of the Sesia, he found the river so swollen, that the ferryman absolutely refused to venture over. A storm came on, and Tasso would have remained in a very forlorn condition, had not a young gentleman whom he encountered, offered him the hospitality of a neighbouring mansion, where, introducing him to his father, a man of pleasing and venerable appearance, he was entertained with the utmost liberality, in a style of perfect elegance. Tasso had declined revealing his name; but when, after the circulation of wines and fruits, their conversation became less reserved, when passing from one subject to another, they at length discoursed on the economy of agriculture; our poet displayed so much learning, and especially spoke in so sublime a manner of the creation of the world, and the sun's motions, that his estimable host began to gaze upon him with greater attention, and after a pause to say, "that now he knew he had entertained a more illustrious guest than he had at first supposed; and that he was perhaps the person of whom some rumour had spread in those parts, who, fallen into misfortunes by some human error, was as much deserving of pardon, from the nature of his offence, as he was in other respects worthy of admiration and renown." Nothing can exceed the beauty and repose of the picture which Tasso has drawn in his "Dialogue of the Father of a Family," of the whole romantic incident. But grateful as the cordiality of his host must have been, and

"In a strange land,

Such things, however trifling, reach the heart,"—

the graceful intimation that he stood discovered by his talents, must have been dear indeed to our poet, and have given, as he sate

"Admiring, listening, quaffing gramolata,"

additional zest to the delightful entertainment. He remained a night with the good old father and his family, and next morning continued his journey. His money was exhausted; and he was, he tells us, compelled to wade on foot, through mire and water, till he reached Turin. At the gates of Turin, from an idea of his insanity, and from his having no passport to produce, he was repulsed by the guards, and in great embarrassment till relieved by accidentally meeting with Ingegneri, a man of letters with whom he had been familiar at Venice, who conducted him to the palace of the Marquis Philip of Esté. This nobleman had known Tasso in his happier days at the court of Ferrara; he could not, without extreme pity, behold the state to which he was reduced; he received him with kindness, lodged him comfortably, and bountifully supplied all his wants. Thus hospitably entertained, and presented to Charles Emanuel, the Prince of Piedmont, who wished to receive him into his service, with the promise of every advantage that he had formerly enjoyed, Tasso once more began to respire from his afflictions. Could he have been satisfied with accepting the proposals of the Prince, or have even been willing to continue under the mild protection of the Marquis of Esté, he might have passed his future days, perhaps in happiness and peace, but certainly exempt from many of those calamities which afterwards befel him. But that unhappy restlessness of mind, which, whether it arose from melancholy, love, or sorrow, was always exerting an evil influence on his fortunes, prevented this desirable event. The remembrance of Ferrara, and his strong attachment to the Duke Alphonso, to say nothing of Leonora, joined to a vehement desire to repossess his manuscripts, began to distract him more powerfully than ever. Thus restless and uneasy, he appealed once more to the efforts of his faithful friend, the Cardinal Albano, who, making application to the Duke, on the promising occasion of his marriage, obtained a favourable answer, and Tasso eagerly solicited of the Marquis permission to depart. But this the prudent nobleman, whether he was not fully persuaded of Alphonso's friendly disposition to the poet, or whether he believed that Tasso's state of mind was not such as to permit his presence at the festivities without some disturbance, hesitated for a while to give,—counselling him, in the most affectionate manner, to wait at least till spring, when he himself should be going to Ferrara, to compliment Alphonso on his nuptials. It would have been well had Tasso listened to this discreet advice; no argument, however, could conquer the obstinacy of his resolution, and taking leave of the Marquis, he set out directly for Ferrara. Never was there an action that more strongly resembled an impulse of fatality.

He arrived at Ferrara in March, 1579, the day before that on which the new consort was expected. Every one was occupied in preparations for her reception; no one had leisure to announce

his arrival, whilst the ministers of Alphonso and the gentlemen of the court, from whom he had expected an affectionate welcome, treated him with careless indifference, if not with rude neglect. Under this heavy disappointment, surrounded by scenes in utter dissonance with his feelings, without even a fixed apartment, seeking in vain through that vast palace for a place where he might at least indulge repose,—excluded, after the festival was over, from the presence of the Duke and of his sisters, neglected, as he thought, by his friends, derided by his enemies, and the casual sport of insolent domestics, the unhappy Tasso found his patience sink under the trial; in a fit of anger he gave a loose to his indignation, and publicly breaking out into the keenest invectives against the House of Esté, cursed the years he had lost in their ungrateful service, and retracted all the praises he had lavished on them in his verses. The Duke, early enough apprised of his injurious expressions, without considering whether he had given any just occasion for them, gave orders for the poet to be conducted to the hospital of St. Anne, an asylum for lunatics and sick people of poor condition, where he was at once placed under strict guard, and treated as a pauper and a madman.

Nothing could exceed poor Tasso's consternation at this new stroke of misfortune. He remained for several days in a state of stupor, and when he recovered from the fever caused by the indignity, it was to bewail his condition thus pathetically in a letter to Gonzaga. "Ah wretched me! I had expected to close my life with glory and renown; but now, oppressed by the burden of so many calamities, I have lost every prospect of reputation and honour. Indeed, I should consider myself as sufficiently happy, if, without suspicion, I could quench the thirst with which I am continually tormented; and if, as one of the vulgar, I could lead a life of liberty in some poor cottage, if not healthy, (which I can no longer be), at least free from this anguish. If I were not honoured, it would be sufficient for me not to be abominated; and if I could not live after the manner of men, I would at least quench the thirst that consumes me, like the brutes, which freely drink from stream and fountain. Nor do I fear so much the vastness, as the duration of this calamity, and the thought of this torments me horribly, especially as in such a situation I can neither write nor study. The fear too of perpetual imprisonment increases my melancholy, and the squalor of my beard, my hair, and habit, exceedingly annoy me. But, above all, I am afflicted by solitude, my cruel and natural enemy; which even in my best state, was sometimes so tormenting, that often, at the most unreasonable hours, I have gone in search of company." The Prior of the Hospital was named Agostino Mosti, a Ferrarese of noble birth and a man of letters. Some sympathy and kindness might have been

naturally expected from him, but from a native moroseness of disposition, from literary envy, or the command of his superior, his treatment of the poet was, on the contrary, ruthless and severe. The affectionate behaviour, however, of his nephew Giulio was some compensation for the cruelty of the uncle. This excellent youth, ambitious of Tasso's conversation, passed whole hours in his cell, listening with delight to the recitation of his verses, writing others to his dictation, and endeavouring by a thousand ways to mitigate his sorrows. His kindness made a deep impression on Torquato's heart; he speaks of him warmly in many of his letters,—addresses him affectionately in his verses; and a number of our poet's compositions at this period, copied out and thus preserved to posterity, remain as an honourable and enduring record of this young man's benevolence and goodness.

Tasso, not long after his imprisonment, appealed to the mercy of Alphonso in a canzone of great beauty, couched in terms so respectful and pathetic, as must have moved, it might be thought, the severest bosom to relent. It commences thus

TO THE DUKE OF FERRARA.

O magnanimo figlio.

O glorious prince, magnanimous increase
Of great Alcides,* whose paternal worth
Thou dost transcend! to thee who in sweet peace
From troublous exile to thy royal hearth
Received'st me erst,—again, yet once again,
I turn, and faint from my deep cell, my knee,
Heart, soul, and weeping eyes incline; to thee
My lips, long silent, I unclothe in pain,
And unto thee, but not of thee complain.

Turn thy mild eyes, and see, where a vile crowd
Throng—where the pauper pines, the sick man moans,
See where, with death on his shrunk cheeks, aloud
Thy once loved servant groans;
Where by a thousand sorrows wrung, his eyes
Grown dim and hollow, his weak limbs devoid
Of vital humour, wasting, and annoyed
By dirt and darkness, he ignobly lies,
Envyng the sordid lot of those,—to whom
The pity comes which cheers their painful doom.

Pity is spent, and courtesy to me
Grown a dead sound, if in thy noble breast
They spring not: what illimitable sea
Of evil rushes on my soul distrest!

* Hercules II. Duke of Ferrara.

What joy for Tasso now remains? alas!
 The stars in heaven, the nobles of the earth
 Are sworn against my peace; and all that pass,
 War with the strains to which my harp gives birth;
 Whilst I to all the angry host make plea
 In vain for mercy, most of all to thee!

* * *

The heart of Alphonso was however impregnable to the appeal, and Tasso in another noble Ode had recourse to the Princesses, whose pity he invoked, in the name of their own mother, who had known, herself, if not the like horrors, the like solitude of imprisonment, and bitterness of soul.

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

O figlie di Renata.

Daughters of lorn Renée, give ear! to you
 I talk, in whom birth, beauty, sense refined,
 Virtue, gentility, and glory true
 Are in such perfect harmony combined:
 To you my sorrows I unfold—a scroll
 Of bitterness—my wrongs, my griefs, my fears,
 Part of my tale—I cannot tell the whole,
 But by rebellious tears!
 I will recal you to yourselves, renew
 Memory of me; your courtesies, your smile
 Of gracious kindness, and (vowed all to you)
 My past, delightful years;—
 What then I was, what am; what, woe the while!
 I am reduced to beg; from whence; what star
 Guided me hither; who with bolt and bar
 Confines, and who, when I for freedom grieved,
 Promised me hope, yet still that hope deceived!

These I call back to you, O slips divine
 Of glorious demigods and kings! and if
 My words are weak and few, the tears which grief
 Wrings out, are eloquent enough; I pine
 For my loved lutes, lyres, laurels; for the shine
 Of suns, for my dear studies, sports, my late
 So elegant delights, mirth, music, wine;
 Piazzas, palaces, where late I sate,
 Now the loved servant, now the social friend,—
 For health destroyed, for freedom at an end,
 The gloom—the solitude—the eternal grate—
 And for the laws the Charities provide,
 Oh agony! to me denied! denied!

From my sweet brotherhood of men, alas,
 Who shuts me out! —————

* * *

Although no notice seems to have been taken to the poet himself of this most touching address, it cannot be supposed that the two sisters read it without commiseration, and an earnest desire to mitigate the harshness of their brother's treatment. But great as their influence was with him, the resentment which he cherished was of a nature not to be appeased. In vain the Emperor Rodolph and the Cardinal Albert of Austria, his brother, in vain the Prince of Mantua, brother of the new Duchess, interceded in Tasso's behalf. It was the Duke's reply to all, that his purpose in confining him, was *only to benefit and cure him*; and that whenever he might become convalescent, he should be set at liberty. Thus disappointed on all hands, and with the prospect before him of perpetual captivity, the unhappy object of this merciless prescription sank into a state of the deepest melancholy. "Nor do I lament," says he, "that my heart is deluged with almost constant misery; that my head is always heavy, and often painful; that my sight and hearing are much impaired; and that all my frame is become spare and meagre; but passing all these with a short sigh, what I would bewail is the infirmity of my mind. . . . My mind sleeps, not thinks; my fancy is chill, and forms no pictures; my negligent senses will no longer furnish the images of things; my hand is sluggish in writing, and my pen seems as if it shrunk from the office; I feel as if I were chained in all my operations, and as if I were overcome by an unwonted numbness and oppressive stupor."

His power of composition at length returned, though slowly, and towards the conclusion of the year 1580, in a letter to Gonzaga, he describes himself as having recovered in a great measure from his languor.

A new source of grief, however, occurred to disturb his growing tranquillity. Ten cantos of his "*Gerusalemme*" made their appearance at Venice, full of errors and mutilations, after a very imperfect copy in possession of the Duke of Tuscany, pirated by Celio Malaspina, who dedicating the edition to a senator of Venice, obtained the privilege of the republic for its publication. If Tasso thought that his poem in its best state was still imperfect, what must have been his regret and indignation at the sight of it thus mangled! He complained to the Senate of Venice, and to that of the Grand Duke; but the injury was done; and when the first ebullition of his wrath was past, he endeavoured to lose all remembrance of the evil in more available pursuits. Besides his delightful Dialogue of "*the Father of a Family*," which he now wrote, he collected together all the fugitive pieces which he composed during the last two years, chiefly in prison, and inscribed them in a short, but elegant address, to the two Princesses. "I dedicate," he says, "to your Illustrious Excellencies these verses, composed by me

in these last years of my unhappiness, that it may be seen that neither the malignity of men, nor the severity of fortune, has the power to deprive me either of the sense of your deserts, or of the desire to honour and to serve you. . . . May you live happy !” The Duchess d’Urbino shewed herself very sensible of this mark of his esteem ; but Leonora was unfortunately far from being able to read either the Verses or Dedication. She had been long labouring under the attacks of a severe malady, and a few months more sufficed to carry her immaturity to the grave. She died with resignation and Christian hope, Feb. 10, 1581, in the 44th year of her age.

A letter is extant of Tasso’s to Panigarolo, a celebrated preacher at that time in Ferrara, written during her illness, in which he intreats him to kiss in his name the hand of Leonora, and to say that he prayed for her recovery. He offers also affectionately, if such should be her desire, to send for her amusement the productions of his Muse. Her death affected him deeply. It has been too hastily concluded by Serassi, by Dr. Black, and all other writers on the subject, that because he added nothing to the voluminous effusions that were published on her death by the servile band of rhymers round the court, he scattered no poetical flowers over the tomb of the Princess. There are a thousand reasons why the proud and noble mind of Tasso would scorn to compete in public with these minions of a man who wronged him ; but let the reader peruse the following secret tributes, so applicable to the situation of both parties, and judge for himself whether the long-loved Leonora passed away from earth, without some ‘melodious tears’ from the lute of her admirer.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

“ *Non suol mai vaga damma.*”

Ne’er did the thirsty hart so fly,
 When fiery summer scorched its frame,
 To the cold water-brooks, as I
 Unhappy ! to the ardent flame.
 And art thou gone, my gentle star ?
 Oh suns ! oh skies ! oh ye, my sweet
 Familiar customs ! the warm war
 I used to wage, e’en in the heat
 Of her coy cheek and colouring brow !
 So rosy then, so icy now !

But the following is perhaps yet more unequivocal.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

*La bella fiamma, che m' ardeva il core,
Dove le sue faville io serbo e celo.*

The flame that late my heart consumed,
Whose sparks I cherish and conceal,
Is quenched on earth, but reillumed
In heaven,—in radiant pomp to wheel
Amidst those other lights which there
Perpetual bliss and glory share.

There I behold it beam with love
When Night her sable curtain spreads,
And scatters o'er the mead and grove
Her hoary frost,—it shines and sheds,
I feel it shed around, a sweet
Assurance of congenial heat.

Sweet Flame, but now a lovely Star !
If e'er you ruled, whilst here you stayed,
My dubious footsteps near and far,
Oh, now that thou 'rt immortal made,
From these wild rocks and billows dark,
Guide to calm rest my weary bark !

The assertions of Serassi indeed on the whole subject of the loves of Tasso and Leonora, are to be received with the utmost caution. Dedicating his work to a Princess of the same house, *

* Maria Beatrice d'Este, wife of the Arch-Duke Ferdinand of Austria. When I first read Serassi, I could not help suspecting that the love of Tasso for Leonora was a theme somewhat distasteful to the feelings of this august personage. Since the text was put to press, I have met with an anecdote which clearly shews this to have been the case, and I am now in my mind perfectly satisfied as to the cause of the good Abbé's *réticences* in this particular. The anecdote is a curious one, and of too much importance to be left unrecorded here. "In the year 1816," says the Count Stendhal in his 'Life of Rossini,' "I was in one of the largest cities of Lombardy. Some rich amateurs, who had established a citizens' theatre there, splendidly decorated, conceived the idea of celebrating the arrival within their walls of the Princess Beatrice d'Este, the mother-in-law of the Emperor Francis. They caused an entirely new opera, both words and music, to be prepared in her honour, which is the greatest compliment that can be paid to any one in Italy. The poet founded the opera on a comedy by Goldoni, called Tor-

it is his evident aim to guard the family of Esté from the imagined degradation of the world's belief that a lady of Leonora's rank could stoop to become enamoured of her brother's pensioner; whilst his frequent representation of her as a temple of chastity, would lead one to imagine that the world regarded her as having engaged with Tasso in a criminal intrigue, rather than as having indulged with him in the simple luxury of loving. The Abbé's apparent sense of some necessity for discountenancing the idea of their mutual passion, has even led him to suppress part of a letter from Tasso to one of his friends, in which the poet avows his love in the most undisguised manner—an instance of disingenuousness that must excuse us from placing any reliance on his statements or views in this particular. A living writer on the question has well observed, "that Serassi seems throughout to be labouring with a secret, or at least with a persuasion which he is at a loss in what manner honestly to conceal."* His representations would tend to the conclusion, that the love of Tasso for the Princess is little more than a popular fable; it may not therefore be amiss to devote a few pages to the inquiry, and to support the positions already advanced, by those farther proofs which may be gathered from the poet's writings, and the lucid arguments of Ginguené.

In this inquiry, it will be wholly unnecessary to revert to a consideration of the three Leonoras in the tale of Manso, or of the fabled and exploded kiss. Of the former, one is proved to have been a misnomer; nor is there any valid reason for sup-

quato Tasso. The music was composed in a week; the piece was put in rehearsal; every thing proceeded rapidly; when, on the very evening before the performance, the Princess's Chamberlain called on some of the distinguished citizens who intended to do themselves the honour of singing before her, and told them, *that it was not very respectful to recal, in the presence of a princess of the House of Este, the name of Tasso—a man who had behaved so ill to that illustrious family.*" The citizens, like good subjects of the modern Ostrogoth, respected the illustrious lady's sensibility to the subject, "and the name of Lope de Vega was substituted for that of Tasso!" The world is doubtless fixed in its opinion as to the individual who had most cause of complaint; but passing such considerations, what I would infer is, that a Princess who could so ill endure the name of Tasso as to proscribe it in a casual entertainment, would be certain to exert her influence to have her scruples gratified in a work of so much importance as Serassi's, and on a question in which her pride of rank was so intimately concerned, before she gave permission for the work to be dedicated to her.

* Hobhouse; Illustrations to the 4th Canto of "Childe Harold."

posing that Tasso's attention to Sanvitali, the second, was more than a means to secure to him, in the jealous court of Ferrara, the countenance of so powerful a patron, or than a mask to his love for the sister of Alphonso. To Leonora of Este, he submitted all his compositions; and whilst sonnets and canzoni are addressed to Sanvitali in the most undisguised manner, those to the Leonora of Ferrara are involved almost uniformly in a veil of studied secrecy, in the true spirit of the following address.

“ Ode, go thou forth in secret, born of love
And holy zeal to her white hand, and pray,
Pray her to hide thee 'twixt her breasts and veil,
From sight of heaven and men ! ”

Sometimes, in the manner of Petrarch, he celebrates her under the disguise of *ORA*, *AURA*, and *AURORA*; sometimes under an artificial combination of words which would connect into her name, as in his verses “ On a charming Mouth,” which thus conclude :

*Se ferir brami, scendi al petto, scendi,
E di sì degno cor tue strale ONORA !*

And yet more clearly at the finish of the canzone written to her on his first arrival at Ferrara—

*E le mie rime . . .
Che son vili e neglette, se non quanto
Costei LE ONORA co' l' bel nome santo.*

And my rhymes . . .
Worthless and poor, save inasmuch as she,
Of her most holy and enchanting name
Does them the *HONOUR*.

This composition, it may be well to bear in mind, was written many years before his acquaintance with the Countess of Scandiano.

There are some remarkable expressions in the verses on the name of his Lady, in which the same disguised echo is preserved.

Dell'ONOR simulacro, è il nome vostro.

Thy name is *HONOUR*'s symbol, wholly fair,
Fit for an angel like thyself to bear ;
The swan, not siren's music forms its sound,
The ciphers purple on a golden ground.
Go, search on high from star to star to find
The things most precious, shining, and refined,
Bring gems from earth, bring pearls from the blue sea,
Their various glories shew combined in thee.
Whence he who named thee wished to represent
Thy rich perfections and divine descent,

As he who formed thee, with his mind pursued
 The ideal image of celestial Good.
 And thou, MINE IDOL,* form'st in soul and frame
 The living echo to that perfect name;
 Nor is it beauty's fault, if in the stir
 Of passion, men make love to it, and err.

These proofs of strong affection are perhaps yet more certainly confirmed in a sonnet and canzone dictated by jealousy, when the hand of Leonora was demanded by a prince, of the duke, her brother. Leonora, however, declined the offered honour, and it was after fifteen years of constancy that Tasso addressed, avowedly to her, the remarkable lines in which he assures her that length of time has not in the least diminished his affection.

TO LEONORA OF ESTE.

Perché in giovenil volto Amor mi mostri.

Though, princely Lady, Love sometimes appears
 To me, with roses in his smiling face,
 My fifteen years of woe, my fifteen years
 Of fruitless song he cares not to efface.

And the fond heart which at thy worth whilere
 Glowed, and has since been most sincerely thine,
 Yet in its casket treasures forms more fair
 Than gems or corals, pearls or purples fine.

This would it whisper in a sigh so low,
 So low, yet still so audible and sweet,
 As might induce the iciest heart to glow,
 With the like amorous languishment and heat.

But of thy graces, its delightful wealth,
 So avaricious is it now become,
 As not to whisper of them ev'n by stealth,
 But in itself to woo them and be dumb.

Dr. Black, influenced by the representations of Serassi, finds a great objection to the reality or fervour of Tasso's love in the age of Leonora, which was thirty when they became acquainted; as if the passion, in a youth of twenty-one, were a nice distinguisher of this difference of age;—as if its very first operation in the mind were not to break down every such barrier, which cool calculation might be disposed to raise, that the heart may abandon itself at will to the delicious emotions of its new existence. “But,” says Ginguené, as it were in reply to such futile reasoning, “Leonora was still handsome, was intelligent,

* IDOL MIO.

attached to poetry and the fine arts, fond of retirement, delicate in health, and averse to the follies of the world. The effect of all these qualities combined, upon a young poet full of sensibility, could easily efface that of the inequality of age; whilst the easy access which he obtained, the lively interest which he inspired, the intimacy induced by his recitations, and the testimonies of her admiration for his verses, might dissipate with no less ease the inequality of rank. Tasso could not conceal from himself the boldness of his pretensions; but at his age, penetrated, as every thing tends to make us believe, with an emotion as pure as the object that excited it, and relying on this very purity for his hope of success, if he dreaded the fate of Icarus and Phæton, he reassured himself by other examples which poetic fable presented to his imagination, and which wrapt his heart in a pleasing illusion. 'Ah! what can terrify,' he says, 'in a high enterprise, him who puts his confidence in Love! What cannot Love effect, which subdues the Celestials themselves? It drew from the spheres the chaste Diana, captivated with a mortal's charms; it raised to the spheres the charming boy of Mount Ida.' Such is the literal translation of one of his Sonnets, which can have neither another object, nor another sense."

Again, before leaving Ferrara for France, with the Cardinal Luigi d' Este, Tasso, as we have seen, made a will, and left it in the hands of one of his friends. In this, amongst other things devised, he says:—With regard to my compositions, it is my wish that all my Love-sonnets and madrigals should be collected and published; but with regard to those, which, whether amatory or not, I have written for any friend, my request is that they be buried with myself, excepting this one only.

Or che L' AURA mia dolce altrove spira.

Now that my dulcet Zephyr seeks to blow
Through other woodlands, who would linger here?
Where the green vale grows gloomy, and the year
Takes the black tint of misery and of woe.
Here not one ray of joy is seen to glow,
Love becomes rustic, and consorts with swains,
Feeds the rude herds, nor in the noon disdains
To turn the furrow, or the mead to mow.
O happy groves! blest plains! where bird and brute,
Trees and rude rocks have sense to rate aright
The charming sound of her approaching foot;
What influence now has not her dulcet light,
If, as she goes or stays, it makes erewhile
The city frown, and the dark forest smile!

What is there in this sonnet to render Tasso so peculiarly desirous of its being preserved from oblivion! We see that it presents at the commencement one of those disguisements of

name of which mention has been made! It must have been written on Leonora's departure for the country on some occasion, or of her too long continuance there. Some interesting association of this kind connected with it, can alone account for his desire to have a composition preserved, so inferior, in a poetical point of view, to those he was in the habit of composing.*

But what is most worthy of remark in this instrument, is the appeal to the Princess with which it closes. "Should an impediment take place in any of these matters, I intreat Sig. Hercules to have recourse to the favour of the most excellent Madam Leonora, which, *for the love I bear her*,† she will liberally grant." Who but must clearly perceive in this appeal the fond project of a lover, to occupy, in case it were his fortune to perish in a distant country, the memory of her whose image was stamped upon his heart?

A fresh confirmation of the conclusions which we draw from these various proofs, is to be found in the beautiful portrait he has drawn of the Princess, under the name of Sophronia, in the second canto of his "Gerusalemme." Every one recognised Leonora in that Virgin of mature age, full of high thoughts and principles sublime, whose beauty in her own eyes had no other value than as it added to the lustre of her virtues, whose greatest merit was to hide her virtues in the shade, and to shun in this seclusion the praise and admiration of men. Every one in Ferrara called up the image of Leonora, in his description of Sophronia's walking through the streets of the city, veiled and with downcast eyes, in a manner no less coy than graceful, with an air which excited a doubt whether she would conceal or heighten her charms, whether it were chance or art that so gracefully disposed her garments. But all did not pay the like attention to Olindo, her young lover, who is represented as modest as Sophronia was beautiful, who feared much, hoped little, and presumed in nothing. Can it be doubted that Tasso, in the first transports of his passion, had wished in Olindo to represent himself! that the idea had frequently crossed his fancy of dying for the woman he adored, and that he eagerly seized this occasion to express the desires which, in his own person, he did not dare avow! The Episode has been generally looked upon as a fault in his fable; all the friends whom he consulted, considered it as such; every one insisted on its being cancelled; he perceived, he acknowledged it himself to be a defect, yet steadily refused his consent to the sacrifice: even

* Note, that this sonnet was written some years before the arrival of Sanvitali at the court of Ferrara, which occurred in 1576, whilst Tasso's journey to France took place in 1571. It could therefore bear no reference to her.

† "PER AMOR MIO."

the perfection of his poem, on which were set all his hopes of glory, yielded in this instance to an interest more dear.

But the affection of Tasso for Leonora, ardent as it was, was subject to occasional inequalities and checks. We have seen him in company with the Duchess d'Urbino, giving himself up at Casteldurante for several months to a round of agreeable pursuits, which presuppose between Leonora and himself some coolness. A letter which he wrote to her at the time, bearing traces on his side of a latent jealousy, favours the supposition. "I have not," he commences, "written to your Excellency for so many months, *rather from defect of subject than want of inclination*, and this will appear from the smallness of the cause upon which I take occasion to do myself that honour. I send your Excellency a sonnet, as my usher to your memory, for *I think I recollect* having promised to send you all my new compositions. This sonnet has little resemblance to those beautiful ones which *I suppose you are in the daily habit of receiving*; and indeed it is as poor in wit and art, *as I myself am in good fortune*. In my present state, however, it is impossible for me to do better; and I send it, as, whether good or bad, it will effect what I desire. Do not think, however, that I have at present such vacancy of thought, as to have in my heart any room for love; it expresses not my own feelings, (or perhaps it might not have been so bad), but was composed at the request of a poor lover, who *having for some time past quarrelled with his mistress, can hold out no longer, but is forced to capitulate, and demand compassion*. Nothing further remains for me to say, except that the stay of Madam, your sister, is rather protracted, than otherwise, so that I believe she will not depart for Ferrara before the 18th of this month. I most humbly kiss your hands. From Casteldurante, the 3d of Sept. 1573."

The following is a translation of the Sonnet.

Sdegno, debil guerrier, campione audace!

Bold in defiance, but in war most weak,
Wrath! thou hast brought me with blunt arms to face
Love, who with radiant shafts and glowing grace
Stands to claim vengeance for injurious pique.
Thy lance is snapt, pale turns thy crimson cheek,
At the first fanning of his golden wing;
What if thou wait'st till from the sounding string
The arrow leaps? rash fool, forgiveness seek!
I cry you grace, I stretch the languid hand,
My knees I bend, and naked lay my breast;
If fight you will, let Pity for me stand,
She will acquire me fame, or death at least;
For if one tear flows, death will prove renown,
And sad submission a triumphal crown!

This letter and sonnet contain important disclosures. Serassi, who has published the former, very justly concludes that the sonnets which Leonora was in the habit of receiving, were those of Pigna and Guarini. But it is easy to see farther. Guarini, who always prided himself on rivalling Tasso, was doubtless the one whose assiduities and verses had given him umbrage; he had wished to supplant him, had met with resistance, was piqued, and in this disposition had departed for Casteldurante with Lucretia. The enjoyments which he there met with, had for a time beguiled his thoughts; he had passed several months without writing even to Leonora; but the anger he had indulged was weakened, love regained its wonted ascendancy; he eagerly desired to return, and sent as his precursor this Sonnet, which possesses great interest, if such were the state of affairs between them, but none, if it were otherwise. He surely *did* compose at that time verses much more worthy, in a poetical point of view, to be sent to the Princess;* this fable, therefore, of *the poor lover*, whom he pretends to serve as an interpreter of his sentiments, must be regarded as an invention devised to operate upon her feelings in a like manner with the testamentary appeal, when he parted for France. "In a word," says Ginguené, "I regard as one of the clearest proofs of the passion of Tasso for Leonora, what the good Abbé Serassi has given as a testimony, *which ought to end all doubts*, of his indifference and coolness to her."

The evidence thus cited must be, I think, sufficiently conclusive; but there is one other composition addressed to Leonora of Este, more beautiful perhaps than all the rest, and of a more peculiar importance, from the admission it contains with reference to the beauties he addressed to other beauties. It is entitled in his "Rime,"

THE HURTFUL COLDNESS.

Allor, che ne' miei spirti intepidissi.

When the blest heat grew cold which thou, sweet flame!
Shed'st in my eagle spirit, I became
A hoarse dull bird of the' vale, and life has been
A wearying burden or a worthless scene.

* I think it highly probable that the following exquisite little lament was written at this time, and on this occasion.

Lunge da voi, ben mio!

Distant from thee, my Love, I have, alas!
Nor life, nor heart,—I am not what I was;
But a dim shadow, a lamenting sound,
A weeping echo struck from ruins round!
It is thy gift, but such the agony,
That my soul sickens, and I long to die!

Since—I of love have nothing writ nor sung,
 Or if some ditties have escaped my tongue
 In truant sport, I oft have felt disdain
 For the attempts, and thou no noble strain
 Hast heard, no lyric e'er to be renowned,
 But feeble chatterings of a vacant sound.
 I am but a discordant lute, but like
 The' unvalued lyre which all chance-fingers strike,
 Learned or unlearned, and which in various tones
 Now mildly murmurs, and now harshly moans.
 AND SWEET ALONE IN THY ENCHANTING NAME
 SOUNDS THE DEAR SONG; AND ONLY WHEN I FRAME
 MY THOUGHTS TO LOVE, ILLUMINED BY THE FIRE
 OF THY BRIGHT EYES, DOES LOVE THE WORDS INSPIRE.

How far Leonora corresponded to this ardent love, must ever remain an inscrutable mystery. We only know, that to whatever degree she requited it, it was insufficient to satisfy his high ambition. "Sure I am," says the unhappy man soon after his imprisonment, in a letter to Gonzaga, wherein he describes the horrors of his gaol, "sure I am, that if she who has corresponded so little to my attachment were to see me in such a state, and in such affliction, she would have some compassion on me!" This was, however, written whilst he was smarting under the recent infliction of intolerable wrong,—and has been suppressed by Serrassi, because *some* correspondence of attachment it distinctly proves. Little as it might seem to poor Tasso at this crisis, it was doubtless greater in reality than he was aware of, it being the policy, and perhaps the prudence of woman, to conceal from the aspirant to her heart the full strength of the emotions with which he may inspire her. But, as Love burns necessarily out, without some ray of hope, however slight, to enliven it, we may safely conclude that there were many gracious tokens on her part shewn from time to time, to preserve in the soul of her admirer for seventeen years a passion fervent as at first. Of this in his smaller poems there are many scattered indications, but in no instance is it more visible than in the following short composition, which has to the fancy all the truth of anecdote.

THE AMOROUS ACCIDENT.

Stava Madonna ad un balcon soletta.

My lady at a balcony alone
 One day was standing, when I chanced to stretch
 My arm on hers; pardon I begged, if so
 I had offended her: she sweetly answered,
 "Not by the placing of thy arm hast thou
 Displeased me aught, but by withdrawing it

Do I remain offended!" O fond words!
 Dear little lovewords, short, but sweet, and courteous;
 Courteous as sweet, affectionate as courteous!
 If it were true and certain what I heard,
 I shall be always seeking not to' offend thee,
 Repeating the great bliss: but, my sweet life,
 By all my eagerness therein, remember—
 Where there is no offence, there must be no,
 No visiting of vengeance!

A circumstance of this nature, how long would it not remain engraven on a lover's mind; what hopes would it not reasonably excite, what fears not dissipate; how clearly would it not speak to his heart of esteem and ripening attachment! This is not however by any means the only proof cited of his Lady's grace. Those slight signs of emotion in the countenance or the behaviour, trifling to all but a lover, but all-eloquent with him,—“the graceful inclination of the head, the sweet look that says, ‘I glow in the flame,’ the blush across the face, the melancholy sigh, the joyous smile,”* all were treasured up in his bosom, and recorded in his verses.

From the poet's enumeration, however, of his amorous troubles, no less than from his frequent complaints of his Lady's severity, I am ready to believe that Leonora might be at all times on her guard to prevent the testimonies of her peculiar esteem from being remarked by the jealous court in which she lived, and that she was often induced to call up a passing frown, in order to baffle observation, or to mitigate presumption. She must have been well aware of the precipice on which she stood in the indulgence of any marked partiality towards a dependent of her brother's court, when she had refused the hand of princes, when she called to mind the imprisonment to which her mother had been consigned on renouncing Catholicism, and finally, Alphonso's pride of rank, and bitter persecution of those who once in reality offended him. These remembrances, to say nothing of the prudential considerations suggested by womanly reserve, must have induced her to act with extreme caution in bestowing her encouragements. As to the imputed indifference which the Princess is supposed to have exhibited for the misfortunes of Tasso, and the little effort she made to obtain his liberty, with the conclusion which some would thence deduce, that her heart was never interested in his behalf, “this,” observes Foscolo with great truth, “is one of the negative arguments founded on a hypothesis that may be easily destroyed by a thousand others equally plausible. Was not the Princess anxious to avoid her own ruin? In taking too warm an interest for the poet, did she not risk

* Rime.

destroying herself without saving him? A poet who dared to love a princess of Esté, and a princess who had encouraged him, were, in the view of Italian statesmen, scandals which could not even be spoken by any, without rendering them guilty of high treason.*—But on what ground do these suppositions rest? what proofs are there that Leonora did not exert her utmost influence to lighten his calamities and terminate the horrors of his captivity? His continuance in prison? Nothing is more likely than that he whose mind was rankling with resentment, whose bosom was proof alike to the pathetic appeals of the poet and the entreaties of sovereign princes, would turn a deaf ear even to a sister's intercessions. That she did intercede for him is sufficiently clear from a remarkable expression in his Canzone to the Princesses. "*Chi mi guidò*," he exclaims, in allusion to the star whose influence had attracted him twice to Ferrara, in despite of the urgent remonstrances of his friends,

" *Ove mi trovo,
Chi mi guidò?—
Lasso! chi m' affidò, chi mi deluse?*

" What star
Guided me hither?
And who, alas, when I for freedom grieved,
Promised me hope, yet still that hope deceived?"

The whole tenour of the compositions we have cited, all the presumptions of probability, and all the arguments of reason, concur to answer, Leonora.

Tasso, however, the ever sanguine, and ever disappointed Tasso, notwithstanding the inefficacy† of his appeals to her tenderness and pity, seems to have long cherished the remembrance of her kindnesses and virtues; and it was doubtless on a review of their mutual affection, after the poignancy of his affliction for her loss had been softened by time, that the following lines were written.

THE MEMORY OF PAST LOVE.

Dolce animetta mia.‡

My life, my dulcet little soul! oh when
Shall I return to the dear spot, or near it,

* On the Lyric Poetry of Tasso; N. M. Mag. for Oct. 1822. p. 378.

† I should perhaps have said "little efficacy," since it is by no means improbable that Tasso's removal to a more comfortable cell, was the result of her intercessions.

‡ It has been out of my power to make room for the originals

To this application no answer was returned, and it was doubtless under the indignation excited by such neglect, that he composed his sublime appeal

TO THE SPIRIT OF HERCULES II. DUKE OF FERRARA.

Alma grande d'Alcide, Io so, che miri.

Spirit celestial ! well I know
 Thou mark'st the rigour of thy race,
 Who in unwonted modes of woe
 Turn from me, with disdainful face.
 Their angry frowns, my tuneful tears
 Thy warm regards, I know, have won ;
 From thy blest seat above the spheres,
 The wandering stars and glorious sun ;—
 Ministrant to thy loved behests,
 Command some messenger to fly,
 And breathe in their resentful breasts
 The breath of warm humanity.
 Sound in the' Oppressor's heart, " Why so
 Degenerate grown, my son, from me,
 Shaming his worth, whose love below
 Bequeathed such dignity to thee ?
 " *Thou mild ? thou just ? to truth ! to right !*
 To Heaven's own voice, injurious man !
 Wilt thou be ever deaf, and slight
 The music of thy murmuring Swan ? "

The apathy of Alphonso rendered others callous to the poet's claims for pity, and encouraged several to repeat the piracy of Malaspina. Ingegneri was the first of these. He was, it is said, desirous of vindicating his friend's glory, endangered by Malaspina's mutilated edition, and for this purpose transcribed an authenticated copy, of which he published at the same time two impressions, the one at Casalmaggione, the other at Parma,* and dedicating them both to Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, became both patronised by this prince, and enriched by the speculation. There is nothing to induce us to believe that Tasso was at all the gainer by this 'vindication of his glory : ' we only know that the two editions were sold in a few days ; that Malaspina, surpassed by Ingegneri, surpassed him in his turn, in giving a new edition after a more complete copy†, and in shortly after renewing the edition, which he managed to make yet more

* The first in 4to, the second in 12mo.

† Venetia, 1581, in 4to.

correct and profitable,* without even consulting the author concerning it. Finally, a young Ferrarese attached to the court, and one of Tasso's intimate acquaintances, undertook to publish a new edition of the "Gerusalemme," superior to all that had hitherto appeared. Febo Bonna, this new editor, had the advantage of consulting the original manuscript, as well as the author himself, and his edition made its appearance at Ferrara, dedicated to the Duke Alphonso, and was presented expressly to that prince in the name of the unhappy author. But the haste with which it had been prepared for the press having been the means of introducing several errors, the same person immediately produced another impression,—the first, according to Fontanini, that could be regarded as correct. Even this was surpassed, three months after, by the Parma edition, in which the "Gerusalemme Liberata" appeared as it now remains, and which served as a model to all subsequent editors.† Thus in the course of a single year, seven editions had made their appearance; one of which we know, from Ingegneri's admission, was to the extent of 1300 copies, and some of the others were probably equally numerous. In the following year six more editions saw the light, and, in short, the diligence of the printers could scarcely keep pace with the avidity of the public.

In the midst of this great glory, whilst all Italy rang with praises of his poem, and whilst the editors and booksellers were enriching themselves with the fruit of his long years of labour, poor Tasso was languishing in cruel captivity, neglected by the Prince who should have protected his interests, persecuted in a hundred petty ways by his inhuman gaoler, destitute of the most necessary comforts, reduced to beg, during the vintage which enlivened all Ferrara, for a small supply of wine, not so much to fill his heart with gladness, as to deaden the weight of his affliction. The Sonnet in which he makes this request is no less beautiful as a composition, than interesting as a biographical document.

TO THE DUKE ALPHONSO.

Cel giro omai delle stagioni eterno.

Now in the Seasons' ceaseless round, the Earth
Pours forth its fruits; the elm sustains with pride
The ripe productions of his fruitful bride,
To whom the smiling suns of spring gave birth:

* Venetia, 1582, in 4to.

† The edition of Mantua in 1584, printed after corrections by Scipio Gonzaga, may be specified as an excellent one; Serassi thinks it the best. The Parma edition, however, excels it in some respects.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
500 5TH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 5TH AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

correct and profitable,* without even consulting the author concerning it. Finally, a young Ferrarese attached to the court, and one of Tasso's intimate acquaintances, undertook to publish a new edition of the "Gerusalemme," superior to all that had hitherto appeared. Febo Bonnà, this new editor, had the advantage of consulting the original manuscript, as well as the author himself, and his edition made its appearance at Ferrara, dedicated to the Duke Alphonso, and was presented expressly to that prince in the name of the unhappy author. But the haste with which it had been prepared for the press having been the means of introducing several errors, the same person immediately produced another impression,—the first, according to Fontanini, that could be regarded as correct. Even this was surpassed, three months after, by the Parma edition, in which the "Gerusalemme Liberata" appeared as it now remains, and which served as a model to all subsequent editors.† Thus in the course of a single year, seven editions had made their appearance; one of which we know, from Ingegneri's admission, was to the extent of 1300 copies, and some of the others were probably equally numerous. In the following year six more editions saw the light, and, in short, the diligence of the printers could scarcely keep pace with the avidity of the public.

In the midst of this great glory, whilst all Italy rang with praises of his poem, and whilst the editors and booksellers were enriching themselves with the fruit of his long years of labour, poor Tasso was languishing in cruel captivity, neglected by the Prince who should have protected his interests, persecuted in a hundred petty ways by his inhuman gaoler, destitute of the most necessary comforts, reduced to beg, during the vintage which enlivened all Ferrara, for a small supply of wine, not so much to fill his heart with gladness, as to deaden the weight of his affliction. The Sonnet in which he makes this request is no less beautiful as a composition, than interesting as a biographical document.

TO THE DUKE ALPHONSO.

Cel giro omai delle stagioni eterno.

Now in the Seasons' ceaseless round, the Earth
Pours forth its fruits; the elm sustains with pride
The ripe productions of his fruitful bride,
To whom the smiling suns of spring gave birth :

* Venetia, 158

† The editor

4, printed after corrections by
as an excellent one; Serassi
lition, however, excels it in

In luxury now, as though disdaining dearth,
 Bursts the black grape; its juice ambrosial flows;
 Wherefore so tardy to console my woes?
 The rich Faleraian sparkles in its mirth!
 This with its generous juice the generous fills
 With joy, and turns my lord's dark cares to bliss;
 Not so with mine; but o'er my various ills
 It pours the dews of sweet forgetfulness,
 Inducing blest repose; ah, let me find
 This slight relief, this Lethe of the mind!

Tasso, however, felt less the privation of such genial comforts than the wrongs inflicted on him by the various editions of his works. "I have been wronged," says he in his letters, "or rather oppressed, as every body knows, though no one will acknowledge it. This oppression, too, is of that sort which weighs the heaviest, I mean in my studies, and the fruits of my labours. Of my 'Godfrey' alone, more than 3000 ducats have been already made, as I am credibly informed.... Febo is very avaricious; after having published my book, he feasts in Paris among dames and knights, without giving me any share of the profit, although he engaged to do so by a written note. Had I allowed my poem to be printed three years ago, I should have gained at least many hundred scudi, and indeed, for this purpose 1000 scudi were offered me by one of the lords of Esté.... I am with the booksellers the good Tasso, the dear Tasso, the darling Tasso, and, in fact, the assassinated Tasso; but I am resolved that things shall go forward in a different manner." Shut out, however, by the bolts of his prison from all available interference, the booksellers smiled at his threats, and continued their golden speculations.

"But though Tasso," says Dr. Black, "derived no immediate emolument from his poem, the publication of the work appears to have been of use to him. His reputation till now had been rather a concession than a right, and even those who had examined his poem could not be certain of the extent, nor perhaps of the justice of their approbation, without the concurrence of that very public whose opinions they directed. One of the causes of Alphonso's suspicions was removed by the publication of the "Gerusalemme," and, as its author was viewed by the public with greater respect, he was treated in the hospital with more attention." Some additional chambers were resigned for his use on the urgent solicitation of his old and dear friend, Scipio Gonzaga. He received, too, several agreeable attentions, which relieved the monotonous sadness of his solitary cell. The Duchess d'Urbino sent one of her gentlemen to salute him in her name, and promised him that it should not be long before he obtained his freedom. Don Ferrante Gonzaga, Lord of

Guastalla, a great admirer of his poetry, sent him a present of fifty scudi; and the beautiful Marfisa of Esté, cousin to the Duke, and Princess of Massa and Carrara, demanded permission to conduct him for an entire day to her country-seat, where, amongst other ladies celebrated for their genius and beauty, he again met the poetess, Tarquinia Molza. But the entire year rolled round without any change, of the nature he most ardently desired; and, sick with the pangs of disappointed hope, he thus writes :—

TO SCIPIO GONZAGA.

Scipio, pietatē ē morta, ed ē bandita.

Pity is dead, or banished, O my friend,
 From princely breasts, and in the heavenly spheres
 With lost Astræa dwells, or to their ears
 My mournful cries and clamours would ascend !
 Shall then the promises which kings extend,
 My liberty's best pledge, be laughed to scorn ?
 And the sharp pangs with which my heart is torn
 "Twixt dead and dying, never have an end ?
 See me, a breathing corse, alive entombed !
 These dens uncloset but to let out their dead ;
 O gods ! if skill, if genius, love illumed
 By holy honour, and if faith unfied
 Deserve reward or pardon, grant, my prayer
 Be no delusion, nor dispersed in air.

The principal event which happened relative to him, in the year 1582, was the publication of his "Rime," corrected by Guarini, who, although by no means on good terms with our poet, admired his talents, and pitied his misfortunes.

Whilst his health allowed of the exertion, the studies of Tasso were interrupted only by the visits of learned men, attracted to his cell by the fame of his writings,—or by letters from Naples, from Rome, and other principal cities, charged with attestations of the effect which his poem continued to produce, or, finally, by promises of enlargement, reiterated from time to time, but whereof the fulfilment was ever distant.

The year 1583 passed over in like manner; but at length the solicitations of Cardinal Albano, the Duchess of Mantua, and other personages in high consideration with the Duke, became so pressing, that one day he caused Torquato to be sent for, and, in the presence of several French and Italian chevaliers, spoke to him with courtesy, and positively promised him his liberty in a short time. Meanwhile he ordered his confinement to be less limited, and permitted him occasionally to go abroad, accompanied, however, by some one gentleman in whose vigilance he

could confide. Invited, on these occasions, to the first houses in Ferrara, Tasso again enjoyed one of the pleasures which he always much affected, that of philosophical conversation on literary subjects; and we find, in many of his Dialogues composed at this period, traces of these interesting discourses.* During the Carnival, two of his friends conducted him to see the masquerades, a species of amusement which he always highly enjoyed; but having one day manifested the strongest reluctance to return to his gloomy gaol, these agreeable recreations were, before the close of the year 1584, all forbidden, and Tasso fell back into the same solitude, the same privations, and the same despair as before.

It was in this deplorable state of his affairs, that the war arose against his Poem, which was carried on for a time in Italy with so much fierceness. A Dialogue on Epic Poetry, entitled, "Il Carrafa," published by Camillo Pellegrini, in which the author appeared to prefer the "Gerusalemme" of Tasso to the "Orlando Furioso," operated as a prelude; and the Academicians della Crusca, as they styled themselves, little pleased with certain expressions used by Tasso in his Dialogue on "Honest Pleasure," were the first to take the field, with a defence of Ariosto,—the supposed production of one Lionardo Salviati, a literary character who had been formerly treated by Tasso in the kindest manner, but who, needy and involved in debt, scrupled not now to attack his benefactor, in the hope of attaching himself to the Court of Ferrara, of which city Ariosto was the peculiar glory. Into this dispute, highly honourable as the narrative would prove to the moderation and modesty of Tasso, it is not my intention to enter. No importance, in the present day, can be attached to a controversy originating in such motives, fomented by a party so obscure,† and carried on, now with intemperate scurrility, and now with passionate abuse. Tasso replied with dignity to his assailants, Pellegrini nobly supported him, time passed on, and their criticisms are forgotten.

During the late controversy, the means of obtaining his liberty occupied, much more than the defence of his poem, the mind of the melancholy captive. He had exhausted the interest

* In "Il Beltramo," or of Courtesy; "Il Malpiglio," or of the Court; "La Cavaletta," or of Tuscan Poetry; "Il Ghirlinzone," or of the Epitaph.

† The Academia della Crusca was at this period composed of but very few persons, (six was the number in 1582,) not one of whom had any name in literature, excepting Salviati. The controversy with Tasso raised them into eminence, and afterwards, being joined by men of real merit, they produced some works truly honourable to their nation, amongst which may be particularised their "Vocabolario."

of the most powerful personages. Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, Cardinal Albano, the Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, the Duke and Duchess of Urbino, the Duchess of Mantua, several princes of the house of Gonzaga, and above all the faithful Scipio, had in vain solicited Alphonso on his behalf. The city of Bergamo, the birth-place of his father, was last invoked, and addressed to the Duke a petition for his freedom, presented by one of its most distinguished citizens, who added strength to the request by the gift of a marble inscription interesting to the family of Este, which it had long been desirous to possess. Alphonso promised every thing, but the gates of St. Anne unbolted not to his command. Was his vengeance not satiated by seven years of severity inflicted? If it were, what could be the cause of this cruel prolongation of his victim's sufferings? "Truly," says Serassi, with the tone of an humble apologist, "the Duke would willingly have yielded to so many intercessions, and have given Tasso his liberty, but, reflecting that poets are by nature an irritable race, and dreading lest Tasso, when he found himself free, might avenge with an arm no less formidable than his pen, his long captivity and unmitigated hardships, he could not bring himself to the resolution of dismissing him from his States, without being first assured that he would attempt nothing against the honour and respect due to *so great a prince as he was!*"*

Both the physical and mental powers, however, of the object of these despicable apprehensions were fast declining. That ardent head which solitude kept in a state of constant fermentation, was exalted in its fancies, as his body became feeble. To the visitations of dark melancholy, or of the light delirium which he had often experienced in these attacks of frenzy, acknowledged as such in his letters, but which never once mounted to that madness into which it was pretended he had fallen, were now added almost habitual visions, and vexations from a Folletto, or haunting Sprite, which, he fancied, found a pleasure in disarranging his papers, flying off with his money, and in a thousand other mischievous tricks,—he was troubled, besides, with strange apprehensions, and nocturnal apparitions, and lights and glittering sparkles that danced before his eyes; sometimes he heard the most frightful noises, and at others had in his ears the sounds of hissing, tingling, ringing of bells, and the ticking of a clock. Often in his sleep he was tormented with fantastic visions of distress, from which he awoke fatigued and languid. "I have dreaded," he writes, "the falling-sickness, apoplexy, and blindness. I have had headaches, and pains of the intestines, the side, the thighs, and legs; I have been weakened by vomiting, dysentery, and

* This passage is otherwise expressed by Ginguenè; "*j'ai craint,*" he says, "*de rendre le petit duc de Ferrare trop ridicule.*"—*Hist. Litt. d' Italie*, tom. v. p. 267.

fever. Amidst so many terrors and pains, there appeared to me in the air the image of the Glorious Virgin with her son in her arms, sphered in a circle of coloured vapours, so that I ought by no means to despair of her grace." "And though this," he adds, "might easily be a phantasy, because I am frantic, disturbed by various phantasms, and full of infinite melancholy; yet, by the grace of God, I can sometimes withhold my assent, which being, as Cicero remarks, the operation of a sound mind, I am inclined to believe it was in reality a miracle." It is impossible to contemplate without emotion, so many sufferings sustained by so great a genius, such religious faith, and such perfect simplicity.

Of the Virgin's miraculous interference, he was yet more firmly persuaded soon after. Attacked by an alarming fever, on the fourth day the physicians began to fear, and, on the seventh, to despair of his life: reduced to such a state of debility as to be unable to bear any medicine, or even to sit up to receive it, "he recommended himself," says Serassi, "to the intercession of the most Blessed Virgin, our Lady, and that with such confidence and ardent devotion, that the compassionate Virgin appearing to him, visibly cured him, and as it were instantly restored him to health." A vow of pilgrimage to Mantua and Loretto testified his gratitude as a devotee, a sonnet and a madrigal as a poet.

Another miracle yet more singular, was, that Alphonso, apprised of the deplorable state to which he had reduced this great man, at length ceased to afflict him; "not," says Ginguenè, "that he was touched with pity, but that he had found the guarantee which he was looking for, to become just, or rather, to cease from being cruel." The Prince of Mantua, Vincenzo Gonzaga, whose sister he had married, resolved to demand of him the person of Tasso, promising on his honour to retain him at Mantua, and to secure Alphonso from reprisal. On these conditions, the Duke consented to his liberty about the end of June; but his friend Constantino was obliged to use the utmost caution in breaking the tidings to him, lest the transport should too fatally affect him. On the 5th or 6th of July then, 1586, after a dreary captivity of seven years, two months, and a few days,—a period which, measured day by day, cannot even be reflected on without horror, the gates of St. Anne's unfolded to their captive, and he bade adieu for ever to his bolts and dungeons. He departed eagerly from Ferrara, with the Prince, his liberator, without having obtained from Alphonso the interview of reconciliation, which he both requested and ardently desired. Those who know any thing of the human heart, will be at no loss to account for this refusal.

"Historians, however," says Foscolò, "will be ever embarrassed to explain aright the reasons of Tasso's imprisonment; it

is involved in the same obscurity as the exile of Ovid. Both were among those thunderstrokes that despotism darts forth. In crushing their victims they terrified them, and reduced spectators to silence. There are incidents in courts, that, although known to many persons, remain in eternal oblivion—contemporaries dare not reveal, and posterity can only divine them.”* Even Tasso himself was by no means certain of the exact cause, attributing it at one time to the anger of the Duke of Tuscany, at another to the Cardinal of Este, and again, but with more decision, to the violent expressions which he had used against Alphonso. One thing, however, seems established by Dr. Black, that there is no real foundation for the hypothesis which ascribes it to Tasso’s love for Leonora. The grounds with which the statements of Manso furnished the world for this its long belief, were strengthened by the duration of the poet’s captivity, which appeared proportionate only to an implication of state treason. This conclusion, however erroneous, must be admitted to have been a most natural one, for no one possessing a spark of humanity could deem it possible that a gentleman of Tasso’s deserts should be subjected to such cruelty, for any thing short of some such mortal offence, much less, then, for a few unguarded expressions uttered in the paroxysm of passion, and deplored almost as soon as uttered. Such, however, seems to have been the real case; for anger was not with the Duke of Ferrara, as with generous and noble natures, a fire that consumes with a quickness proportioned to its intensity; but ‘the slow flame, eternal and unseen,’ which, nourished by the jealousy of pride, finds in the very length of its duration a fresh incentive to burn on.† Nor indeed was his resentment to poor

* Essay on the Lyric Poetry of Tasso.

† If any other fact were wanting to prove the unrelenting nature of this prince’s vengeance, it might be found in his persecution of Guarini. Guarini, after a sixteen years’ devotion to his patron’s interests, sometimes at Ferrara, and sometimes on foreign missions, finding that he was acquiring neither honour nor profit, demanded, in 1588, permission to leave his service, and, warned no doubt by the fate of Tasso, left Ferrara secretly by night,—a step which exceedingly enraged the Duke. The poet retired to Turin, and in that city had an honourable office assigned him, which, however, from the persecution of Alphonso, he was soon compelled to quit, and betook himself to Venice. In 1593, five years after his flight from Ferrara, he was invited by the Duke of Mantua to his court, an advantage which the ‘magnanimous Alphonso’ endeavoured by all means to prevent, signifying to that Prince, with a meanness truly astonishing, that he would consider it as a very high obligation, if he would not employ the poet in his service.

Where we were so conjoined, and so divided ?
But a fond glance of the eye, a pleasant smile,
A courteous salutation, a kind nod,
Two blessed love-words, and two sighs, shall be
Of my so long, long sufferings the reward,—
Or rather the fresh tortures,—ties, bonds, chains,
Torches, and darts, and arrows, to transfix,
Bind, and inflame me still!

of all the verses I have translated; but having given the commencing lines, I invite the Italian reader to an attentive perusal of them.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE DEATH OF LEONORA TO HIS OWN DECEASE.

A. D. 1581—1595.
Act. 37—51.

Tasso had now been two years in confinement, with no farther mitigation of the calamity, than the removal, a few months before Leonora's death, to a somewhat more comfortable apartment, where, to use his own expression, he could philosophize and walk about. His former dungeon had been terrible enough, situated as it was below the ground floor of the hospital, damp, and dimly lit from above by a grated window from a small yard, about nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven to the roof, which was vaulted.* It was from this dreadful cell that he addressed to Alphonso and the two Princesses the pathetic Odes which have been quoted, and which, for the honour of humanity, I am willing to hope had some effect in producing the desirable change. To the greater commodiousness which this new apartment possessed in size over the former, may be added that of admitting from its window on high the cheerful sunshine and fresh air. The following verses to Alphonso present a picture of his feelings, shortly after his removal thither.

TO THE DUKE OF FERRARA.

Me novello ISSION rapida aggira.

Me, like a new Ixion, the swift wheel
Of fortune whirls around, and, high or low,
Exasperates evermore my pangs; for oh,
With looks upraised to the high bars that seal
My bounded sight, through which the sunbeams steal,
And glad from rustling leaves the breezes blow,
I have burned, languished, prayed in songs of woe,
Yet still no mild concession has the' appeal
Won from thy wrath! now, in this den profound,
My pangs and ancient malady are grown
Sharper than axes on the whetstone ground.
Change then, O great Alphonso, not alone
My cell, but doom; and if the Fates decree
This revolution, let me move round thee!

* Such is the description of the cell shewn to this day as the spot of Tasso's imprisonment.

To this application no answer was returned, and it was doubtless under the indignation excited by such neglect, that he composed his sublime appeal

TO THE SPIRIT OF HERCULES II. DUKE OF FERRARA.

Alma grande d'Alcide, Io so, che miri.

Spirit celestial ! well I know
 Thou mark'st the rigour of thy race,
 Who in unwonted modes of woe
 Turn from me, with disdainful face.
 Their angry frowns, my tuneful tears
 Thy warm regards, I know, have won ;
 From thy blest seat above the spheres,
 The wandering stars and glorious sun ;—
 Ministrant to thy loved behests,
 Command some messenger to fly,
 And breathe in their resentful breasts
 The breath of warm humanity.
 Sound in the' Oppressor's heart, " Why so
 Degenerate grown, my son, from me,
 Shaming his worth, whose love below
 Bequeathed such dignity to thee ?
 " *Thou mild ? thou just ? to truth ! to right !*
 To Heaven's own voice, injurious man !
 Wilt thou be ever deaf, and slight
 The music of thy murmuring Swan ? "

The apathy of Alphonso rendered others callous to the poet's claims for pity, and encouraged several to repeat the piracy of Malaspina. Ingegneri was the first of these. He was, it is said, desirous of vindicating his friend's glory, endangered by Malaspina's mutilated edition, and for this purpose transcribed an authenticated copy, of which he published at the same time two impressions, the one at Casalmaggiore, the other at Parma,* and dedicating them both to Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, became both patronised by this prince, and enriched by the speculation. There is nothing to induce us to believe that Tasso was at all the gainer by this 'vindication of his glory : ' we only know that the two editions were sold in a few days ; that Malaspina, surpassed by Ingegneri, surpassed him in his turn, in giving a new edition after a more complete copy †, and in shortly after renewing the edition, which he managed to make yet more

* The first in 4to, the second in 12mo.

† Venetia, 1581, in 4to.

correct and profitable,* without even consulting the author concerning it. Finally, a young Ferrarese attached to the court, and one of Tasso's intimate acquaintances, undertook to publish a new edition of the "Gerusalemme," superior to all that had hitherto appeared. Febo Bonna, this new editor, had the advantage of consulting the original manuscript, as well as the author himself, and his edition made its appearance at Ferrara, dedicated to the Duke Alphonso, and was presented expressly to that prince in the name of the unhappy author. But the haste with which it had been prepared for the press having been the means of introducing several errors, the same person immediately produced another impression,—the first, according to Fontanini, that could be regarded as correct. Even this was surpassed, three months after, by the Parma edition, in which the "Gerusalemme Liberata" appeared as it now remains, and which served as a model to all subsequent editors.† Thus in the course of a single year, seven editions had made their appearance; one of which we know, from Ingegneri's admission, was to the extent of 1300 copies, and some of the others were probably equally numerous. In the following year six more editions saw the light, and, in short, the diligence of the printers could scarcely keep pace with the avidity of the public.

In the midst of this great glory, whilst all Italy rang with praises of his poem, and whilst the editors and booksellers were enriching themselves with the fruit of his long years of labour, poor Tasso was languishing in cruel captivity, neglected by the Prince who should have protected his interests, persecuted in a hundred petty ways by his inhuman gaoler, destitute of the most necessary comforts, reduced to beg, during the vintage which enlivened all Ferrara, for a small supply of wine, not so much to fill his heart with gladness, as to deaden the weight of his affliction. The Sonnet in which he makes this request is no less beautiful as a composition, than interesting as a biographical document.

TO THE DUKE ALPHONSO.

Cel giro omai delle stagioni eterno.

Now in the Seasons' ceaseless round, the Earth
Pours forth its fruits; the elm sustains with pride
The ripe productions of his fruitful bride,
To whom the smiling suns of spring gave birth :

* Venetia, 1582, in 4to.

† The edition of Mantua in 1584, printed after corrections by Scipio Gonzaga, may be specified as an excellent one; Serassi thinks it the best. The Parma edition, however, excels it in some respects.

To this application no answer was returned, and it was doubtless under the indignation excited by such neglect, that he composed his sublime appeal

TO THE SPIRIT OF HERCULES II. DUKE OF FERRARA.

Alma grande d' Alcide, Io so, che miri.

Spirit celestial ! well I know
 Thou mark'st the rigour of thy race,
 Who in unwonted modes of woe
 Turn from me, with disdainful face.
 Their angry frowns, my tuneful tears
 Thy warm regards, I know, have won ;
 From thy blest seat above the spheres,
 The wandering stars and glorious sun ;—
 Ministrant to thy loved behests,
 Command some messenger to fly,
 And breathe in their resentful breasts
 The breath of warm humanity.
 Sound in the' Oppressor's heart, " Why so
 Degenerate grown, my son, from me,
 Shaming his worth, whose love below
 Bequeathed such dignity to thee ?
 " Thou mild ? thou just ? to truth ! to right !
 To Heaven's own voice, injurious man !
 Wilt thou be ever deaf, and slight
 The music of thy murmuring Swan ? "

The apathy of Alphonso rendered others callous to the poet's claims for pity, and encouraged several to repeat the piracy of Malaspina. Ingegneri was the first of these. He was, it is said, desirous of vindicating his friend's glory, endangered by Malaspina's mutilated edition, and for this purpose transcribed an authenticated copy, of which he published at the same time two impressions, the one at Casalmaggiore, the other at Parma,* and dedicating them both to Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, became both patronised by this prince, and enriched by the speculation. There is nothing to induce us to believe that Tasso was at all the gainer by this 'vindication of his glory : ' we only know that the two editions were sold in a few days ; that Malaspina, surpassed by Ingegneri, surpassed him in his turn, in giving a new edition after a more complete copy†, and in shortly after renewing the edition, which he managed to make yet more

* The first in 4to, the second in 12mo.

† Venetia, 1581, in 4to.

correct and profitable,* without even consulting the author concerning it. Finally, a young Ferrarese attached to the court, and one of Tasso's intimate acquaintances, undertook to publish a new edition of the "Gerusalemme," superior to all that had hitherto appeared. Febo Bonini, this new editor, was the advantage of consulting the original manuscript, as well as the author himself, and his edition made its appearance at Ferrara, dedicated to the Duke Alfonso, and was presented to that prince in the name of the unhappy author. But the means with which it had been prepared for the press having been the means of introducing several errors, the same person immediately produced another impression,—the first, according to a tradition that could be regarded as correct. Even this was surpassed three months after, by the Parma edition, in which the "Gerusalemme Liberata" appeared as it now remains, and which served as a model to all subsequent editors.† Thus in the course of a single year, seven editions had made their appearance: one of which we know, from Ingegneri's admission, was in the number of 1300 copies, and some of the others were probably equally numerous. In the following year six more editions appeared, and, in short, the diligence of the printers could scarcely keep pace with the avidity of the public.

In the midst of this great glory, whilst all Italy was praising his poem, and whilst the editors are enriching themselves with the fruit of his labours, poor Tasso was languishing in cruel captivity, a Prince who should have protected his interests, employing a hundred petty ways by his inhuman cruelty, to deprive him of necessary comforts, reduced to beggary, whilst he enlivened all Ferrara, for a small supply of wine, to fill his heart with gladness, as he suffered from affliction. The Sonnet in which he makes his complaint is as beautiful as a composition, than any other of his documents.

TO THE DUKE ALFONSO.

Col giro omai delle stagioni torna.

Now in the Seasons' ceaseless round,
Pours forth its fruits; the sun returns with gladness
The ripe productions of his fruitful wife.
To whom the smiling sun of justice brings

* Venetia, 1582, in 4to.

† The edition of Mantua in Scipio Gonzaga thinks it the most respectable

was yet farther increased soon after by the termination of his lawsuit; the Prince of Avellino, against whom his claim was found to lie, consenting, in consideration of his stopping the process, to grant him an annuity of 200 ducats, and a considerable sum in hand. To the blessings which were thus liberally showered down upon him, one alone was wanting, the prospect of long enjoying them. This was wholly denied. No sooner had the month of April arrived, the period fixed for his coronation, than he felt to an insupportable degree an aggravation of his disorders. Perceiving that his end drew near, and only solicitous now to make suitable preparation for it, he demanded permission of the Cardinal to retire to the Monastery of St. Onofrio. His wish was instantly obeyed; Cinthio himself conducted him thither in his chariot, and left orders with the monks that he should be tended with all possible attention.

A few days after, finding himself yet more feeble, Tasso saw that it was time to bid adieu to the friend whom he had found most faithful to him, and wrote to Constantini the pathetic letter which no one can have read without emotion. "What will my dear Constantini say when he shall hear of the death of his dear Tasso! and in my opinion, the tidings will not be tardy. The close of life I feel to be fast approaching; no remedy can be found to assuage this new distemper which has joined my others; so that, as by a rapid torrent, I am borne away, without any thing to cling to, or to oppose its speed. It avails not now to speak of my relentless fortune, nor to complain of the ingratitude of the world, which has gained the victory of conducting me indigent to the tomb, while I fondly hoped, that the glory which (whatever it may think) this age shall derive from my writings, would not entirely leave me without reward. I have caused myself to be conducted into this Monastery of St. Onofrio, not only because the air of it is praised by the physicians as better than any in Rome, but also that I may begin at this exalted place, and with the intercourse of these devout fathers, my conversation in heaven."

On the 10th of April, Torquato was seized with a violent fever, which, although he was assisted by the best advice in Rome, so far increased, that on the seventh day, the physicians ceased their attempts to oppose it, and Tasso was informed that his last hour was at hand. He not only received the warning without alarm, but embracing the physician, thanked him for tidings so agreeable, and raising his eyes to Heaven, returned tender and devout thanks to his Creator, that after so tempestuous a life, he had now brought him to a calm haven. From this time he spoke not willingly on terrestrial subjects, not even of that fame after death, of which through life he had been most solicitous; but resigned himself wholly, and with the liveliest devotion, to the last solemn offices prescribed by his religion.

After confessing with great contrition, and receiving twice the sacrament, with a reverence and humility that affected all beholders, the Cardinal Cinthio hastened for the Papal benediction. "Clement," as we are told in a letter from Maurice Cataneo, "groaned and sighed over the fate of such a man, and granted him a plenary indulgence in remission of his sins," which honour, conferred alone on persons of high consideration, Tasso acknowledged with humility and gratitude, saying, "that this was the chariot upon which he hoped to go crowned, not with laurel as a poet into the capitol, but with glory as a saint to heaven." Having been requested to make his will, and to dictate something as an epitaph, he smiled and said, that as to the first, he had very little to leave, and for the second, a plain stone would be sufficient to cover him: he nevertheless desired his Confessor to mark down that he bequeathed to Manso his portrait, which had been painted by direction of that nobleman, and to the Cardinal Cinthio his writings and his little property. Of the Cardinal he begged with earnestness that he would collect together all the copies of his works, and especially of the "*Gerusalemme*," and commit them to the flames. Satisfied with the answer given him by the Cardinal, who was unwilling to embitter his last moments by a direct refusal, but who well knew that it was wholly out of his power to fulfil such a request, he entreated, since he had now obtained all that he could wish for in this world, that he might be left alone with the crucifix, and with one or two of the fathers to assist him in his devotions: whereupon the Cardinal bade him a fond farewell, and retired from the chamber, weeping bitterly. No one was afterwards admitted to him but his confessor and a few of the fathers, who by turns sung psalms, in which they were occasionally joined by Torquato, and when his voice failed, he ceased not steadily to contemplate the image of his Redeemer. Thus the night passed away; and at eleven o'clock of the day following, viz. April 25, 1595, feeling the approach of the mortal pang, he closely embraced the crucifix, and with the words on his lips, "Into thy hands, O Lord," resigned his peaceful spirit.

Such was the happy consummation of his most eventful life. All Rome deplored his death, and his friend the Cardinal Cinthio felt a melancholy pleasure in rendering those honours to him dead, which he was prevented from paying him whilst living. Robed in a Roman toga, and crowned with laurels, the body was exposed in public, and afterwards with a splendid attendance borne in state by torchlight through the principal streets of the city. Every one hastened to enjoy the last sight of the countenance of a man who had done so much honour to his age, and a throng of painters crowded round the corse, to fix for ever in their memory its pale and fading lineaments. The body was then carried back to the monastery, and on the evening of

the day on which its spirit had departed, was interred with the usual obsequies, agreeably to his desire, in the church of St. Onofrio. The Cardinal Cinthio projected a magnificent monument to his memory, which, however, from indisposition and a ceaseless round of public and domestic cares, was never executed. The Marquis of Villa, visiting, five years after, the grave of his friend, earnestly entreated permission to grace the spot with a splendid tomb; but all that he could obtain from the Cardinal was, that a temporary marble tablet with a brief inscription should be placed by the monks over the poet's ashes, to mark where they were laid. Eight other years elapsed without any appearance of the Cardinal's fulfilling his intention; whereupon, the Cardinal Boniface Bevilacqua, a Ferrarese, assumed the honour to himself, and raised on the left of the entrance into the church an elegant and stately monument, which is still to be seen, bearing, beneath the effigies of the poet, a suitable inscription.

Tasso was of a stature so lofty, that, according to Manso, he might be considered amongst men even of large size, as one of the largest. His complexion had been exceedingly fair, but first studies and vigils, and afterwards misfortunes and infirmities, had made him somewhat pale. His head was large, and raised both in the forehead and occiput; in the middle, however, above each temple, it was rather depressed than round. His forehead was large and square, first rising to the middle, and afterwards inclining to the hair, which time had in a great measure removed, rendering him almost bald. The colour of his hair and beard, was a *mezzo tinto* between brown and fair, inclining, however, towards dark; his eye-brows black, well arched, scanty, and disjoined. His eyes were large, and of a vivid blue, their gaze and motions full of gravity, and often, says Manso, directed towards the skies, as following the soarings of the mind within, which was generally raised to things celestial. His cheeks were rather long than round, his nose long and inclined towards the mouth, which was also large and leonine; his lips were thin and pale, his teeth white, large, and thickly set. He laughed but rarely, and when he did, gently and without any noise. His voice was clear and sonorous, but though his tongue was nimble, his conversation was rather slow than quick, and he was often accustomed to reiterate his last words. His figure, notwithstanding its size, was well proportioned, and his limbs were so active, that in exercises of chivalry, he was wonderfully expert; naturally brave, he shewed in cases of personal danger equal dexterity and courage,* but more address

* We have already recorded one instance of his personal intrepidity. Another, little less striking, occurred in his journey to

than grace ; and, finally, he had in his whole person, but especially in his countenance, something dignified, noble, and attractive, which even previous to a knowledge of his transcendent merits, inspired interest and commanded respect.

But his personal accomplishments were far surpassed by the qualities of his heart. All his historians concur in their praises of his candour, his inviolable fidelity to his word, his courtesy, his frankness, his freedom from the least tincture of revenge or of malignity, his attachment to his friends, his gratitude to his benefactors, his patience in misfortune, his mildness and sobriety, his purity of life and manners, his fervent and sincere piety. What was most irksome in his temper was a strange fear he had of being slighted, and a certain suspicious and mistrustful disposition. This, however, (though partly perhaps owing to his poverty, and his residence in a ceremonious court), must be principally attributed to disease and long misfortune. His high-spiritedness, which caused him to look with horror on all that resembled baseness, assumed at times the appearance of pride ; he could not endure the least mark of unjust depreciation ; but if he himself ever chanced to fail in any point of correct conduct towards others, he never scrupled to offer them

Rome in 1592, attended with the most flattering compliment which it is possible to conceive. At Mola di Gaeta, the company with whom he travelled were stopped by the dread of one Marco di Sciarra, a most daring robber, and captain of a numerous troop of banditti. "We are here at Mola," writes our poet in one of his letters, "detained by the dread of Marco di Sciarra, who is in the neighbourhood, with a great number of ruffians. Yesterday, we are told, they killed many persons of this country; others they took prisoners, and indeed, unless care be taken, this may turn out another war of Spartacus. . . . The other night, the whole country resounded with cries, and with the screams of females. I wished to go forward, and stain with blood the sword which you gave me, but I was withheld." On this occasion, in fact, there was no need of exerting his prowess. Sciarra, having learned that Tasso was at Mola, sent to compliment him. He offered him not only a free passage, but protection by the way, assuring him that he and his followers would be proud to execute his orders. Tasso rendered him many thanks, but declined accepting his protection ; not from any doubt of his honour, but because he thought it would be indelicate to leave the gentlemen by whom he was accompanied. When Sciarra heard this, he sent notice that he would leave, on his account, the ways open for himself and friends ; so that, without any farther obstacle, they arrived safely at Rome.

every satisfaction, and to humiliate himself till the offended party lost all care for the offence. Born a gentleman, in an age when the term had all its high distinction, a finished chevalier in heart, no less than by the chance of birth, he rendered to the princes with whom he mingled, the honour due to their rank; but in all other respects he considered himself as their equal, and the privileges which they enjoyed, served only to render him in their society, more scrupulous in exacting the respect that was his due.* He had the greater reason to foster this apparent pride, when he was visited by misfortunes, in order to preserve, during his long and unjust captivity, a dignity in sorrow. In the depth of his distress, from the solitude of his prison, he wrote to one of the greatest lords in the court of Ferrara, whom he fancied he had injured by some expressions which had escaped him in a moment of despair, that he was ready to offer him every satisfaction that could be received from a man resolved to die rather than to do any thing that was unworthy of his character as a gentleman.

Simple, but neat in his dress, his common habit, even in his youth, was black, without the fantastic and luxurious ornaments usual in that age. He was fond of white and fine linen, of which he loved to make large provision, and which he wore plain, without lace or embroidery. In diet he was extremely temperate, and loved, as to taste, things that were sweet to the palate, such as candied fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, and rich and piquant wines. His dislike to any thing bitter approached even to horror, so that notwithstanding his frequent illnesses, he could scarcely ever be prevailed upon to take any medicine that was not rendered agreeable to his taste.† His countenance,

* "I cannot," says he, "live in a city where all the nobility do not yield me the first place, or allow, at least, that I should be their equal in every external demonstration of respect. This is my humour or my principle."—*Letter to Ascanio Mori*.

† "If," says he, in one of his letters, "you can procure the receipt for the conserve which Sig. Mercuriale wishes me to take, I shall be infinitely obliged to you. The more agreeable it is to the taste, I shall value it the more; because the excellence of medical men greatly consists, as you well know, in giving not only wholesome, but agreeable medicines." At what he says on another occasion, it is impossible to suppress a smile. "I ought to be freed, that I may try what can be done for me by M. Alessandro da Civit , who formerly attempted my recovery in the court of Cardinal Albano. Never have I known a physician so kind and so discreet; he did nothing but what I wished, and always gave me (as is proper) only the most

silent, modest, and reserved, was full of a mild but tragic gravity, resembling rather that of a philosopher than a poet. He preferred retirement and solitude to the bustle of the world; but in the circles of his choice, with friends, and above all, with amiable women, his conversation became highly animated, and laying aside his philosophical gravity, he indulged in flights of pleasantry, with no less gaiety than grace. Manso has collected together a number of *bons-mots* which he ascribes to him, but of these the greater number are shewn by Serassi to be apocryphal; such, however, as belong indubitably to our poet, discover no less justness of application than liveliness of wit.

Of the merits and defects of the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," and his other voluminous compositions, my limits forbid me to speak. Such as are desirous of critically considering them, may be referred to Ginguené and Sismondi, who have both pursued the examination with candour, talent, and acumen. With respect to the intellectual endowments of Tasso, apart from his poetry, they were in the highest degree exalted and vast. His erudition was extensive, and indeed from some of his Dialogues would appear to have been immense. With the French and Spanish, to say nothing of the dead languages, he was well acquainted; he was deeply skilled in what that age considered as philosophy, and was almost equally well versed in mathematical science; nor does his English biographer scruple to say, that from the wonderful precision, and as it were, sharpness of outline which he gives to all his notions on the most abstruse and mystical subjects, from the skill with which he announces, and the order with which he displays them, he thinks, that if Tasso had not been the Homer, he might, a few years subsequently, have been the Locke or Galileo of his age.

"Tasso," he continues to observe with his usual elegance, "was, as we have seen, possessed of all those virtues which might naturally have been expected from a laborious man, whose greatest pleasure was study, the art which he cultivated his ruling passion, and the glory of excelling in it his sole ambition. Numerous and bitter as were his foes, they seem to have been unable to charge him justly with a single moral stain; and, amidst many sufferings, he was at least exempted from the most bitter of all evils, the anguish of remorse. His name may be added to that of the other worthies, who have found, in the Christian doctrines, a subject of faith and consolation; and in

delightful medicines. I still remember with pleasure his sweet acidulous syrups, which might have revived a corpse, and his pills with gold, which he said were somewhat burdensome for the stomach."

its precepts a rule of practice. The darkness of his fate had a tendency to turn his views beyond this world, as night, which hides the earth, reveals the sky. Uniting, as he did, the exercise of virtue to the ardour of devotion, the duties due to his Creator and to his fellow-men ; we may hope, with his Italian biographers, that God, a bountiful remunerator, called him to himself, before his earthly coronation, to adorn him with a more true and incorruptible crown, in the Heavenly Jerusalem."

A LIST

OF SUCH OF

THE ENGLISH NOBILITY AND GENTRY

AS WENT ON THE CRUSADES.

Gathered from Abbas Gemetriensis, Annales Waverleiensis, Benedictus Abbas, Brompton, Dugdale's Baronage, Henry of Huntingdon, Matthew Paris, Ordericus Vitalis, Robert of Gloucester, Roger de Hoveden, Vinisaufr, William of Tyre, Du Moulin, Weever's Funeral Monuments, MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, &c. &c.

. From Du Moulin, who gives a full List of Norman Crusaders, I have selected such only as, by the evidence of Charters, I know to have possessed English fiefs. Where figures are affixed, they indicate the year of the reign in which the parties either went to the Holy Land, died there, or were engaged in some recorded conflict.

IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

ALBEMARLE, Stephen, Earl of—	Guader, Emma, his wife.
led the rear in the Battle of	Montacute, Conon de
Antioch.	—, Josceline and Lambert,
Atheling, Edgar, with 10,000 men	his sons.
from Scotland and its Isles.	Percy, William de
Barneville, Roger de, Lord of	—, Everard de
Rozel.	Peverell, Pain, of Brune, Duke
—, Robert de, his son.	Robert's standard-bearer.
Bayeux, Odo, bishop of	Richmond, Auncell de, slain at
Bruce, Rainer de	Archea.
Cheney, Walter de	Rosel, Hugh de, Lord of Rosel,
Courtney, Josceline, made himself	near Caen.
Count of Edessa.	St. Amand, Odo de
Fitz-Count, Brien.	St. Medard, or Semarck, Hardwic de
Fitz-Gerard, Bohemond's standard-	St. Valerie, Walter de
bearer.	Surdavalle, Robert de
Guader Ralph, E. of Norfolk and	Tyrrell, Walter
Suffolk.	William, Archbishop of Tyre.

HENRY I.

St. Liz, Simon de, E. of Hunting-	Vipount, Robert de, 8.
don.	

STEPHEN.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Clinton, Roger de, Bishop of
Litchfield, ancestor of the Earls
of Lincoln, and present Duke of
Newcastle, slain in the battle
of Antioch.
Henry of Huntingdon, 10.
Lacy, Gilbert de, Knight Templar,
surprised Noureddin in his tent,
and entirely defeated him. | Mansel, Robert, a native of Wales,
assisted in the defeat of Noured-
din.
Mellent, Waleran, E. of, 10.
Mowbray, Roger de, 13, taken
prisoner with Guy Lusignan.
Warren, William de, 3rd E. of
Warren and Surrey. |
|--|---|

HENRY II.

- | | |
|--|--|
| Bauld, Symon de, 20.
Beauchamp, William de, E. of
Warwick, 30.
———, of Eaton, Hugh de,
slain at the battle of Tiberias, 33.
Boves, Robert de
———, Engelram de
Lacy, John de, constable of Ches-
ter, 25. | Magneville, William de, E. of
Essex, 23.
Neville, Alan de, Forest-justiciary,
12.
Patry, Robert, Lord of Lalande
Patry.
———, Ralph, his brother. |
|--|--|

RICHARD I.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Abelin, Nicholas de
Agilon, Robert
———, William de
Albington, Philip de
Albini, William de, 3rd E. of
Arundel, remained with the K.
during his captivity.
Aleton, John
Anselm, Chaplain to the King.
Apuldorfield, Henry de, whose
arms used to be shewn by the
Sexton of Lenham Church.
Apelfourd, William de
Arcedeacon, Adam de
Audley, William de
Aula, Nicholas de
Autreve, William de
Badelismar, Raffe de
Baldwin, Archbishop of Canter-
bury, with a train of 200 horse
and 300 foot, his banner in-
scribed with the name of Tho-
mas à Becket.
Balun, John de
Bardolphe, Hugh and William | Barkele.
Barnes, Raffe de
Basemes, Godfraye de
Basset of Drayton, Ralph
——— Symond
——— Astell de
Bassingborne, Waren de
Boys.
Beauchamp, John de
———, Walter de
Beff, Gifford le
Beices Hameris.
Bethune, Baldwin de
———, John de
Beuchamp, John de
Bevent, Adame
Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Bikenor, John de
Birmingham, William de
Blanchmains, Robert E. of Lei-
cester, 2.
Bodiham, William de
Bokesle.
Boliere, Baldwyn de
Bonet, Hamond de |
|---|---|

- Borgheise, Hubert de
 Borgo.
 Borne, John de
 Botone, Steven de
 Boves, Hughe de
 Bovile, William
 Boun, John de
 Breouse, Philip de, 1.
 ———, William de
 ———, Richard de
 ———, Renald de
 Bruce, Ingram de
 Camoyes, John de
 Camvill, Robert de
 Camwell, Sir Richard de, 2.
 Cantelow, John de
 Carrington, Sir Michael, standard-
 bearer to the King.
 Chamberlayne, William de
 ———, Philyp de
 Champayne, Robert de
 Champernoun, Henry de
 ———, John de
 Chaworth, Thomas de
 Cheney, Alexander de
 Chenegin, Robert, or Roger de
 Chevenam, Andrew de
 Clinge, William de
 Clyfford, Roger
 Cobeham, of Roundell, Henry de
 ———, John de
 Cokefield, Robert
 Cokyntone, Henry de
 Colvile, Geoffrey de
 Corbet, Robert
 Cornwale, Robert de
 Cosinton, Stephen de
 Covert, Roger de
 Creon, Guy de, 1.
 Crespigny, William de
 Creye, Symon de
 Criele, Robert, and Nicholas de
 Cudham, Olyver, and Robert de
 Dambesace, William
 Daras, Cheselin de
 Darcy, Norman.
 Daubeny, Ralph, Philip and Wil-
 liam
- Despreux, William, saved the life
 of Richard, when surrounded
 by a squadron of Saracen horse,
 by exclaiming, "I am the King
 of England!" Richard ran-
 somed him of Saladin, by the
 exchange of ten emirs.
 Dinant, Robert de, and Oliver
 Dotavile, Walter de
 Dufford, Robert de
 Eslynge, Raff de
 Estornham, Bartholomew
 Estoteville or Stuteville, Robert de
 Eveby, Robert de
 Fenkeham, William de
 Feringes, Lucas de
 Ferni, Philippe de
 Ferrars, William, Earl of Derby,
 slain at Acon, 3.
 ———, Robert, Earl
 Fitz-Allen, John de
 ———, Henry
 Fitz-Apuldorfeld, Henry le
 Fitz-Geffray, gentleman of the bed-
 chamber to Richard I.—to his
 care the captive King of Cyprus
 was committed.
 Fitz-Gerald, Warine de, 2.
 Fitz-Gerald, Morris
 Fitz-Humphrey, Walter
 Fitz-John.
 Fitz-Lee, William
 Fitz-Nell, Robert
 Fitz-Parnell, Robert, fourth Earl
 of Leicester, bearing the arms of
 Richard I., unhorsed and slew
 the Soldan in tourney, 3.
 Fitz-Roger, John
 Fitz-Walter, Robert, Lord
 Fitz-Warren, Fowlke de
 Flandres, Baldwyne de
 ———, Constantine de
 Fonche, Roger de
 Fortibus, William de, Earl of Al-
 bemarle, one of King Richard's
 admirals, 1.
 Furnivall, Girard de
 ———, Thomas de

- Gatton, Hamon de
 Genville, Geoffrey
 Gifford, Osborne de
 ———, Walter
 ———, Elys
 Gyse, Auncell de
 Glanvill, Ranulph de, Lord Chief
 Justice of England, under Richard I., 1.
 Godfrey, brother of Henry III.
 Gordun, Adam de
 Gosehall, Ralph de
 Gournay, Hugh de, divided the
 booty of Acon between Richard
 and the French King, 3.
 Gras, Nicholas le
 Gray, Reginald and Richard de
 Grentemaisnil, William, and Ivo
 de, 1.
 Gyffard, Robert
 Hacket, Ralph de
 Hardres, Robert de
 Hastings, John and William de
 Helyon, Walter de
 Henry, William de
 Herice, Henry de
 Heringoe, William
 Hise, Nicholas de la
 Hornes, William de
 Hengham, Robert de
 Huntingfield, Pierce and Cael de
 Hussey, Henry
 Ichingham, William
 Irie, Matthew de
 Kent, Thomas de
 Kyme, Philip de
 Kyrketon, Ralph de
 Laborne, William de
 Lacy, Roger de, 4.
 Lahaye, John de
 Lake, taken with Richard in Austria.
 Lamarc, John
 Langley, Geoffrey de
 Lapole, Walter de
 Laroche, Guy de
 Leben, Nicholas de
 Leborne, William
- Legenne, William
 Levelande, Raffe de
 Lewkenor, Roger de
 Linet, Robert
 Lucenburth, William de
 Lucy Geffraye, or Godfrey de
 ———, Emery de
 Lyle, Gerard
 ———, Robert
 Lynnesey, Raffe de
 Macwire, William de
 Maili, Gylles de
 Males, John
 Malet, Robert
 Malemeynes, Nicholas de
 Malmaine, Henry de
 Malo, Roger, King Richard's
 Vicechancellor.
 Maltrevers, Walter de
 Mandeville, Richard de
 Mantell, William de
 Manvers, John de
 Mauvoisin, Henry de
 Marconville, Raffe de
 Marely, Jebane de
 Marlet, Richard
 Marmes, Thomas de
 Marmion, William
 ———, Phillipe
 Marshall, John de
 Maube, William
 Meremone, Geoffrey
 Mingee, Adam de
 Moloun, Symone
 Monhault, Adam de
 Monnile, Benedick
 Morston, Bartholomewe
 Mortimer, Robert
 Mountjoye, Esteven de
 Mountforth, Peers de
 Monville, Gilbert de
 Mowbray, Nigel de, 3.
 Munceus, John de
 Munchen, Stephen de, made one
 of the governors of Acon by the
 King.
 Munchense, William de
 Munforte, Robert or Roger

- Musard, Raffe de
 Muntein, Robert de
 Muttans, Walter de
 Nell, Raffe de
 Neville, Hugh de, slew a lion in the H. L., first shooting him with an arrow, and then fighting him with his sword; he lies buried in Waltham Church, 4.
 ———, Robert de
 Neville, Lawrence
 Neureford, William
 Normanville, Raphe de
 Northie, William de
 Northwood, Roger de
 Nunchams, Stephen de, brother to the Bishop of Ely, made one of the governors of Acon.
 Odingselle, William de
 Okstede, Roland de
 Oldeham, Thomas de
 Ore, Nicholas de
 ———, Richard de
 Orleston, William de
 Otigedene, Raffe de
 Parke, Henry de
 Pancevot, Grymbolde de
 Paynell or Pagnel, William
 ———, Thomas.
 Pecham, John de
 Peche, Gilbert.
 ———, John.
 Peyfrer, William de
 Pembryge, Henry.
 Penecester, Pynchester, or de Penshurst, Estephyn, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, under Edward I.
 Percy, Henry de
 ———, John de
 ———, Everard de
 Perot, Raffe.
 Pierrepont, Robert.
 ———, Symone.
 Pesone, Nicholas de
 Peverell, Thomas.
 Pigot, Henry, seneschal to Earl Warren and Surry.
 Pipard, Gilbert, 1.
 Plokenet, Alen de
 Poltimor, Lucas de
 Poynge, Lucas de
 Preston, William de
 Quincy, Robert de, Earl of Leicester, 2.
 Ralle, Henry de
 Rochford, Ellis de
 Rode, William de
 Rome, Roger de
 Romilly, Ralph.
 Roos, Robert de
 St. Aubrey, Gilbert de
 St. John, John de
 St. Leger, William and Ralph de
 St. Quintin, Robert de
 St. Valerie, Bernard de, 2.
 Sackville, Adam de
 Sandair, Thomas de
 Santaver, Hugh
 Sautone, Bartholomew.
 Savage, Ralph de
 Saye, William de
 Scoveney, John de
 Scotto, Robert de
 Scrope, Robert, of Barton.
 ———, Walter.
 Sillingheld, John de
 Seintmore, Laurence de
 Sodan, Stephen de
 Somerye, Robert and Simon de
 Spencer, Hugh de
 Staverton, John de
 Stopham, Ralph de
 Strange, John le
 Sully.
 Talbot, Roger de
 ———, Gerard, one of the King's counsellors.
 Tame, Richard.
 Tamworth, Gyles de
 Tanquery, Bertram de
 Tilmaston, Roger de
 Traseme, Otho de
 Tregoz, Henry and John.
 Tuithman, Alain de
 Tupigen, Walter de
 Turkeville, Hugh.
 Tychesey, Thomas de

Valoynes, Walrois de	Waleis, Richard
Vantore, John de	Wanton, William de
Vaux, John de	Warburton, Thomas.
Vel, Robert de	Warde, Robert de
Verdun, Bertram de, one of the governors of Acon, 2.	Wace, Roger le
——, Theobald de	Welles, Simon de
Vescy, William de	Wilton, Ralph de
Viene, Lucas de	Witefield, Robert de
Vile, Anselm de	Wodebith, Ralph de
Wake, Baldwin de	Wotingby, Bartholomew de

JOHN.

Courcy, John de	Ferrers, William de, son of the former Earl, 16.
-----------------	---

HENRY III.

Alhini Pincerna, William, 4th Earl of Arundel, 2.	Cornwall, Richard, Earl of, 56.
—— Philip de, 6.	——, Henry, Earl of, his son, 56.
Argentine, Richard de, 14.	Dreux, John de, Earl of Rich- mond, 53.
——, Reginald de, a Knight Templar, bore the standard in a great battle near Antioch, until his hands and legs being broken, he was there slain, 21.	Edward, Prince, son of Henry III.
Audley, James de, 52.	Eleanor, his wife.
Baliol, Eustace de, 54.	Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, youngest son of the King.
Bek, of Eresby, Anthony,	Ferrars, William and Robert, sons of the Earl of Derby.
Beauchamp, of Alcester and Powyk, Walter de, 53.	Fiennes, William de, 54.
Blundeville, Ralph de, 3rd Earl of Chester, 2.	Gorges, Ralph de, 54.
Bohun Henry, Earl of Hereford, 4.	Grandison, Otho de, Governor of Guernsey, 55.
Bohun, Humphrey, his son, Earl of Essex, 34.	Grey, of Codnover, Richard, 36.
Bruce, of Annandale, Robert de, 54.	——, Wilton, John de
Burnell, Robert, 54.	Harcourt, William, Baron 5.
Chaworth, Pain, Hervey and Fa- trick de, brothers, 54.	Huntercombe, William de, 54.
Clare, Richard de, Earl of Glou- cester and Hereford, died at Acon, 24.	Huntingfield, William de, 3.
——, Gilbert de, Earl of Glou- cester, his son.	Lacy, John de, Earl of Lincoln, 2.
——, Thomas, Gilbert's brother, took prisoners four Saracens, and brought them to England, 51.	Latimer, William, ancestor of the great Reformer, 54.
	Leiburne, Roger de, 54.
	Longspée, William, second Earl of Salisbury, 3.
	——, William, his son, 24.
	Lovell, Phillip, 34.
	——, John, 54.
	Lucy, Godfrey de, 20.
	Marshall, Gilbert, Earl of Pem- broke, 20.

Montalt, Roger de, 34.
 Montfort, Symon de, Earl of Leicester, 34.
 Plantagenet, Henry, 2nd son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall.
 Quincy, Saher de, Earl of Winchester, 2.
 ———, Robert de, his son, 4.
 Segrave, Nicholas de, 54.

Tibetot, Robert de, 54.
 Toney, Ralph de, 23.
 Valence, William de, 34.
 Vaux, Ralph de, 6.
 Verdun, John de, 54.
 Vesey, John de, 54.
 Ufford, Ralph de, 54.
 Willoughby, of Eresby, 54.

UNCERTAIN REIGNS.

Astley, Thomas de, of Warwickshire.
 Avenel.
 Bacon, William
 Barneville, Theodoric
 Beaumont, Robert de, 2d E. of Leicester, surnamed Blanchmains.
 ———, Robert de, 3d E. was taken prisoner, and paid 2000 marks for his ransom.
 Bek of Eresby, Hugh and Antony de
 Berry.
 Besace.
 Bodville.
 Brackley.
 Brandes, Sir Bertram.
 Bray.
 Braybroke, Henry de
 Breton, John
 Bruce, Sir William de, slain at Acon.
 Brucourt.
 Calverly.
 Camville, Richard de, slain at Acon.
 Camville, William de, drowned before Acon.
 Carbonnel.
 Carone, Baldwin de
 Chandler.
 Cifrevast.
 Clifford, Sir Robert de
 Clinchamp, Alain de
 Courcy.
 Croxby.
 Dancy, Guy de

Dethick, of Dethick Hall, Staffordshire.
 Elmham.
 Fasington.
 Fiennes, Ingelram de, ancestor of the Lords Say and Sele.
 Fitz-Count Brien, or Brien de Wallingford.
 ——— Henry, Earl of Cornwall, son of Reginald, the natural son of Henry I.
 Fitz-Hugh.
 Fitz-Osbert.
 Fitz-Ralph.
 Fitz-Roberts, Earl of Leicester.
 Fitz-Walter, Robert, Lord Freville.
 Giffard, David
 Glamorgan.
 Glanville, Roger de
 Golafre.
 Goldsmith.
 Gournay, Girard de
 Hall.
 Hamars, Peter de
 Hastings.
 Hauteve, Ralph de, Archdeacon of Colchester, slain at Acon.
 Hauterne.
 Henry of Huntingdon.
 Hilton.
 Humes.
 Kent.
 Kyme, Walter de, died at Acon.
 Lacy, Henry de, E. of Lincoln.
 Lamburne, John de
 Lestrangle, Hamon

Lexby, Richard de, died at Acon.	Sackville, Robert de
——, Beringer, his brother.	Salisbury, Bishop of
Lindsay, Richard de	Saville, Sir Robert
Lisle, Baldwin de	Savoy, Peter de, E. of Richmond.
Lovel.	Scales, Henry de
Lucy, Walter de	Scott, David, E. of Huntingdon,
Luttrell.	brother to William K. of Scot-
Mackerel, John de	land.
Malmains, Gilbert	Silvester, Seneschal of the Arch-
Mandeville, Geoffrey de, E. of	bishop of Canterbury.
Essex.	Stafford, Hugh de, Earl of Stafford.
Mauley.	Stuart.
Meautys.	Stuteville, Osmond de
Minnot, Peter, slain at Acon.	Suhard.
Minshull.	Talbot, Gerard.
Moncey.	Tancarville.
Monteney.	Tesson, Raoul and John.
Montfort, Almaric de, E. of Mont-	Theodore, Prior of the Hospitallers.
fort and Leicester.	Tibetot, Sir Robert de
——, Hugh de	Tilney, Frederick.
Montgomery.	Tilly, Ralph de
Mortimer.	Tour, de la
Morwick.	Tryvet.
Mowbray, John de	Turnham, Robert de
Moy, Walter de	Ulford, Robert de
Muschamp.	Valentine.
Nigell, of Kent.	Vaux, Ralph de
Oilli, Walter and Richard de	Vennor, of Pomfret.
Oreby, Philip de	Verdun, Roland de
Percy, Ralph, son to the 1st E. of	Vere, Roger de, natural son of
Northumberland.	Aubrey de Vere, 2nd Earl of
Perdu.	Oxford.
Phillips	——, Aubrey de, 3rd Earl of Gis-
Pinkney	ney, Great Chamberlain of
Pipard, Gilbert	England, recovered by his sword
Pomeroy, Savage de	the Christian banner, captured
Poole, William de	at Antioch.
Purcell, William de	Villiers.
Pusac.	Vipount, Robert de
Ros of Hamlake, William de	Wale.
—— Walker de	Walter, Hubert, Archbishop of
Semilly.	Salisbury.
Sinclair, Henry	Waterville, Sir William.
St. Alban's, Robert de, a Knight	Willoughby, William de
Templar, deserted to Saladin.	——, of Eresby.
St. Ledger, John de	Zouch, Aleyn.
St. Loo, Robert de	——, William.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.



Stanza xlvii.

ARGUMENT.

God to Tortosa sends his Angel down,
 Whose mandate Godfrey reverently pursues;
 A Council called—the knights of most renown
 Him for their Chief unanimously choose;
 He under their blest ensigns first reviews
 The numbered troops, then to the plain that leads
 To Salem, guides them; troubled by the news,
 His wrath Judea's aged tyrant feeds
 With cruel schemes, from which he lingeringly recedes.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.

I.

I sing the pious arms and Chief, who freed
The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane :
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed ;
Much in the glorious enterprise sustain ;
And Hell in vain opposed him ; and in vain
Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
Their mingled tribes ;—Heaven recompensed his pain,
And from all fruitless sallies of the sword,
True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends restored.

II.

O thou, the Muse, that not with fading palms
Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
The Angels warbling their celestial psalms,
Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
Of everlasting stars ! make thou my song
Lucid and pure ; breathe thou the flame divine
Into my bosom ; and forgive the wrong,
If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine !

III.

The world, thou know'st, on tiptoe ever flies
Where warbling most Parnassus' fountain winds,
And that Truth, robed in song's benign disguise,
Has won the coyest, soothed the sternest minds :
So the fond mother her sick infant blinds,
Sprinkling the edges of the cup she gives
With sweets ; delighted with the balm it finds
Round the smooth brim, the medicine it receives,
Drinks the delusive draught, and, thus deluded, lives.

IV.

And thou, Alphonso, who from fortune's shocks
And from her agitated sea, didst save,
And pilot into port from circling rocks
My wandering bark, nigh swallowed by the wave!
Accept with gracious smile—'t is all I crave—
These my vowed tablets, in thy temple hung,
For the fresh life which then thy goodness gave;
Some day, perchance, may my prophetic tongue
Venture of thee to sing what now must rest unsung.

V.

Well would it be, (if in harmonious peace
The Christian Powers should e'er again unite,
With steed and ship their ravished spoils to seize,
And for his theft the savage Turk requite,)
That they to thee should yield, in wisdom's right,
The rule by land, or, if it have more charms,
Of the high seas; meanwhile, let it delight
To hear our verse ring with divine alarms;
Rival of Godfrey, hear, and hearing, grasp thine arms! 1

VI.

Six summers now were passed, since in the East
Their high Crusade the Christians had begun;
And Nice by storm, and Antioch had they seized
By secret guile, and gallantly, when won,
Held in defiance of the myriads dun,
Prest to its conquest by the Persian king;
Tortosa sacked, when now the sullen sun
Entered Aquarius, to breme winter's wing
The quartered hosts give place, and wait the coming spring.

VII.

And now at length those storms were overblown
That had the trumpet hushed, and spring was nigh,
When, from his unimaginable throne,
Fixt in the Empyrean—the pure sky,
Above the highest of the stars more high
Than they from Lucifer's abysmal hall,
The' Eternal Father downward cast his eye,
And in an instant, at a glance, marked all
That passed, in light or shade, on earth's terraqueous ball.

VIII.

All things on earth he views ; at length his eyes
 Upon the Christian Powers in Syria rest,
 And with that clear inspection which describes
 The most concealed affections of the breast,
 He notices how Godfrey burns to wrest
 From hands profane the consecrated town,
 And, heaven affecting, in what slight request
 He holds the meaner joys of earth—renown,
 Treasure, and purple power, and glory's meteor crown.

IX.

Baldwin he sees ambitiously aspire
 The height of human grandeur to attain,
 And Tancred, victim to a fruitless fire,
 Life's choicest blessings gloomily disdain,
 Whilst Bohemond in Antioch builds his reign,
 And introducing arts and settling laws,
 The poise of his new kingdom to sustain,
 By power of solemn rite and custom, draws
 His Turks to' adore aright the one Supernal Cause :—

X.

And so absorbed herein, he seems to lose
 All recollection of their first designs ;
 An ardent soul, impatient of repose,
 The warrior's virtue, in Rinaldo shines,—
 Which nor to lust of gold nor power inclines,
 But to that quenchless thirst of fame which leads
 To generous acts, and for distinction pines ;
 On Guelpho's lips he hangs intent, and feeds
 On themes of antique worth, and high romantic deeds.

XI.

Of these and other hearts the inmost folds
 And motions as the' Omniscient Mind surveys,
 Of the angelic splendours him who holds
 In the first glorious rank the second place,
 Gabriel he calls, the herald of his grace
 And faithful messenger, who oft repairs
 On blessed errands to the human race,
 And, sweetly solacing the virtuous, bears
 Back to his mercy-seat the incense of their prayers.

XII.

To him the Almighty Sire : " To Godfrey go,
And ask what languor has his mind possessed,—
The war still unrenewed, unmoved the foe,
And Salem's grievous wrongs yet unredressed.
A council let him call ; from slothful rest
Rouse the lethargic, and the cold excite ;
Him with the sovereign rule I here invest,
As shall the chieftains upon earth,—each knight
His comrade now no more, but agent in the fight ! "

XIII.

He said, and Gabriel plumed himself to go
Swift on the errand of his Lord ; he rolled
The air around his viewless essence, so
That mortal eye the vision might behold ;
The aspect human, human was the mould
Assumed, but mixed with majesty divine ;
He wreathes the sunbeams in his locks of gold,
And moves a seraph, whose fair looks define
The age when youth just seems with boyhood to combine.

XIV.

White wings sustain him, edged with golden dyes,
Unwearied, swift, and pliant in their play ;
With these he cuts the winds, and clouds, and skies,
And high o'er land and ocean sails away :
Down to Earth's loftier peaks, in this array,
His course the Messenger of Heaven consigned ;
And first on sweet Mount Lebanon to stay,
He, hovering for an instant, seemed inclined,
And shook his sparkling plumes, self-balanced on the wind :

XV.

Then downward, where Tortosa's towers arise,
Urged his precipitate and circling flight ;
The sun was rising in the eastern skies,
Part seen, part curtained by the waves from sight ;
And Godfrey, mindful of the wonted rite,
His matin prayer was offering to the ear
Of the Most High, in lowliness contrite ;
When, like the shining sun, but far more clear,
He from the Orient saw the winged Archangel steer :—

XVI.

"Godfrey," he said, "the suited time that calls
Beleaguered hosts to arms, at length survey;
Why, whilst Oppression sits in Salem's halls,
And Fortune beckons, this supine delay?
Call now the Princes of your armed array
To solemn council, and if sloth dissuade,
Spur thou them on the city to assay;
Thee God elects to guide their blest crusade,
And, chosen of all, by all thy voice shall be obeyed:

XVII.

"His messenger I am, and thus reveal
To thee his sacred will; of victory rare
What hopes should hence be thine; and O, what zeal
For the brave hosts committed to thy care!"
He spoke; he ceased; and, vanishing in air,
To the serenest and the loftiest part
Of heaven flew back; long dazzled by the glare
Of the bright vision, and amazed at heart,
Godfrey with upraised eyes remained, and lips apart.

XVIII.

But when, recovering spirit, he discerned
Who sent, who came, and what was the command,
If late he glowed, he now with ardour burned
To end the war committed to his hand:
Not that ambition's breath his bosom fanned
Into vain-glorious pride, from so entire
A preference o'er the rest, but as a brand
Or living coal in a refulgent fire,
In his Lord's will more warm becomes his own desire.

XIX.

Then from their various posts his valiant friends,
Not far dispersed, to council he invites;
Message on message, scroll on scroll he sends,
And strong entreaty to advice unites;
Whatso might most from indolent delights
Rouse the reluctant, whatso most might reach,
And quicken generous natures, he indites;
Meets all men's moods, and with such charms of speech,
That whilst he all compels, he wins and pleases each.

XX.

All, except Bohemond, attend ; in train
The busy people flock behind ; part wait
Without, encamped upon the ample plain,
The rest Tortosa holds from gate to gate :
Baron, and prince, and helmed potentate
The Cónsistory crown, a solemn throng,
When, with an air august, in ducal state
Godfrey arose ; majestically strong
His graceful periods flow, and charm the soul along.

XXI.

“ Warriors of God, by God himself elected,
Of his true Faith the breaches to restore !
Ye, whom his arm has guided, and protected
From storms by sea and ambuscades on shore !
So that in these few years that have flown o’er,
It has been ours strong monarchies to tame,
Realm after realm, rebellious now no more,
And through the shaken nations spread the fame
Of his triumphant Cross and consecrated name !—

XXII.

“ We left not (do I err ?) our native land,
Connubial pledges and domestic sweets,
Trusting our fortunes to a faithless strand,
Where battle rages and wild ocean beats,
But to acquire, with its barbaric seats,
A crowd’s huzza ; if upon this we built,
How poor the’ ambition ! sense with scorn repeats
The prize, and all the blood our swords have spilt,
Has to our deathless souls been sown in deepest guilt !

XXIII.

“ But far more glorious were our aims,—we vowed
The noble walls of Sion to obtain,
And work redemption for the Faithful, bowed
Beneath subjection’s ignominious chain ;
Founding in Palestine a purer reign
Where Piety may rest, and Peace recline
In full security, and none restrain
The freeborn pilgrim, passing o’er the brine,
From offering holy vows at meek Messiah’s shrine.

XXIV.

"Thus then till now we have risked much, toiled more,
Reaped little good, but for our main intent
None whatsoever, if we here give o'er,
Or turn to other marks the bow we bent :
What will it serve us from the Occident
To' have drawn this splendid force, and to have strown
These fires abroad o'er Asia, if the' event
Of our so mighty movement be alone—
Not glorious kingdoms raised, but ruined and o'erthrown !

XXV.

"He who would here raise empires, must not seek
On worldly policies the base to found,
Where of a fellow-faith his friends are weak
And few, amidst the countless Pagans round,
The land that people,—here, where he no ground
Can have on Grecian succour to presume,
And all too distant from his trumpet's sound
Lies the far West ; he builds, but the Simoom
Sweeps round, and instant turns his palace to a tomb.

XXVI.

"Turks, Persians, Antioch, (an illustrious prize,
In fame and fact magnificent,) attest
Not our past skill, but the assisting skies ;
Victory a wonder was : now, if we wrest
These purposed blessings to an end-unblest,
Wronging the Giver who so far has crowned
The hopes we cherished,—Chiefs ! I tremble, lest
We vanish to a fable and a sound,—
The brilliant byword passed through the wide nations round.

XXVII.

"May there be none amongst us, O my friends,
So to misuse such gifts ! your interests see ;
With these sublime commencements let the ends,
The filament and woof throughout agree.
Now that the passes of the land are free,
Now that the vernal season clears the plain,
Apt for the enterprise, why rush not we
The crown of all our conquests to attain ?
What should prevent the deed ? what here our arms detain ?

XXVIII.

"Princes! I vow to you, (and what I vow,
Present and future times alike shall hear;
The very Angels, whilst I speak it, bow
On their bright thrones, and lend a listening ear,)
The period is arrived that we should rear
Our flag aloft; less fortunate will flow
The tide, the longer we delay; things clear
Will set in night, and if our course be slow,
Egypt—assured I speak—will aid the Syrian foe!"

XXIX.

He ceased: a hollow hum ensued,—but then,
The primal author of the high crusade,
Peter the Seer, who midst the noblest men
Sat private in the council, rose and said:
"What Godfrey stirs us to, I well have weighed,
And second; room for reasoning there is none;
He the true path self-evident has made,
And through the whole clear argument has run;
'T is yours the plan to' approve,—one word, and I have
done.

XXX.

"When I the scorns and discords recollect,
As if on purpose by you borne and given,
Your froward judgments, and proceedings checked
Just at the moment when they might have thriven,
To a high source, O Princes, am I driven;
I trace the ills, in all their forms and kinds,
To your void powers! our government is even
As a vague pendulum, which each one finds
Struck by as many hands as there are various minds.

XXXI.

"Where one alone commands not, upon whom
The cast of parts and offices depend,
The dues of honour and decrees of doom,
There still the helm to some wrong point will tend;
Your separate rights, then, amicably blend
In some one prince, of influence to restrain
The rest,—to one alone dominion lend,
And leave him free, as wisdom will ordain,
A king's prescriptive power and semblance to sustain."

XXXII.

Here ceased the Sage : what thoughts, celestial Fire !
What hearts, blest Spirit ! to thy sweet appeal
Are proof ? the Hermit's words didst thou inspire,
And on all hearts imprint them with thy seal.
Ingrafted, e'en innate desires, thy zeal —
The love of honour, liberty and sway,
Checked in subservience to the public weal ;
So that the noblest were the first to say,
" Our Chief let Godfrey be ; him swear we to obey ! "

XXXIII.

The rest consent : they marshal on his side,
The power to counsel and command ; to give
The vanquished laws, and here or there to guide
The war, with uncontrolled prerogative ;
Whilst they, but late his peers, are to receive
His issued mandates with submissive minds,
And aid in ministry executive :
This done, the rumour flies abroad, and finds
Speed in the tongues of men, and spreads on all the winds.

XXXIV.

He to the soldiers shews himself, and they
Are well content he should the truncheon bear ;
The warlike greetings and huzzas they pay,
Calmly he takes, and with a gracious air :
Then, having answered courteously and fair
To the frank vows of discipline that stamp
Their love and loyalty, he bids repair
Each to his banner, the collected Camp,
And pass review, when Day next lights its shining lamp.

XXXV.

Slow in calm glory from its orient bower
And with unwonted sheen, the Star of day
Rose on the morrow, when from tent and tower,
Issuing in polished arms and ranged array,
The squadrons rear their standards and display
Their force, wide wheeling round the vast campaign ;
Sole in the centre, whence he might survey
Both horse and foot, the Chief observed the chain
Of the whole movement pass, in long revolving train.

XXXVI.

Sibyl divine, that in thy guardian cell
Treasur'ed all story! foe to Night and Time!
Aid me with all thine intellect, to tell
What troops and heroes come from every clime;
Their ancient deeds light up and sound sublime,
Now dark and silent grown with years; O bring
From thy rich stores to grace my naked rhyme,
Somewhat with which each listening age may ring,
And none have power to' efface—smile on me whilst I sing!

XXXVII.

First to the field the gallant Franks advance,
From where, wide sweeping, four bold rivers spread
Beauty and fruitage o'er the Isle of France,—
Flower of her force, and once by Hugo led,
Their good king's brother; but his vital thread
Cut short, the flag in whose field azure flame
The Golden Lilies, they beneath the dread
Clotharius follow, whom a kingly name
Marks, to perfect his worth and more enhance his fame.

XXXVIII.

A thousand these, completely fenced in mail,
Pace the green turf; a like choice troop succeeds,
In courage, discipline, and massive scale
Of armour like the first,—on generous steeds
Borne to the battle from their Norman meads,
Ten gallant hundreds; and the total ten
A native prince, the bold Duke Robert leads,
From Rollo sprung: two pastor-chieftains then,
William and Ademar, bring up their marshalled men.

XXXIX.

These held of late authority divine,
The hallowed priests of piety and prayer,
Who fearless now in horrid conflict shine,
And press beneath the helm their long black hair:
That from the city and dominions fair
Of ancient Orange to the fierce alarms
Leads full five hundred; this beneath his care,
From whence high Puy the traveller's notice charms,
An equal number brings, not less renowned in arms.

XL.

Next in the muster Baldwin shews, conjoined
With his own Lorrainers, his brother's band,
Which Godfrey to his conduct late resigned,
When made a captain, captains to command;
Sagacious counsel and a powerful hand
The Count of Chartres grace, who with him leads
Four hundred knights, the bravest of the land;
And thrice that number, armed, on prancing steeds,
Baldwin himself conducts :—a noble name succeeds :

XLI.

One whose desert his fortune overweighs,
Though equal with the proudest, Guelpho came;
Who from his sire by sure deduction lays
To Esté's princely house ancestral claim,
But, German by inheritance and name,
Is in the Guelphic stem ingraft; his sway
Is o'er Carinthia, where barbaric fame
The Sueves and Rhetians reaped in ancient day,
Where the rough Danube cleaves, the mild Rhine wins its way.

XLII.

To that maternal heritage his blade
A great and glorious acquisition joins;
And thence a race he brings, who undismayed
Will march 'gainst Death to' achieve his bold designs;
A race, that when the wintry sun declines,
In warm abodes the sullen hours revive
With gay carousals and the flow of wines;
Five thousand left their homes,—a third survive
Sole from the Persian spear, in battle still to strive.

XLIII.

Next comes the fair-haired race whose lands incline
Betwixt the Frank and German to the main,
Bathed by the swelling Meuse and fruitful Rhine,—
A pastoral people, rich in herds and grain;
The' industrious Islanders augment their train,
Whose rampired banks, though fenced with all the powers
Of Art, the' insulting Ocean scarce sustain,—
The wild voracious Ocean, which devours
Not fleets alone, but realms with all their towns and towers.

XLIV.

Two thousand these the hopes of honour bring
Beneath a second Robert ; somewhat more,
William, the young son of the English king,
Conducts in arms from Britain's chalky shore ;
Long bows the English at their shoulders bore,
With those whom Ireland, nearer to the pole,
Sends from wild woods resounding to the roar
Of wintry winds,—the limit of the whole
Well-peopled earth, round which its last drear oceans roll.

XLV.

Then Tancred follows to the war, than whom
Save young Rinaldo, is no nobler knight,
More mild in manners, fair in manly bloom,
Or more sublimely daring in the fight !
If any shade of error makes less bright
His rich endowments and heroic charms,
It is the foil of Love, which at first sight
Born of surprise, amid the shock of arms,
Grows with increase of tears and sorrow's fond alarms.

XLVI.

In noon of that auspicious day which wrought
The Persian's overthrow, faint with the chase
Of fugitives, 't is rumoured, that he sought
For his o'erwearied limbs and glowing face,
Repose and cool refreshment ; with slow pace
He reached at length, with green seats compassed round,
And summer woods, which shaded all the place,
A living spring, that with melodious sound
Flowed from a hollow rock, in many a fall profound.

XLVII.

To the same warbling of fresh waters drew,
Armed, but unhelmed and unforeseen, a maid ;
She was a Pagan, and came thither too,
To quench her thirst beneath the pleasant shade ;
Her beautiful fair aspect, thus displayed,
He sees ; admires ; and, touched to transport, glows
With passion rushing to its fountain head,
The heart ; 't is strange how quick the feeling grows ;
Scarce born, its power in him no cool, calm medium knows !

XLVIII.

She reassumed her helm, and threatening stood
To strike the chief, but others drawing nigh,
Within the mazes of the leafy wood,
Compelled by numbers, not by fear to fly,
The haughty Lady rushed; but still her high
And warlike image with a faith so true
He fosters in his heart, it ne'er can die;
The act, the scene where first she charmed his view,
For ever haunt his thoughts, and fan the fire anew.

XLIX.

And in his aspect legibly is traced
The hopeless flame that frets his life away;
He comes with sighings, and his eyes, abased,
A melancholy languishment betray:
Eight hundred horse have left beneath his sway
Campania's paradise, a pomp of scene
The noblest sure that Nature in her play
Of power e'er shaped—plains, woods, and hills between,
Woody by the Tyrrhene sea, mild, fertile, smooth and green.

L.

Two hundred follow, from Greek heroes sprung,
Who nearly void of all defence are found;
Sole at their side short crooked swords are hung,
And bows and quivers at their backs resound:
Lean coursers have they, in the race renowned,
Proof to fatigue, of diet spare and slight;
Mounted on these, they seem to wing the ground;
Nimble alike in onset and in flight,—
Wide and dispersed they act, and e'en whilst flying, fight.

LI.

Tatine commands the troop, the only Greek
Who joined the Latin arms; oh Greece, let shame
For ever sit upon thy passive cheek!
The wars are near thee now, yet, meanly tame,
Thou sitt'st a calm spectator of the game,
Thy shield scarce lifted, and thy sword in rust;
If now (complain not) destitute of fame,
Thou art a vassal humbled to the dust,
Thy doom no outrage is, but retribution just.

LII.

Lo now, the last in order of command,
 But first for honour, skill, and glorious scars,
 The Adventurers come, a brave, unconquered band,
 The dread of Asia, thunderbolts of Mars!
 Cease, Argo, thy renowned Adventurers,
 Thy errant Peers, prince Arthur, cease to cite,
 Filling our books with fable! fame instars
 All antique story with a beam less bright
 Than theirs;—now what fit chief may lead them to the fight?

LIII.

Dudon of Consa! for, as hard it was
 Their birth and bravery to decide between,
 All had agreed to rank beneath his laws,
 As one who most had both achieved and seen.
 In the last stage of mellowing manhood, keen
 Shines his grey eye, and with his silver hairs
 He shews a strength still juvenile and green;
 Whilst, as in noble proof of what he dares,
 He many a seam and scar in front imprinted bears.

LIV.

There Eustace ranks, whom much his brother's worth,
 Much native merit for applause marks down;
 There vaunts Gernando his illustrious birth,
 His titles, stars, and hoped Norwegian crown.
 Roger, of Barneville surnamed, Renown
 And ancient Story with the noblest class;²
 Gentorio, Engerlan, Rambaldo, own
 As fair a fame; distinguished from the mass,
 Brave above many brave the two young Gerards pass.

LV.

Nor Ubald, nor Rosmondo, the rich heir
 Of English Lancaster, nor must the pride
 Of Tuscan bravery, Obitzo, e'er
 Sink unredeemed to Lethe's greedy tide;
 Nor to the Lombard brothers, side by side,
 Achilles, Sforza, Palamed the mild,
 Nor to strong Otho be the verse denied,—
 Otho, who conquered from the Paynim vild
 That shield whereon the snake devours a naked child.³

LVI.

Nor yet shall Guasco nor Bidolpho grieve,
Nor the two Guidos, whom the famed admire,
Nor Everard, nor Gernier will I leave
In mute inglorious silence to expire;
My hand falls weary on the numbering wire;
Where force ye me, as though your love I slighted,
Edward and sweet Gildippe? all my lyre
Is yours,—oh twins, in battle firmly plighted,
You, e'en when dead, in song shall not be disunited!

LVII.

What learn we not within the school of love?
There she became a heroine of a bride;
Nor toil, nor deepest danger can remove
The fair fond lady from her husband's side;
To the same fortune are their lives allied;
The blow falls not that hurts but one,—their pains
Are mutual as their joys; for if the tide
Of her dear blood bedews the hostile plains,
What she in person bears, in spirit he sustains.

LVIII.

But these, and all, the boy Rinaldo far,
Oh far excels! supremacy is thrown
Upon his forehead like a shining star,
And every eye is fixt on him alone;
Hope, and his years he far outstrips; scarce blown
Appear his blossoms, than the fruit's revealed;
So sweetly fierce, that when his face is shewn
You deem him Love, but Mars, when helmed and steeled,
He mounts his fiery barb, and fulmines through the field.

LIX.

Him fair Sophia to Bertoldo bore,
Where the clear Adige's swift waters wind,
The lovely to the potent; and before
He well was weaned, the infant she consigned
To queen Matilda, who, sincerely kind,
Fostered, and taught him, as in years he grew,
All princely arts; her care his docile mind
Requited well, and thus his calm hours flew,
Till in the radiant East the martial trumpet blew.

LX.

'Then, ere his youth could three short lustres boast
Alone he fled by unknown tracks,—he passed
The' Egæan billows, the Ionian coast,
And reached in climes remote the camp at last;
A flight well fit some young enthusiast
In after days should follow, who would win
The like renown; ' three years their fruits had cast,
Since with the warring armies he had been,
Yet still the tender down scarce feathered o'er his chin.

LXI.

The horsemen now have passed, and Godfrey views
The foot advance with Raymond at their head,
Duke of Narbonne, who ruled in fair Toulouse,
And his well-disciplined four thousand led,
Between the Ocean and the Garonne bred,
And misty Pyrenees; a people free,
Firm in fatigue, incapable of dread,
At all points armed; and led they could not be
By one of greater skill or hardihood than he.

LXII.

But Stephen of Amboise leads from Blois and Tours
Troops full five thousand, registered aright,
A nerveless race unable to endure
Fatigue, though wholly sheathed in armour bright;
The land luxurious, delicate, and light,
With a rich soil and a delicious air,
Produces like inhabitants; in fight,
The first assaults impetuously they dare,
But quickly tire with strife, and languish through the war.

LXIII.

Third comes Alcasto, cradled on the crag,
Threatening and stern as Capaneus of old
Before the Theban town; beneath his flag,
From each Helvetian tower and Alpine hold,
Six thousand fierce plebeians are enrolled;
Sharpening the ploughshare to the sword they rise;
And he who turned the furrow, watched the fold,
Now fearlessly the war's grim ridges eyes,
And with the mightiest matched, the strength of kings defies.

LXIV.

The lofty banner next is seen dispread,
Which bears Saint Peter's keys and mitred crown,
Seven thousand foot, by good Camillus led,
In massive armour sheathed, beneath it frown :
Glad that Heaven calls him to the sacred town
In so divine a cause, he marches on,
There to renew his sires' antique renown,
Or prove at least, that if in aught outshone
By Latin worth, 't will be in discipline alone.

LXV.

But now the whole gay pageant had passed by
In regular review ; when Godfrey sent,
And to the noblest chiefs assembled nigh,
In brief discourse imparted his intent :
" My pleasure is, when next the firmament
Yields its first light, that you the hosts array,
And ere the foe anticipates the' event,
Or vaward scouts our quick descent betray,
March to the hallowed town, as swiftly as we may.

LXVI.

" Thus, then, prepare you for the march required,
And for the strife, and for the victory near ! "
This daring speech from one so wise inspired
In each, fresh courage, confidence, and cheer.
All ready stand for the sublime career,
And, unindulgent of the night's repose,
Wait with impatience till the morn appear ;
In Godfrey's breast, albeit, from foresight rose
Fears which his cautious mind to no one would disclose.

LXVII.

For he by certain tidings understood
That Egypt's king was now upon his way
To Gaza's towers, a fortress strong and good,
Which seaward on the Syrian frontiers lay ;
Nor could he think a prince so swift to prey
On whatsoe'er his enterprising mind
Was fixed to win, would trifle time away ;
In him expecting a sharp foe to find,
He to his envoy's zeal this secret charge consigned.

LXVIII.

"In a light brigandine compact and fleet,
Go thou to Greece; where the Propontic sea
Washes the seven-hilled City, thou wilt meet,
(As I have word from one who ne'er to me
Errs in advice,) of regal dignity,
A dauntless youth whose fixed intentions are
Forthwith to bear us martial company;
Prince of the Danes, he marches to the war
A numerous host from realms beneath the Arctic Star.

LXIX.

"But since perchance the faithless Byzantine
Will practise on him each accustomed art
To turn him back, or on some new design
Alien from ours, persuade the youth to start,—
Counsel him earnestly, my friend, apart,
To shun the' advice of that insidious king;
Both for his good and ours dispose his heart
With all convenient speed his aids to bring;
Say, that all stay were now an ignominious thing.

LXX.

"Come not thyself with him; but in the train,
And at the court of the Greek prince abide;
Those oft-times-talked-of succours to obtain,
By treaty promised, due, but still denied."
To speak, instruct, and to his care confide
Letters of credence and of greeting fair,
Short time sufficed; the herald then applied
His busiest thoughts to expedite the' affair,
And Godfrey sought his tent, and gave a truce to care.

LXXI.

When now the Orient opened to the Sun
Its shining gates, the mingled voice profound
Of trumpet, tambour, horn, and cymbalon,
Cheered to the march the stirring troops around;
Not half so grateful is the thunder's sound
In the hot dog-days to the world forlorn,
Presaging freshness to the thirsty ground,
As to these warlike tribes the music drawn
From marshal tubes that treat of battles to be born.

LXXII.

Straightway, spurred on by strong desire, they drest
Their limbs in wonted armour; straight, in sheen
Of perfect panoply, the soldiers prest
Beneath their several regencies convene;
Ranged, the hosts join; and to the winds serene
Straight the borne banners all at once are given;
And in the' imperial gonfalon is seen
The Cross, triumphantly outspread, and driven
Abroad in waving folds voluminous to heaven.

LXXIII.

Meanwhile the Sun in the celestial fields
Perpetually advancing, rose in height,
And struck from pointed helms and bossy shields,
Clear, trembling lustres that torment the sight;
The broad air burns with glory, like a bright
And boundless conflagration; neighings shrill,
From fierce steeds ramping in their wild delight,
Mix with the sound of smitten steel, and fill
The deafened country round, hill answering loud to hill.

LXXIV.

The prudent Chief, to guard from ambuscade
His marching army, sent a troop before,
Of light-armed horse, with orders to invade
The hollow woods, and each strange place explore;
And first the pioneers advancing, bore
Their instruments, whereby the rugged way
Gives easy access; rivers are bridged o'er,
Dells filled, mounts levelled; shaggy woods display
Their tracks, and each close pass admits the lively day.

LXXV.

There are no moated towers, no massy woods,
No levies gathered by their Pagan foes,
Nor bursting streams, nor Alpine solitudes,
To countervail their course, or interpose
Cause of delay: thus in his grandeur flows
The King of Floods, when proudly he disdains
His liminary shores,—the torrent grows,
Swell's o'er its ruined banks, and to the plains
Roaring sweeps down, nor aught its headlong wrath restrains.

LXXVI.

The king of Tripoli alone might hope
In his munitioned fortress, with success,
Powerful in forces, arms, and coin, to cope
With the Frank army, or their march distress;
But fearful to oppose them or repress,
Their jealous doubts he studies to appease
With entertainments and with gifts, nor less
To Godfrey's keep submits the kingdom's keys,
And from his hand accepts the articles of peace.

LXXVII.

There from Mount Seir, which rises on the east
Of the nigh city, crowds on crowds descend
Of the true Faith,—prince, worshipper, and priest;
Virgins, and youths, and matron-age attend;
Beneath refreshments for the host they bend,
Inly rejoiced; and using, side by side,
Familiar talk, their wonder knows no end,
The pilgrims' arms admiring;—they with pride
Furnish, at Godfrey's wish, a sure and friendly guide.

LXXVIII.

Ever in sight of the blue sea his host
By unobstructed ways direct he leads,
Well knowing that along the' adjacent coast
The friendly navy in its course proceeds;
Whence whatsoever so large an army needs
May be supplied, since each Greek island reaps
Corn but for him, since but for him Crete feeds
The thousand flocks that range her tangled steeps,
And Scio's rocky isle her wine celestial weeps.

LXXIX.

The bordering ocean groans beneath the prores
Of the swift vessels and their wealthy freight,
So that no longer the Levantine shores
To the false Turk give access as of late;
Beside the argosies of noblest rate
Armed by Saint Mark and by Saint George, which there
Cruise from rich Venice and the Genoese state,
Others from fruitful Sicily repair,
And England, Belgium, France, alike equip their share.

LXXX.

And these, which now in firmest bonds combined
With the sublime crusade confederate stand,
From various shores are fraught with every kind
Of stores that Godfrey may at need demand;
Who, finding free the passes of the land,
And that the frontiers of the realm present
No force, his onward progress to withstand
Or question, thither makes his swift descent,
Where Christ the pangs of death and darkness underwent.

LXXXI.

Yet not so swift, but that light Fame, the post
Of falsehood as of truth, flies far before,
And paints the fortunate, triumphant host,
United, moving, indolent no more;
What and how strong the squadrons, o'er and o'er
Recounts, with all whose deeds of valour grace
The herald's scrolls, from each romantic shore;
Narrates their vaunts, and with determined face,
The high usurping powers from Salem threats to chase.

LXXXII.

And looked-for evil is a greater ill
Than the winged mischief when it comes; each ear
Hangs on each whisper in suspense, and still
The face shews sadness, and the eye its tear.
A melancholy hum, confused and drear,
On wing within, on wing without the gates,
The fields and doleful city fills with fear;
But the old king, in these momentous straits,
Close in his dubious heart ferocious schemes debates.

LXXXIII.

This prince, named Aladine, by recent crime
Raised to the throne, perpetual cares pursued;
He had been cruel once, but mellowing time
His native fierceness somewhat had subdued.
He, having now but too well understood
That the Franks seek in battle to enclose
The town, much mused in his restless mood!
On former terror new suspicion grows;
Much he his subjects fears, and much he fears his foes.

LXXXIV.

For in his city a mixed people lived,
Of adverse Faiths : the weaker few retained
The laws of Christ,—in Mahomet believed
The stronger many, and his rule maintained ;
But when the king the crown of Sion gained,
And sought to stablish there his Court in state,
He on his loving Mussulmans ordained
Taxes and levies of a lighter rate,
But on the hapless Franks imposed a tenfold weight.

LXXXV.

This thought now fretting into gall, awoke
Within him all that cruelty which Time
Had lulled asleep, and giantlike he broke
From slumber, thirsting but the more for crime.
So the snake slumbers out the winter rime ;
So fiercely wakes when summer warms the plain ;
So the tamed lion from his burning clime
Torn, if provoked, assumes his fire again,
Rolls the red eye in rage, and shakes the bristling mane.

LXXXVI.

“ I see,” said he, “ in this perfidious brood
Undoubted signs of new-conceived delight ;
The public evil is their private good,
Our common sorrows but their smiles excite :
And now, e’en now perchance, in fraudulent spite,
Each busy traitor with himself debates
How he may kill me, or at least by night
To my stern foe and his consorted mates,
May with most sure address unbar the guarded gates.

LXXXVII.

“ But no ! the fangs of the assaulted snake
Have one preventative—I’ll wreak my will ;
Destroy them all ; a sharp example make ;
Safe in the mothers’ arms the infants kill,
Their temples fire, and to the lowest sill
Burn their abodes ; these sacrificial cares
I owe to those whose blood the’ invaders spill ;
And first on yon scorned Sepulchre of theirs,
Shall the cowed priests be slain, midst all their vows and
prayers.”

LXXXVIII.

Thus he soliloquized ; his acting hand
With his dire scheme, 't is true, but ill concurs ;
But if he issues not the fierce command,
Baseness it is, not pity that deters ;
For whilst one fear to barbarous fury spurs
His earnest will, a stronger still in shew
Keeps it in check, and moves his just demurs ;
He dreads the means of treaty to forego,
Or raise too high the rage of the victorious foe.

LXXXIX.

Yet, though thus tempered was his wolfish wrath,
Elsewhere he gives his violence the rein ;
The rustic's home he levels, and with scath
Of fire lays waste the cultivated plain ;
He leaves no valley green with rising grain,
Where the Frank host may pleasantly repose,
Or reap subsistence ; then with busy brain
In every fountain noxious drugs he throws,
And the polluted stream with secret poison flows ;—

XC.

Crafty in cruelty ! meantime no means
To reinforce the city he neglects,
Strong on three sides ; but northward intervenes
A rampart less secure,—he there erects
Walls on the first alarm, and its defects
Repairs with battlements that brave the skies,
And scorn subjection ; lastly, he collects
His subject troops and subsidized allies,
And from his lofty towers the coming storm defies.



JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO II.



Stanza xlii.

ARGUMENT.

NEW charms Ismeno tries, which proving vain,
 The King a slaughter of the Franks decrees;
 Bashful Sophronia and Olindo fain
 Would die, his fatal anger to appease;
 Clorinda, hearing their sad story, frees
 From ruffian hands the' incomparable pair;
 Argantes and Alethes treat of peace;
 Which Godfrey not accepting, they forbear
 No longer, mortal war against him to declare.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO II.

I.

WHILST the vext Tyrant thus prepared to arm,
Alone to him one day Ismeno drew ;
Ismeno, who from the closed tomb can charm
The dead, and make them feel and breathe anew ;
Ismene, who oft as tales devoutly true
Affirm, by whispered rhyme and murmured spell
Unbinds the demons of the deep to do
Deeds without name, or chains them in his cell,
And makes e'en Pluto pale upon the throne of hell.

II.

A Christian once, he now adores Mahound,
Yet former rites not wholly can forego,
But oft to foulest use will he confound
The laws of both, though well he neither know ;
And now from caves where fern and nightshade grow,
Far from the vulgar, where in glooms immersed,
He his black arts is wont to practise, slow
Glides he to front the storm about to burst,—
To an accursed king a counsellor more accurst.

III.

" Oh king ! the dreaded armies come," he cries,
" Unlingering, conquering ; yet be not dismayed ;
Let us but worthy of ourselves arise,
Both heaven and earth will give the valiant aid ;
Well as the sceptre canst thou wield the blade,
And quick to furnish, skilful to foresee,
The duties of a king hast thou displayed
To admiration ; if all act like thee,
For thy advancing foes this land a tomb shall be.

IV.

" For me, I come my succour to impart,
Thy friend alike in peril and in pain ;
The utmost efforts of my magic art,
And the deep counsels of my aged brain,
Are at thy service ; yea, I will constrain
The Angel hosts from blessedness that fell,
Part of the' impending labour to sustain ;
But where I purpose to commence the spell,
And by what simple means, give audience while I tell.

V.

" Low in the Christian temple, under earth,
Stands in a secret grotto the rich shrine
Of her who gave their buried God to birth,
The Virgin Mother and the Saint divine ;
Before the veil that screens her Image shine
Undying lamps, that to the mummery lend
Bright pomp ; and round, with many a senseless sign,
The sapient devotees their gifts suspend,
There in long vigils kneel, in dumb devotions bend.

VI.

" Now this their image I would have conveyed,
With thine own hand from their invaded fane,
To the chief Mosque, and on it shall be laid
Spells of such power, that long as we retain
The new Palladium in our keep, a train
Of mighty spirits shall protect thy states ;
Whilst steel attacks and fire assaults in vain,
Unrent the wall, impregnable the gates,
We shall the war roll back, and disappoint the fates ! "

VII.

He said : the king approved ; and in all haste
Sped to the Christian sanctuary, and tore
Down from its shrine the Image of the Chaste,
And with irreverence to the temple bore,
Where oft his impious Mussulmans adore,
High Heaven incensing ; there in dreadful style
His spells the black Magician mumbles o'er
The holy image in the' unholy pile,—
Hymns which insult the skies, and praises which revile.

VIII.

But when in heaven the morning light appeared,
The startled guardian of the mosque profane
Saw not the image where it had been reared
The previous night, and sought for it in vain
Through every part of the extensive fane;
Strait to the king the tidings he conveyed,
Who fancying now in his mistrustful brain
That the illustrious prize had been betrayed
Back to some Christian Priest, unbounded rage displayed.

IX.

Whether it were that Christian hands by guile
Did bear off secretly the ravished prize,
Or that Heaven, angry that a place so vile
Should shroud her form who walks the glorious skies,
Put forth its power from these indignities
Its Goddess-queen to save, is vainly sought
In erring fame; but piety supplies
The heavenly lustre that irradiates thought,
Nor doubts that Heaven itself the glorious wonder wrought.

X.

In every temple, hermitage, and hall,
A long and eager search the monarch made,
And tortures or rewards decreed to all
Who screened the guilty, or the guilt betrayed;
Nor ceased the Sorcerer to employ in aid
Of the inquiry all his arts, but still
Without success; for whether Heaven conveyed
The prize away, or power of human will,
Heaven close the secret kept, and shamed his vaunted skill.

XI.

But when the king found all expedients vain
To trace the' offender, then, beyond disguise,
Flamed forth his hatred to the Christians; then,
Fed by wild jealousies and sharp surmise,
Immoderate fury sparkled in his eyes;
Follow what may, he will revenge the deed,
And wreak his rage: "Our wrath shall not," he cries,
"Fall void, but root up all the' accursed seed;
Thus in the general doom the guilty yet shall bleed!

XII.

"So that he escapes not, let the guiltless die!
But wherefore thus of guiltlessness debate?
Each guilty is, nor 'mongst them all know I
One, well-affected to the faith and state;
And what if some be unparticipate
In this new crime, new punishment shall pay
For old misdeeds; why longer do ye wait,
My faithful Mussulmans? up! up! away!
Hence with the torch and sword—seize, fire, lay waste,
and slay!"

XIII.

Thus to the crowd he spake: the mandate flew,
And in the bosoms of the Faithful shed
Astonishment and stupor; stupor threw
On every face the paleness of the dead;
None dared, none sought to make defence, none fled,
None used entreaty, none excuse; but there
They stood, like marble monuments of dread,
Irresolute,—but Heaven conceived their prayer,
And whence they least had hope, brought hope to their
despair.

XIV.

Of generous thoughts and principles sublime,
Amongst them in the city lived a maid,
The flower of virgins, in her ripest prime,
Supremely beautiful! but that she made
Never her care, or beauty only weighed
In worth with virtue; and her worth acquired
A deeper charm from blooming in the shade;
Lovers she shunned, nor loved to be admired,
But from their praises turned, and lived a life retired.

XV.

Yet could not this coy secrecy prevent
The' admiring gaze and warm desires of one
Tutored by Love, nor yet would Love consent
To hide such lustrous beauty from the sun;
Love! that through every change delight'st to run,
The Proteus of the heart! who now dost blind,
Now roll the Argus eyes that nought can shun!
Thou through a thousand guards unseen dost wind,
And to the chastest maids familiar access find.

XVI.

Sophronia hers, Olindo was his name ;
Born in one town, by one pure faith illumed ;
Modest—as she was beautiful, his flame
Feared much, hoped little, and in nought presumed ;
He could not, or he durst not speak, but doomed
To voiceless thought his passion ; him she slighted,
Saw not, or would not see ; thus he consumed
Beneath the vivid fire her beauty lighted ;
Either not seen, ill known, or, known, but ill requited.

XVII.

And thus it was, when like an omen drear
That summoned all her kindred to the grave,
The cruel mandate reached Sophronia's ear,
Who, brave as bashful, yet discreet as brave,
Mused how her people she from death might save ;
Courage inspired, but virginal alarm
Repressed the thought, till maiden shyness gave
Place to resolve, or joined to share the harm ;
Boldness awoke her shame, shame made her boldness charm.

XVIII.

Alone amidst the crowd the maid proceeds,
Nor seeks to hide her beauty, nor display ;
Downcast her eyes, close veiled in simple weeds,
With coy and graceful steps she wins her way :
So negligently neat, one scarce can say
If she her charms disdains, or would improve,—
If chance or taste disposes her array ;
Neglects like hers, if artifices, prove
Arts of the friendly Heavens, of Nature, and of Love.

XIX.

All, as she passed unheeding all, admire
The noble maid ; before the king she stood ;
Not for his angry frown did she retire,
But his indignant aspect coolly viewed :
“ To give,”—she said, “ but calm thy wrathful mood,
And check the tide of slaughter in its spring,—
To give account of that thou hast pursued
So long in vain, seek I thy face, O king !
The urged offence I own, the doomed offender bring ! ”

XX.

The modest warmth, the unexpected light
 Of high and holy beauty, for a space
 O'erpowered him,—conquered of his fell despite,
 He stood, and of all fierceness lost the trace.
 Were his a spirit, or were hers a face
 Of less severity, the sweet surprise
 Had melted him to love; but stubborn grace
 Subdues not stubborn pride; Love's potent ties
 Are flattering fond regards, kind looks, and smiling eyes.

XXI.

If 't were not Love that touched his flinty soul,
 Desire it was, 't was wonder, 't was delight:
 "Safe be thy race!" he said, "reveal the whole,
 And not a sword shall on thy people light."
 Then she: "the guilty is before thy sight,—
 The pious robbery was my deed; these hands
 Bore the blest Image from its cell by night;
 The criminal thou seek'st before thee stands,—
 Justice from none but me her penalty demands."

XXII.

Thus she prepares a public death to meet,
 A people's ransom at a tyrant's shrine:
 O glorious falsehood! beautiful deceit!
 Can Truth's own light thy loveliness outshine?
 To her bold speech misdoubting Aladine
 With unaccustomed temper calm replied:
 "If so it were, who planned the rash design,
 Advised thee to it, or became thy guide?
 Say, with thyself who else his ill-timed zeal allied?"

XXIII.

"Of this my glory not the slightest part
 Would I," said she, "with one confederate share;
 I needed no adviser; my full heart
 Alone sufficed to counsel, guide, and dare."
 "If so," he cried, "then none but thou must bear
 The weight of my resentment, and atone
 For the misdeed." "Since it has been my care,"
 She said, "the glory to enjoy alone,
 'T is just none share the pain; it should be all mine own."

XXIV.

To this the tyrant, now incensed, returned,
"Where rests the Image?" and his face became
Dark with resentment: she replied, "I burned
The holy image in the holy flame,
And deemed it glory; thus at least no shame
Can e'er again profane it—it is free
From farther violation; dost thou claim
The spoil or spoiler? this behold in me;
But that, whilst time rolls round, thou never more shalt see.

XXV.

"Albeit no spoiler I; it was no wrong
To repossess what was by force obtained:"
At this the tyrant loosed his threatening tongue,
Long-stifled passion raging unrestrained:
No longer hope that pardon may be gained,
Beautiful face, high spirit, bashful heart!
Vainly would Love, since mercy is disdained,
And Anger flings his most envenomed dart,
In aid of you his else protecting shield impart!

XXVI.

Doomed in tormenting fire to die, they lay
Hands on the maid; her arms with rough cords twining,
Rudely her mantle chaste they tear away,
And the white veil that o'er her drooped declining:
This she endured in silence unrepining,
Yet her firm breast some virgin tremors shook;
And her warm cheek, Aurora's late outshining,
Waned into whiteness, and a colour took,
Like that of the pale rose, or lily of the brook.

XXVII.

The crowd collect; the sentence is divulged;
With them Olindo comes, by pity swayed;
It might be that the youth the thought indulged,
What if his own Sophronia were the maid:
'There stand the busy officers arrayed
For the last act, here swift the flames arise;
But when the pinioned beauty stands displayed
To the full gaze of his inquiring eyes,—
'Tis she! he bursts through all, the crowd before him flies.

XXVIII.

Aloud he cries ; "To her, O not to her
The crime belongs, though frenzy may mislead !
She planned not, dared not, could not, king, incur
Sole and unskilled the guilt of such a deed !
How lull the guards, or by what process speed
The sacred Image from its vaulted cell ?
The theft was mine ! and 't is my right to bleed !"
Alas for him ! how wildly and how well
He loved the' unloving maid, let this avowal tell.

XXIX.

" I marked where your high Mosque receives the air
And light of heaven ; I climbed the dizzy steep ;
I reached a narrow opening ; entered there,
And stole the Saint, whilst all were hushed in sleep :
Mine was the crime, and shall another reap
The pain and glory ? grant not her desire !
The chains are mine ; for me the guards may heap
Around the ready stake the penal fire ;
For me the flames ascend ; 't is mine, that funeral pyre !"

XXX.

Sophronia raised to him her face,—her eye
Was filled with pity and a starting tear ;
She spoke—the soul of sad humanity
Was in her voice, " What frenzy brings thee here,
Unhappy innocent ! is death so dear,
Or am I so ill able to sustain
A mortal's wrath, that thou must needs appear ?
I have a heart, too, that can death disdain,
Nor ask for life's last hour companionship in pain."

XXXI.

Thus she appeals to him ; but scorning life,
His settled soul refuses to retreat :
O glorious scene, where in sublimest strife
High-minded Virtue and Affection meet !
Where death's the prize of conquest, and defeat
Seals its own safety, yet remains unblest !
But indignation at their fond deceit,
And rage, the more inflames the tyrant's breast,
The more this constant pair the palm of guilt contest.

XXXII.

He deems his power despised, and that in scorn
Of him they spurn the punishment assigned :
“ Let,” he exclaimed, “ the fitting palm adorn
The brows of both ! both pleas acceptance find ! ”
Beckoning he bids the prompt tormentors bind
Their galling chains around the youth—’t is done ;
Both to one stake are, back to back, consigned,
Like sunflowers twisted from their worshipped sun,
Compelled the last fond looks of sympathy to shun.

XXXIII.

Around them now the unctuous pyre was piled,
And the fanned flame was rising in the wind,
When, full of mournful thoughts, in accents wild,
The lover to his mate in death repined :
“ Is this the bond then which I hoped should bind
Our lives in blissful marriage ? this the fire
Of bridal faith, commingling mind with mind,
Which, I believed, should in our hearts inspire
Like warmth of sacred zeal and delicate desire ?

XXXIV.

“ Far other flames Love promised to impart,
Than those our envious planets here prepare ;
Too, ah too long they kept our hands apart,
But harshly now they join them in despair !
Yet does it soothe, since by a mode so rare
Condemned to die, thy torments to partake,
Forbid by fate thy sweetnesses to share ;
If tears I shed, ’t is but for thy dear sake,
Not mine,—with thee beside, I bless the burning stake !

XXXV.

“ And oh ! this doom would be indeed most blest,
My sharpest sufferings blandishments divine,
Might I but be permitted, breast to breast,
On thy sweet lips my spirit to resign ;
If thou too, panting toward one common shrine,
Wouldst the next happy instant parting spend
Thy latest sighs in sympathy on mine ! ”
Sorrowing he spake ; she when his complaints had end,
Did thus his fond discourse most sweetly reprehend.

XXXVI.

"Far other aspirations, other plaints
Than these, dear friend, the solemn hour should claim :
Think what reward God offers to his saints ;
Let meek repentance raise a loftier aim ;
These torturing fires, if suffered in his name,
Will, bland as zephyrs, waft us to the blest ;
Regard the sun, how beautiful his flame !
How fine a sky invites him to the west !
These seem to soothe our pangs, and summon us to rest."

XXXVII.

The Pagans lifting up their voices wept ;
In stifled sorrow wept the Faithful too ;
E'en the stern king was touched,—a softness crept
O'er his fierce heart, ennobling, pure, and new ;
He felt, he scorned it, struggled to subdue,
And lest his wavering firmness should relent,
His eyes averted, and his steps withdrew :
Sophronia's spirit only was unbent ;
She yet lamented not, for whom all else lament.

XXXVIII.

In midst of their distress, a knight behold,
(So would it seem) of princely port ! whose vest,
And arms of curious fashion, grained with gold,
Bespeak some foreign and distinguished guest ;
The silver tigress on the helm impressed,
Which for a badge is borne, attracts all eyes,—
A noted cognizance, the' accustomed crest
Used by Clorinda, whence conjectures rise,
Herself the stranger is — nor false is their surmise.

XXXIX.

All feminine attractions, aims, and parts,
She from her childhood cared not to assume ;
Her haughty hand disdained all servile arts,
The needle, distaff, and Arachne's loom ;
Yet, though she left the gay and gilded room
For the free camp, kept spotless as the light
Her virgin fame, and proud of glory's plume,
With pride her aspect armed ; she took delight
Stern to appear, and stern, she charmed the gazer's sight.

XL.

Whilst yet a girl, she with her little hand
Lashed and reined in the rapid steed she raced,
Tossed the huge javelin, wrestled on the sand,
And by gymnastic toils her sinews braced;
Then through the devious wood and mountain-waste
Tracked the struck lion to his entered den,
Or in fierce wars a nobler quarry chased;
And thus in fighting field and forest glen,
A man to savage beasts, a savage seemed to men.

XLI.

From Persia now she comes, with all her skill
The Christians to resist, though oft has she
Strewed with their blood the field, till scarce a rill
Remained, that ran not purple to the sea.
Here now arrived, the dreadful pageantry
Of death presents itself,—the crowd—the pyre—
And the bound pair; solicitous to see,
And know what crime condemns them to the fire,
Forward she spurs her steed, and hastens to inquire.

XLII.

The throng falls back, and she awhile remains,
The fettered pair more closely to survey;
One she sees silent, one she sees complains,
The stronger spirit nerves the weaker prey:
She sees him mourn like one whom the sad sway
Of powerful pity doth to tears chastise,
Not grief, or grief not for himself; but aye
Mute kneels the maid, her blue beseeching eyes
So fixed on heaven, she seems in heaven ere yet she dies.

XLIII.

Clorinda melts, and with them both condole;
Some tears she sheds, but greater tenderness
Feels for her grief who most her grief controls,—
The silence moves her much, the weeping less;
No longer now does she delay to press
For information; turning towards one
Of reverend years, she said with eagerness,
“Who are they? speak! and O, what crime has won
This death? in Mercy’s name, declare the deed they’ve
done!”

XLIV.

Thus she entreats ; a brief reply he gives,
But such as well explains the whole event :
Amazed she hears it, and as soon conceives
That they are both sincerely innocent ;
Her heart is for them, she is wholly bent
To' avert their fate, if either arms can aid,
Or earnest prayers secure the king's consent ;
The fire she nears, commands it to be stayed,
That now approached them fast, and to the attendants said :

XLV.

" Let none of you presume to prosecute
Your barbarous office, till the king I see ;
My word I pledge that at Clorinda's suit,
Your fault he will forgive, if fault it be : "
Moved by her speech and queenlike dignity
The guards obey, and she departs in quest
Of the stern monarch, urgent of her plea :
Midway they met ; the monarch she addressed ;
And in this skilful mode her generous purpose pressed.

XLVI.

" I am Clorinda ; thou wilt know perchance
The name, from vague remembrance or renown ;
And here I come to save with sword and lance
Our common Faith, and thine endangered crown ;
Impose the labour, lay the' adventure down,
Sublime I fear it not, nor low despise ;
In opened field or in the straitened town,
Prepared I stand for every enterprise,
Where'er the danger calls, where'er the labour lies ! "

XLVII.

" What region so remote," replied the king,
" From the sun's track or Asia's golden zone,
To which, heroic maid, on wonder's wing
Thy fame has not arrived, thy glory flown ?
Now that with mine thou deign'st to join thine own
Unconquered sword, I shake away all sense
Of fear, and hope for my assaulted throne ;
No—I could have no surer confidence,
If e'en united hosts were armed in my defence !

XLVIII.

"Now then the mighty Godfrey comes too late
To my desire; exploits are thy demand,
But only worthy thy sublime estate
I hold the daring, difficult, and grand;
The rule of all our warriors to thy hand
Do I concede; thy standard be their guide
In battle, and a law thy least command!"—
She nor assumed his praises, nor denied,
But bowed her grateful thanks, and courteously replied:

XLIX.

"'T would be assuredly a thing most rare,
If the reward the service should precede;
But of thy bounty confident, I dare
For future toils solicit, as my meed,
Yon lovers' pardon; since the charge indeed
Rests on no evidence, 't was hard to press
The point at all, but this I waive, nor plead
On those sure signs which, urged, thou must confess
Their hands quite free from crime, or own their guilt far less.

L.

"Yet will I say, though here the common mind
Condemns the Christians of the theft, for me,
Sufficient reasons in mine own I find
To doubt, dispute, disparage the decree;
To set their idols in our sanctuary
Was an irreverence to our laws, howe'er
Urged by the sorcerer; should the Prophet see
E'en idols of our own established there?
Much less then those of men whose lips his faith forswear!

LI.

"The Christian statue ravished from your sight,
To Allah therefore rather I impute,
In sign that he will let no foreign rite
Of superstition his pure place pollute:
Spells and enchantments may Ismeno suit,
Leave him to use such weapons at his will;
But shall we warriors by a wand dispute?
Now no! our talisman, our hope, our skill,
Lie in our swords alone, and they shall serve us still!"

LII.

She ceased; and he, though mercy could with pain
Subdue a heart so full of rage and pride,
Relents, her reasons move, her prayers constrain,—
Such intercessor must not be denied;
Thus, though reluctant, he at length complied:
“The plea for the fair pleader I receive;
I can refuse thee nothing; this,” he cried,
“May justice be or mercy,—let them live;
Guiltless—I set them free, or guilty I forgive!”

LIII.

Restored to life and liberty, how blest,
How truly blest was young Olindo's fate!
For sweet Sophronia's blushes might attest,
That Love at length has touched her delicate
And generous bosom; from the stake in state
They to the altar pass; severely tried,
In doom and love already made his mate,
She now objects not to become his bride,
And grateful live with him who would for her have died.

LIV.

But as the tyrant deemed it insecure
That such rare virtues should so near combine,
Their pleasant home he forced them to abjure,
And banished both the bounds of Palestine;
Nor wholly yet renouncing his design
Against the rest, he follows up the blow;
Some does he exile, some does he confine;
O with what sorrow, yea, with what deep woe,
Their babes, their ancient sires, and dwellings they forego!

LV.

For those alone his jealousy exiled,
Of vigorous manhood and sagacious wit;—
The softer sex, the grandsire, and the child,
For daring deeds and fearful aims unfit,
As pledges he retains; the many quit
Their homes as wanderers, many brave his hate,
And, brooding in rebellion, but submit
To his scorned power his fall to accelerate;—
These join the Christian host now entering Emmaus gate:

LVI.

Emmaus, a city at so short a space
From regal Salem, that a youth in June,
Walking for pleasure at a careless pace,
From dewy morn, may reach the town by noon;
So near, what joys the soldiers' hearts attune!
O with what deep desire they burn, to tread
The glorious City they shall see so soon!
But the sun hastens to his seagreen bed,
And Godfrey gives command the evening tents to spread.

LVII.

They were already pitched, and twilight gloom
Was gathering fast round eve's declining light,
When lo! two Barons in a strange costume,
And pomp of foreign bearing, came in sight;
Their state seemed fashioned to a peaceful plight,
And every desultory movement told
A friendly purpose; tendant on each knight
Rode many a page and armour-bearer bold;
From Egypt's king they come, high argument to hold.

LVIII.

The one, Alethes, of vile lineage sprung,
Who in obscurest shade his course began,
Rose, by smooth flatteries and a fluent tongue,
To the first honours of the grave Divan;
A supple, crafty, various-witted man,—
Prompt at deceit, perfidious in his phrase,
He with a smile of sweetness could trepan;
And wove his webs in such ingenious ways,
That each calumnious charge had all the air of praise.

LIX.

Argantes the Circassian, his compeer,
Came to the Court a stranger, but endowed
With valour equal to the loftiest sphere,
Was soon a Satrap of the realm avowed;
Impatient, fierce, implacable and proud,
In arms unwearied and unmatched, he trod;
A scorner of all faiths, with vaunts aloud
He braved the world; his argument his nod,
He made his will his law, and his good sword his God.

LX.

They asked an audience, and on equal feet
Entered the tent of Godfrey: him they found
In simple vesture on a simple seat,
Calmly conversing with his chieftains round;
But genuine worth, though negligent, is crowned
With a sufficient ornament, arrayed
In its own excellence; no mark profound
Of his respect the frank Argantes paid,
But with unstudied ease just bowed his haughty head.

LXI.

But on his heart Alethes laid his hand,
And bowed his head to earth, and every sign
Of honour shewed, that glory could demand,
Or the smooth flattery of the East combine.
He spake, and from his lips than golden wine
More sweet, the floods of eloquence distilled;
And as the Franks the speech of Palestine
Now comprehended, and at need could build,
’T was thus his rich-toned voice the mute assembly filled.

LXII.

“ O Thou, the’ alone deserving to preside
O’er these illustrious heroes, who have known
Through thy wise counsels, hitherto, the pride
Of conquest—laurels won, and states o’erthrown!
Thy name, which brooks not in the narrow zone
Of brave Alcides’ bounds to be confined,
E’en to the land of Egypt has been blown;—
Through all our realms does Fame her clarion wind,
Sounding thy glorious deeds from Nile to utmost Ind.

LXIII.

“ Nor midst so many Princes is there one
Whose deepest wonder these do not excite;
But mine indeed receives them, not alone
With admiration, but supreme delight;
He joys to show them in each shifting light,
And loves in thee what with the rest but cause
Envy and fear; admiring thus thy might,
And to thy valour yielding meet applause,
With thee he seeks to join, in love if not in laws.

LXIV.

" Urged then by this benign desire, he sends,
The branch of peace to ask and to bestow,
And since not Faith can mediate to our ends,
Let mutual Virtue wreath the sacred bough;
But since the rumour meets his ear, that thou
Art armed to drive from Salem his ally,
His princely mind he wills that we avow,
Ere the full tempest overcasts the sky,
So may succeeding ills thy borders come not nigh!

LXV.

" He begs thy generous spirit to forbear,
And rest content with what thy sword has won;
Nor vex Judea, but all regions spare
That lie beneath the favour of his sun:
He, on his part, no sacrifice will shun
To fix thy infant power upon a rock;
Whence, should the Turks and Persians seek to o'errun
The land once more, united you shall mock
Their overweening hopes, and smile away the shock.

LXVI.

" Thy mighty deeds in this brief period wrought,
Years of oblivion shall corrode in vain!
Armies and cities conquered, perils sought,
Fatigues surmounted, unknown wilds made plain!
So that the nations far and near remain
Dumb with amazement, stupid with dismay;
Yet other empires thou perhaps might'st gain,
But Glory is thy bankrupt, nor would they,
Void of renown, the toil of victory repay.

LXVII.

" Now is thy noon of honour, but the night
Succeeds to noon; and wise it surely were
To shun the dubious accidents of fight,—
If conqueror, conquest proves a fruitless care;
But—once beguiled in fate's malignant snare,
Empire, past spoils, and victories, all are crossed!
He is the fool of fortune who should dare
To stake a sure against a doubtful cost,
Where slight the gain must prove, but great the advantage
lost!

LXVIII.

" Yet the advice of some one whom it grieves
That others long should keep what they acquire,
The having gathered victory's laurel leaves
In every contest, and the' innate desire
Which glows, and always lights its fiercest fire
In greatest hearts, to see thy harnessed car
Drawn by dependent kings,—these will inspire
Thy mind, perchance, to banish peace afar,
With a more eager zeal than others angry war.

LXIX.

" Such will exhort thee to pursue the path
Which Fate expands to thy dilating eye,
And not to sheath the famous sword whose wrath
Calls down obsequious conquest from the sky,
Till Mahomet's tall fanes in ruin lie,
And Asia has become one wilderness
Resounding only to the dragon's cry:
Things sweet to hear, deceits in brilliant dress,
But full of dangerous ills, and pregnant with distress.

LXX.

" But if thine eye no keen resentment veils,
If it strikes not the light of reason blind,
With fear, not hope, must thou regard the scales
Of war, and tremble as the beam's inclined;
For Fortune's favour is a varying wind,
Wafting now ill, now good,—now joy, now woe!
She least rewards us when she seems most kind;
Oft serpents lurk where freshest roses blow,
And for the loftiest flight a gulf yawns deep below.

LXXI.

" Say, if Cassano's son with his allies,
Persian and Turk, the struggle should renew;
If to thy cost all Egypt should arise,
In gold, arms, wisdom, mighty to subdue;
Whence, as more near the gathering tempest drew,
Wouldst thou thine armaments command, or where
Escape the peril? wouldst thou seek, anew,
From the Greek prince professions yet more fair,
And, of his aid assured, the frightful contest dare?

LXXII.

" Who knows not to what end the Grecian swears !
Yet from a single treason gather all,—
From thousands, rather, for a thousand snares
Has he disposed, thy warriors to enthrall ;
Think of his avarice, his mistrust recall !
Will he who owned your mission, yet withstood,
Now risk his life at your beseeching call ?
He who forbade the route by all pursued,
Yield to a tottering cause his own luxurious blood ?

LXXIII.

" But, it may be, that all thy hopes repose
On these brave hearts that gird thee as a zone ;
Perhaps thou think'st to crush united foes
Lightly as one by one they were o'erthrown ;
Although thy squadrons, as thyself must own,
Are much reduced by hardships and by fight ;
Though fresh antagonists surround thy throne ;
And, numerous as our locusts to the sight,
With Turk and Persian both the' Egyptians may unite.

LXXIV.

" But granting Heaven's almightiness decree
That War's devouring minister, the sword,
Which fatal proves to others, harm not thee,
Famine will bow thee still ! when, unrestored,
Life's rosy currents from the heart are poured,
Where wilt thou turn ? what refuge will remain ?
Quails in the desert will thy God afford ?
Wave thy bright sword, thy javelin shake !—'t is vain !
Victory will nothing be but mockery of thy pain.

LXXV.

" The prudent people, politic in need,
Have fired their cultured fields, despoiled their bowers,
And ere thy coming stored the golden seed
In stubborn walls and high protecting towers ;
Thou, whose hot zeal spurred on the lazy hours
To speed thee here, how wilt thou banquet these,
Thy horse and foot ? Thou wilt reply, ' My Powers
Are safe, my rich Armada sweeps the seas :'
Does then your life depend upon the shifting breeze ?

LXXVI.

" Perhaps thy Genius rules the winds to be
Stormy or calm, as it may suit thy will!
Though proof to prayers and wailings, the deaf sea,
Like a lulled child, will hear thy voice, and still
Its stormy waves! but have we then no skill
With the brave Turks and Persians to combine,
Man the joint navy, to the breezes shrill
Spread out its sails, and rushing through the brine,
Boldly confront those vast leviathans of thine?

LXXVII.

" A double victory must thou win, to gain
In this emprise the merit of success;
One battle lost makes all thine efforts vain,
Makes glory shame, and luxury nakedness;
For if our winged fleets thy fleet oppress
At sea, the distant host with hunger dies,
And if the host in battle we distress,
Thy naval spoils are vain indemnities,—
Thy watery empire gained, an unsubstantial prize!

LXXVIII.

" Now, in this aspect of affairs, if thou
The peace and friendship of our king decline,
Let truth but license have, she will avow,
Thy other virtues far thy sense outshine;
But ah, may Heaven, if such be thy design,
From the enthralling charm thy mind release!
That so at length afflicted Palestine—
That Asia so may from her sorrows cease,
And thou thy victor's fruits enjoy in perfect peace!

LXXIX.

" And you, who in deep troubles, perils dark
And fancied glory, are with him combined!
Let not kind Fortune tempt you to embark
In other wars; but dread the woes behind!
The pilot who, from the capricious wind,
O'er seas where quicksands lurk and breakers roar,
Has steered his vessel to the port assigned,
Should gather in his canvas, heave ashore,
Nor trust the traitor winds and cruel Ocean more!"

LXXX.

Alethes ceased : and the brave Lords returned
A murmur like the sound of fire, that told
How angrily his overtures they spurned ;
Fierce were their gestures, and their action bold ;
Godfrey his eyes thrice round the circle rolled ;
Thrice the knights' faces scanned with conscious pride ;
Then, as in act his purpose to unfold,
The fluent Copt significantly eyed,
And with determined tone thus placidly replied :

LXXXI.

“ Bravely, Ambassador, hast thou set forth,
Now mild, now stern, the terms on which you treat :
If thy king love me, and applaud our worth,
The love is grateful, as the praise is sweet ;
The after portion of thy speech, replete
With threats of war from Heathendom combined,
And like denunciations, I will meet,
And in the native frankness of my mind
Answer in simple words, sincere, if less refined.

LXXXII.

“ Know, then, that we have borne all this distress
By land and sea,—war, want, reverses—all !
To the sole end that we might gain access
To sacred Salem's venerable wall ;
That we might free the Faithful from their thrall,
And win from God his blessing and reward :
From this no threats our spirit can appal,
For this no terms will be esteemed too hard—
Life, honours, kingdoms lost, or dignity debarred.

LXXXIII.

“ For not the lusts of power or gold affect
The hearts of those who rank beneath the Cross ;
Heaven's gracious Father chasten and correct
The deadly sins, if such our souls engross !
Nor let the' insidious plague, the pleasing gloss
Of honeyed guilt infect us, or delude !
But may his holy fires purge off our dross,
Through stony hearts infuse a milder mood,
Bind the rebellious will, and teach us to be good !

LXXXIV.

This has impelled us, guided, guides us now
Through every peril, obstacle and snare;
This makes the vales aspire, the mountains bow,
Tempers the summer-heat, the winter air;
This makes the loud seas still, the rivers bare,
Chains the wild tempest in its secret cave,
Sends the four seasons mild, the blue skies fair,
Beats down high bulwarks and unnerves the brave;
Scatters our foes in flight, or dooms to the dark grave!

LXXXV.

"Hence zeal and hope, hence strength, hence safety springs
Not from our own force, wasted, worn and frail;
Not from the rich Armada's outspread wings;
Not from the succours that from Greece may sail!
Power, hosts and fleets, were else of small avail:
But since high Heaven our banner thus befriends,
We little reck what other aids may fail;
Who knows both how it strikes, and how defends,
Will ask none other shield when peril swift descends.

LXXXVI.

"But should our sins, or secret judgment doom
Us, of his aid deprived, to pass away,
Which of us would not yearn to have his tomb,
Where once the limbs of the Celestial lay?
Yes, we shall die, nor envy them the play
Of being who survive! yes, we shall fall,
But fall not unrevenged, in meek array;
Asia shall smile not at our funeral;
We shall not grieve to die, but furnish grief for all.

LXXXVII.

"As others fear and shun the battle-field,
Think not the happy arts of peace we fly;
That union with thy king no joy would yield,
Or that we should not rate his friendship high;
But Palestine does not subjected lie
To him; thou know'st it; whence then all this care
On its account? would he to us deny
Conquest of others' states? let him forbear;
And rule in peace his own, rich, flourishing and fair!"

LXXXVIII.

Thus answered Godfrey, and his calm reply
Stung to the quick Argantes' heart of pride;
He did not veil it, but approaching nigh,
With quivering lips in proud assumption cried:
"Who wills not peace the battle can abide!
Ne'er was there penury of risk or woe
To those whose rashness dared to be defied;
Too well a warlike spirit wilt thou shew,
If the fair gifts we bring thou carest to forego!"

LXXXIX.

He took his mantle by the skirt; he curved
As to an urn the implicated fold,
And holding it on high, his language nerved
With angrier eye and malice uncontrolled:
"Ho, thou contemner of strong Fate, behold!
I bring thee in this urn both war and peace;
Make now thy choice, and quickly be it told—
War, peace or war; whichever most may please—
What more thou wouldst demand, thine own right hand
must seize!"

XC.

At his fierce gesture and disdainful voice,
Inflamed, from all their seats the Barons sprung;
They waited not to hear their Leader's choice,
"War! war!" they cried, with simultaneous tongue;
He far abroad the fatal mantle flung,
And shook it in their teeth: "Then evermore
Take mortal war!" he cried: so wildly rung
The words, it seemed the adamant door
Which awful Janus keeps, flew open to the roar:

XCI.

It seemed that from the shaking of the fold
Gigantic Discord and mad Fury flew;
That in his frightful eyes they might behold
Megara and Alecto rise to view;
So stood, perchance, the Giant, when he drew
To Shinaar's plain his nations, to defy
The God of Heaven, and as the huge Tower grew
Upward from earth, perchance with such an eye
He watched it pass the clouds, and threat the starry sky.

XCII.

Then Godfrey spake : " Our answer ye have heard ;
Back to your monarch, and our choice relate :
Here let him haste, or, on a Prince's word,
Nile shall behold us at Alcairo's gate."
Then in mild accents ending high debate,
He honours them with gifts of noble price ;
A splendid helmet, tempered to rebate
The keenest falchion, and of rare device,
He to Alethes gave, a spoil from conquered Nice.

XCIII.

Argantes has a sword of princely cost,
Whose hilt and pommel, gay with jewels flame,
Set in bright gold so curiously embossed,
That the rare workmanship might almost shame
The rich material ; he its tempered frame
Shrewdly examined, the keen edge assayed,
Found the fine steel the' adornments well became,
And said to Godfrey, as he sheathed the blade ;
" Soon shalt thou see the use that of thy gift is made ! "

XCIV.

No more he deigned, but took his leave : " And now,
My brave Alethes, let us both begone ;
I to Jerusalem, to Egypt thou,—
Thou when morn's roses o'er the skies are strown,
With our attendant pages, I alone
By the nocturnal stars. You need not us,
Nor our advices to instruct the throne ;
Bear thou the answer,—I'll no longer thus
Stand trifling here, since arms the subject must discuss."

XCV.

Thus parts the foe who came ambassador :
Whether his well or ill-timed haste offend
The law of realms and usages of war
He thinks not, cares not, so he gains his end ;
Nor waits to hear the answer which his friend
Has on his lips, but through the twilight-shade
His steps to high Jerusalem ascend,
Impatient of delay ; and those who stayed,
Did with no less disdain the slow-paced hours upbraid.

XCVI.

'Tis eve; 'tis Night; a holy quiet broods
O'er the mute world — winds, waters are at peace;
The beasts lie couched amid unstirring woods,
The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas;
No twittering bird sings farewell from the trees,
Hushed is the dragon's cry, the lion's roar;
Beneath her glooms a glad oblivion frees
The heart from care, its weary labours o'er,
Carrying divine repose and sweetness to its core.

XCVII.

But not the midnight hush, nor starlight balm,
Nor sweet oblivion of all things in sleep,
Can to the Chief or army bring the calm
Of blest repose, such eager watch they keep,
In their desire to see the morning peep,
And give that long-sought City to their sight,
Where they the fruits of battle hope to reap;
Oft looking out to mark if yet the light,
Breaking the dappled East, clears up the shades of night.

END OF CANTO II.



JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO III.



Stanza xxi.

ARGUMENT.

CLOREDA bravely meets the Franks in fight,
When at Jerusalem the host arrives;
Erminia's love awakens at the sight
Of Tancred in the field; his own revives,
When a strange knight, with whom in war he strives,
Appears unmasked; Argantes at a blow
The brave Adventurers of their Chief deprives:
Dudon interred, for timbers to lay low
The town, to antique groves the Latin soldiers go.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO III.

I.

THE odorous air, morn's messenger, now spread
Its wings to herald, in serenest skies,
Aurora issuing forth, her radiant head
Adorned with roses plucked in Paradise;
When in full panoply the hosts arise,
And loud and spreading murmurs upward fly,
Ere yet the trumpet sings; its melodies
They miss not long, the trumpet's tuneful cry
Gives the command to march, shrill sounding to the sky.

II.

The skilful Captain, with a gentle rein
Guides their desires, and animates their force;
And though 't would seem more easy to restrain
Charybdis in its mad volubil course,
Or bridle Boreas in, when gruffly hoarse
He tempests Apenninus and the gray
Ship-shaking Ocean to its deepest source,—
He ranks them, urges, rules them on the way;
Swiftly they march, yet still with swiftness under sway.

III.

Wing'd is each heart, and winged every heel;
They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly;
But by the time the dewless meads reveal
The fervent sun's ascension in the sky,
Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eye!
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;
"Jerusalem!" a thousand voices cry,
"All hail, Jerusalem!" hill, down, and dale,
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, "Jerusalem, all hail!"

IV.

Thus, when a crew of fearless voyagers
Seeking new lands, spread their audacious sails
In the hoar Arctic, under unknown stars,
Sport of the faithless waves and treacherous gales;
If, as their little bark the billow scales,
One views the long-wished headland from the mast,
With merry shouts the far-off coast he hails,
Each points it out to each, until at last
They lose in present joy the troubles of the past.

V.

To the pure pleasure which that first far view
In their reviving spirits sweetly shed,
Succeeds a deep contrition, feelings new,—
Grief touched with awe, affection mixed with dread;
Scarce dare they now upraise the abject head,
Or turn to Zion their desiring eyes,
The chosen city! where Messiah bled,
Defrauded Death of his long tyrannies,
New clothed his limbs with life, and reassumed the skies!

VI.

Low accents, plaintive whispers, groans profound,
Sighs of a people that in gladness grieves,
And melancholy murmurs float around,
Till the sad air a thrilling sound receives,
Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves,
When with autumnal winds the forest waves;
Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves
On lonely rocks, or locked in winding caves,
Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild low cadence raves.

VII.

Each, at his Chief's example, lays aside
His scarf and feathered casque, with every gay
And glittering ornament of knightly pride,
And barefoot treads the consecrated way.
Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed array,
Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse,—
Tears, that the haughtiest temper might allay;
And yet, as though to weep they did refuse,
Thus to themselves their hearts of hardness they accuse.

VIII.

"Here, Lord, where currents from thy wounded side
Stained the besprinkled ground with sanguine red,
Should not these two quick springs at least, their tide
In bitter memory of thy passion shed!
And melt'st thou not, my icy heart, where bled
Thy dear Redeemer? still must pity sleep?
My flinty bosom, why so cold and dead?
Break, and with tears the hallowed region steep!
If that thou weep'st not now, for ever shouldst thou weep!"

IX.

Meanwhile the Guard that from a lofty tower
In the far city cast abroad his view,
Marked the dust rise, and like a thunder-shower
Printed in air, turn dark the' etherial blue;
The gloomy cloud seemed pregnant as it flew
With fire,—anon, bright metals flashed between
Its shaken wreaths, and as it nearer drew,
Dim through the storm were apparitions seen—
Spearmen, and issuing steeds, and chiefs of godlike mien.

X.

He saw, and raised his terrible alarm;
"O rise, all citizens below, arise;
Mount to the walls; haste! arm! this instant arm!
Lo, what a dust upon the whirlwind flies,
And lo, the lightning of their arms!" he cries,—
"The foeman is at hand!" then, yet more loud,
He calls, "Shall the swift foe the town surprise?
Quick, seize your weapons; mark the dusty cloud
That hither rolls! it wraps all heaven within its shroud!"

XI.

The simple infant and the aged sire,
Matrons and trembling maids, to whom belong
Nor strength, nor skill to make defence, retire,
A pale, disconsolate and suppliant throng,
In sad procession to the mosques: the strong
In spirit as in limbs, obey the call;
Seizing their arms in haste, they speed along,
Part flock to guard the gates, part man the wall;
The king to all parts flies, sees, cares, provides for all.

XII.

His orders given, for every need prepared,
He from the thickening tumult has withdrawn,
And scales a tower that 'twixt two portals reared,
O'erlooks the plain, and holds the hills in scorn.
His steps Erminia, lovely as the morn,
At call attends; with all respect received,
His royal Court her winning charms adorn,
Since Antioch by the Christians was achieved,
And o'er her kingly sire the orphan-princess grieved.

XIII.

Meantime Clorinda hastes against the Franks,
First of her band, with many a gallant knight,
Whilst in a secret porch Argantes ranks
His troops, prepared for rescue or for fight.
Her words, intrepid as her mien, excite
Fire in all hearts, as thus the heroine spoke :
" Well it becomes us, armed in Asia's right,
To found the loosening of her hated yoke
On the auspicious base of some determined stroke ! "

XIV.

Lo, Fortune, as she speaks, the' occasion yields !
A band of Franks sent onward to forecast
The army's wants, from foraging the fields,
Near them, with flocks and herds returning, passed ;
She towards them, and to her rushed as fast
Their Chief, when he beheld her silver crest ;—
Guardo his name, a man of puissance vast,
But weak with her the laurel to contest ;—
Onward abrupt they drove, their lances laid in rest.

XV.

Breathless to earth the hapless Frank was strook
By the fierce shock, in either army's sight ;
From his mischance the shouting Pagans took
Their joyous augury of the future fight :
Onward she flew upon the rest, the might
Of numbers flashing in her single blade ;
Fast in their serried ranks she poured the light ;
Her warriors followed through the gap she made,
Where her assault had been, where yet her falchion played.

XVI.

Soon from the spoiler they the spoil obtain ;
The Franks give way, yet to their standard keep,
Till slow the summit of a hill they gain,
And stand assisted by the rising steep :
When as a tempest, which the whirlwinds sweep
Abroad, breaks loose, and in aerial dance
Warm from its skirts the vivid lightnings leap,
Tancred at Godfrey's beck made swift advance
With his Italian troop, and couched his quivering lance.

XVII.

The king beheld him from his tower, and deemed
Him of all men the choicest cavalier,
So young, so resolute, so brave he seemed,
And bore with such a grace his beamy spear ;
Whence he bespake the fair Erminia near,
Whose palpitating heart in secret thrilled
As at the sight of something deeply dear ;
" Well shouldst thou know, in many a fighting field
Marked out, each Christian knight, howe'er in arms con-
cealed."

XVIII.

" Who then is this, that in fierce grace outstrips
All other knights?" In room of a reply,
The quick breath fluttered round her lovely lips,
The big tear trembled in her full blue eye :
These she reclaimed, yet not so carelessly
As to escape regard,—a conscious red
Tinged her averted cheek, the sudden sigh,
Choked to a groan, spoke plain of feeling fled,
And o'er her tearful eyes a radiant circlet spread.

XIX.

In these delusive words her answer ran,
Veiling her love beneath the mask of hate ;
" Too well I know the' inexorable man,
And should, amidst a thousand ! but of late,
His savage soul I saw him satiate
With slaughter,—saw him flesh his angry steel
Upon the best of our Assyrian state :
Cruel are all his strokes ! the wounds they deal,
No magic charm can stanch, no breathing balsam heal !

XX.

"He is Prince Tancred; oh that he, some day,
Might be my slave! I would not wish him dead;
Glad that he lives, so might I thus repay
In sweet revenge my wrongs upon his head!
That would indeed be some small joy," she said,
And the king failed not, as she wished, to wrest
The meaning of her words, ascribed, instead
Of love, to hate: she ceased, but from her breast
Stole forth a mournful sigh that would not be repressed.

XXI.

Meanwhile Clorinda rushes to assail
The Prince, and level lays her spear renowned;
Both lances strike, and on the barred ventayle
In shivers fly, and she remains discrowned;
For, burst its silver rivets, to the ground
Her helmet leaped, (incomparable blow!)
And by the rudeness of the shock unbound,
Her sex to all the field emblazoning so,
Loose to the charmed winds her golden tresses flow.

XXII.

Then blazed her eyes, then flashed her angry glance,
Sweet e'en in wrath; in laughter then what grace
Would not be theirs!—but why that thoughtful trance?
And, Tancred, why that scrutinizing gaze?
Know'st not thine idol? lo, the same dear face,
Whence sprang the flame that on thy heart has preyed!
The sculptured image in its shrine retrace,
And in thy foe behold the noble maid,
Who to the sylvan spring for cool refreshment strayed.

XXIII.

He, who her painted shield and silver crest
Marked not at first, stood spell-bound at the sight;
She, guarding as she could her head, still pressed
The' assault, and struck, but he forbore the fight,
And to the rest transferring his despite,
Plied fast his whirling sword; yet not the less
Ceased she to follow and upbraid his flight,
With taunt and menace heightening his distress;
And, "Turn, false knight!" she cried, loud shouting
through the press.

XXIV.

Struck, he not once returns the stroke, nor seeks
So much to ward the meditated blow,
As in those eyes and on those charming cheeks
To gaze, whence Passion's fond emotions flow :
"Void," to himself he says, "too cruel foe,
Void fall the strokes which that beloved arm
Distributes in its wrath! no fatal throe
Is that thy scimitar creates; the harm
Is in thy angry looks, that wound me while they charm!"

XXV.

Resolved at length not unconfessed to fall,
Though hopeless quite her pity to obtain,
That she might know she struck her willing thrall,
Defenceless, suppliant, crouching to her chain;
"O thou," said he, "that followest o'er the plain
Me as thine only foe, of all this wide
Presented people! yet thy wrath restrain;
The press let us forsake, so may aside
Thy force with mine be proved, my skill with thine be tried.

XXVI.

"Then shalt thou measure in the face of day
Thy strength with mine, nor own my valour less."
Pleased she assents, and boldly leads the way,
Unhelmed,—he follows in his mute distress.
Already stood the impatient Warriress
Prepared, already had she struck, when he
Exclaimed; "Hold! hold! ere we ourselves address
To the stern fight, 't is fit we should agree
Upon the terms of strife; fix first what these shall be!"

XXVII.

Her arm she stayed; strong love and wild despair
A reckless courage to his mind impart;
"These be the terms," said he, since you forswear
All peace with me, pluck out my panting heart,
Mine own no more! I willingly shall part
With life, if farther life thy pride offend;
Long have I pined with love's tormenting smart;
'T is fit the fond and feverish strife should end;
Take then the worthless life which I will ne'er defend.

XXVIII.

"Behold! my arms are offered,—I present
My breast without defence,—spare not to smite!
Or shall I speed the task? I am content
To strip my cuirass off, and thus invite
Thy cruel steel!"—in harsher self-despite,
The mournful youth would have proclaimed his woes,
But suddenly, in craft or panic fright,
The Pagans yield to their pursuing foes,
And his brave troops rush by, and numbers interpose.

XXIX.

Like driven deer before the' Italian band
They yield, they fly in swiftness unconfined;
One base pursuer saw Clorinda stand,
Her rich locks spread like sunbeams on the wind,
And raised his arm in passing, from behind,
To stab secure the undefended maid;
But Tancred, conscious of the blow designed,
Shrieked out, "Beware!" to warn the' unconscious maid,
And with his own good sword bore off the hostile blade.

XXX.

Still the stroke fell, and near the graceful head
Her snowy neck received the point, which drew
Some rosy drops, that crimsoned, as they shed,
Her yellow curls with their bespangling dew;
E'en thus gold beams with the blush-rose's hue,
When round it rubies sparkle from the hand
Of some rare artist; trembling at the view,
His wrath the Prince no longer may command,
But on the caitiff falls, and shakes his threatening brand.

XXXI.

The villain flies, and full of rage the knight
Pursues,—as arrows swift, they scour the plains:
Perplexed she stands, and keeps them both in sight
To a great distance, nor to follow deigns,
But quickly her retreating band regains;—
Sometimes she fronts in hostile attitude
The' arrested Franks, now flies, and now disdains
To fly,—fights, flies again, as suits her mood,
Nor can she well be termed pursuer or pursued.

XXXII.

So in the Circus the fierce bull turns back
To gore the baying mastiffs that pursue;
They pause — but still as he resumes his track,
Their ruffian clamours savagely renew.
She, as she fled, above her shoulders threw
Her guardian buckler, like an orbéd sun;
So at their sports gymnastic may we view
The fugitive Morescos shielded run,
Dexterous the darted balls on nimble feet to shun.^s

XXXIII.

Whilst these give chase, and those assaulted fly,
To the town-walls they now approaching drew,
When on the sudden, with a frightful cry,
Back on the Christians came the Pagan crew;
First wheeling far aloof, and then anew
Returning nigh, with circumventing skill
They on the wings and rear tempestuous flew;
Whilst undisguised Argantes down the hill
Moved to assail the front, and shouted wild and shrill.

XXXIV.

Before his troop the fierce Avenger passed,
All eager first to pounce upon the prey;
Over and over, at one charge he cast
The horse and rider that first crossed his way;
And ere to shivers flew his lance, there lay
Whole heaps of such in his encumbered track;
Then from its scabbard leaps his sword, and aye
Whom it but fully reaches to attack,
It either kills, or wounds, or beats affrighted back.

XXXV.

In rivalry of him Clorinda slew
Ardelio brave, of years now most mature,
But though by age untamed, and fenced by two
Bold sons, he was not from her sword secure:
For a sharp wound which he could ill endure,
First from the sire removed his eldest pride,
Unblest Alcander; and his trust, the sure
Young Polypherne, assistant at his side,
For his own menaced life but barely could provide.

XXXVI.

But Tancred, finding that he vainly chased
The ruffian, who a swifter steed displayed,
Looked back and saw how far intemperate haste
Hurried the valour of his bold brigade;
Hemmed in he saw it, to the sword betrayed,
And spurring back, to the corrected rein,
His gallant steed, came quickly to their aid;
Nor he alone, but that adventurous train,
Who every risk of war unshrinkingly sustain.

XXXVII.

Dudon's choice phalanx to the rescue throng,
The flower of heroes, dragons of the fight;
And noblest, bravest, foremost rushed along,
The gay and versatile Rinaldo, light
As the wild wind; Erminia knew the knight
By his bold port and azure-tinted shield,
Where the bird argent spreads its plumes for flight,⁶
And to the king, who watched him through the field,
Exclaimed, "Lo there the youth to whom all knights must
yield!"

XXXVIII.

"But few or none in tournament can vie
With him, though yet but into boyhood grown;
Could Europe six such paragons supply,
Salem were not, and Syria were o'erthrown;
The South her strong supremacy would own,
Kingdoms that lie beneath the morning star
Stoop to her rule, and in the burning zone,
Vainly perhaps would Nilus seek afar,
Amid his secret springs a refuge from the war!"

XXXIX.

"Rinaldo is his name; his angry sword
More threats your walls than the most huge machine:
But turn to where I point; yon noble lord,
Glittering in armature of gold and green,
Is gallant Dudon, to whose call convene
The band to which I see your eyes advert,
Adventurers chivalrous,—a warrior keen,
Who high-born, active, and in arms expert,
Greatly transcends in years, nor yields in true desert.

XL.

"That towering figure, sheathed in brown, has birth
From Norway's king, Gernando is his name :
No prouder creature breathes, throughout the earth ;
A single foible sullying all his fame.
But lo, urged on for ever by one aim,
Where Edward and his dear Gildippe move !
Their mantles, arms, and ornaments the same,
Argent ! in bridal harmony they rove,
Famed both for deeds of arms, and loyalty of love."

XLI.

Whilst thus Erminia communes with the king,
Below, yet deeper carnage dyes the fields ;
There Tancred and Rinaldo break the ring,
Dense with conflicting men and serried shields ;
Then pour the ' Adventurers in, and bravely wield
Each knight the weapon of his sharp disdain ;
Argantes' self, the proud Argantes yields ;
Beat by Rinaldo backward on the plain
In sudden shock, he scarce his footing can regain :—

XLII.

Nor e'er had he renewed the stern debate,
But the same instant fell Rinaldo's steed,
And from the pressure of its cumbrous weight
The noble youth not easily was freed.
Meanwhile, diffused in flight, with headlong speed,
On to the barbican the Pagans hied ;
Argantes and Clorinda sole impede—
Mounds to its wrath—the' irruptions of the tide
That on them bursts behind with such insulting pride.

XLIII.

Last they retire, and the pursuing force
Of battle hold in check, and so restrain,
That those who flee before, screened in their course,
With less of ruin gored the city gain.
Still Dudon, flushed with conquest, gave the rein
To his curvetting horse, that with a bound
Bore down the fierce Tigranes ; not in vain
The sharp sword struck ; he headless fell to ground,
And, savage e'en in death, superb defiance frowned.

XLIV.

Nought his fine hauberk Algazel avails,
Nought his strong helmet Corbano defends;
Them through the nape and back he so assails,
That through the face and breast the steel protends :
With fell Almanzor next two valiant friends,
Mahmoud and Amurath, his trenchant brand
From pleasant life to Lethe quickly sends;
The valour flashing from his armed hand,
Not e'en Circassia's Duke could unannoyed withstand.

XLV.

He frets within himself, with rage he burns,
Oft stops, wheels round, yet still the field forsakes;
At last so sudden on his foe he turns,
And with a spring like the uncoiling snake's,
At Dudon's side so fierce a thrust he makes,
That deep within, it bathes the griding blade,
And from the Chief all power of motion takes;
He falls; and his shut eyes, with pain o'erweighed,
An adamant sleep and quietude invade.

XLVI.

Thrice he unclosed them, and the sun's sweet light
Sought to enjoy; thrice on his arm arose,
And thrice fell back; then dark the veil of night
Involved his eyes, which, tired, for ever close.
His limbs relax; from all his members flows
A dead, cold sweat; the pulses cease their play,
And sensibly an icy stiffness grows :
Upon the knight now dead, no idle stay
The fierce Argantes makes, but instant hies his way.

XLVII.

Yet turning, as he speeds, his cruel eye
On his antagonists, he cries aloud :
" This falchion, streaming with so bright a dye,
Is that which yesterday your Prince bestowed !
Quick ! be its quittance to his ear avowed ;
Tell him what havoc it has done to-day ;
Glad will he be to find a gift so proud,
Brought to its trial, stand the sharp assay ;
How I must prize it, think,—how I have used it, say !

XLVIII.

"Tell him, that soon he may expect to see
In his own bowels proof of it more sure;
That if he hastes not to the battle, we
Will drag him from his tented coverture!"
The irritated Franks but ill endure
The brutal message and insulting call;
All pressed to charge him; but he passed secure
Beneath the favour of the guarded wall,
And reached the rest that fled, unhurt, unharmed of all.

XLIX.

Then from the battlements of either tower,
A storm of stones obscured the sleety air,
And arrows, an immitigable shower,
Innumerable archers fulmine there
From the tough bow; the Christians pause,—they dare
No further press, but shrinking from the storm,
Perforce the relics of the Pagans spare;
'T was then Rinaldo shewed his martial form,
Freed from his fallen horse, as Jove's red lightnings warm.

L.

He came, on the barbaric homicide
Slain Dudon's debt with usury to repay,
And to his pausing troops sublimely cried,
"What wait you for! what means this base delay?
Slain is the gallant lord, your Chieftain,—say,
What is it stays you? what is it appals?
Forward this instant, and the town essay!
What! when so great a cause for vengeance calls,
Shall we be held in check by these weak mouldering walls?"

LI.

"No! though with adamant each charmed tower
Were flanked, or triply fenced with stubborn steel,
Safe in its pale the assassin should not cower,
But the full measure of your vengeance feel;
On! on!" and seconding the high appeal
By instant action, to the walls, before
All else he rushes; in his ardent zeal
Scorning with guarded head the shower and roar
Of stones, and shafts, and darts, that from the engines pour.

LII.

He shakes his sable plumes, he lifts his face,
So full of fierce resolve, that it enchains
The energies of all who guard the place,—
An icy fear runs thrilling through their veins.
While thus the seized advantage he maintains,
And those to menace seeks, and these to cheer,
In rushes one who his desire restrains ;
Godfrey has sent to them the good Sigièr,
Of his discreet commands the' executor severe :

LIII.

Who in his revered name commands them back,
And chides a step so rash and so absurd :
" This is no time," he cries, " for the attack ;
Godfrey recalls you from the risk incurred.
Back ! back !" Rinaldo, who the rest had spurred
To the near danger, thus compelled to yield,
Slowly receded, uttering not a word,
But inly chafed, and outwardly revealed
More than one pregnant sign of anger, ill concealed.

LIV.

Unharassed of the foe, by due degrees,
The Franks bore off, and full of sorrow paid
The last sad rites and solemn offices
Due to the person of the noble dead ;
Borne in their pious arms, his friends conveyed
The sacred weight along,—whilst on the height
Of fair Mount Olivet, the Duke surveyed
The city's strength, appliances, and site ;
Rampire, and battled crag, and fastness shaped for fight.

LV.

On two bold hills Jerusalem is seen,
Of size unequal, face to face opposed ;
A wide and pleasant valley lies between,
Dividing hill from hill ; three sides, the coast
Lies craggy, difficult, and high, disposed
In steep acclivities ; the fourth is cast
In gentlest undulations, and enclosed
By walls of height insuperable and vast,
That seem to brave the sky, and face the Arctic blast.

LVI.

Cisterns for rain, canals and living fountains
 Make glad the thirsting city ; but around,
 Barren, and bare, and naked are the mountains,
 And scarce one solitary flower is found
 To blossom near : no sylvans, sun-embrowned,
 Shut out the fervid noon ; no valley shines
 With lapse of lakes, nor falling waters sound ;
 One forest yet the blue horizon lines,
 Black with the baleful shades of cypresses and pines.

LVII.

Here, toward the regions of the orient day,
 The stately Jordan leads its happy wave ;
 There, where the solemn sunset fades away,
 A sandy shore Levantine billows lave ;
 North, with Samaria Bethel stands, which gave
 Fires to the Golden Calf, of hell beguiled ;
 And last, where Auster from his southern cave
 Let loose the showery winds and tempests wild,
 Bethlehem, whose matron lap received the Heaven-born
 Child.

LVIII.

Now as the Chief the city's walls espied—
 Its strength, its site—and in his wisdom weighed
 Where best he could encamp, and on which side
 The hostile towers might safest be essayed,
 To Aladine divine Erminia said,
 Her eager finger pointing to the place ;
 "That Godfrey is, in purple robes arrayed !
 Observe, with what a military grace
 He moves ! august his port, and dignified his pace !

LIX.

"He of a truth was born for empire : yes !
 So well he knows to govern and command ;
 Great as a general, as a knight no less,
 Sceptre and sword were fashioned to his hand !
 I know not one of all that countless band,
 More warlike, or more wise ; Raymond the sage,
 Perhaps in counsel by his side might stand,
 Rinaldo, Tancred equal warfare wage,
 These from their sprightlier youth, and Raymond from his
 age."

LX.

"Him," the king answered, "I remember well:
I saw him at the splendid Court of France,
When envoy there from Egypt, and could tell
How gallantly in joust he bore his lance;
And though his years, which then did scarce advance
Beyond gay boyhood, had begun to grave
No manly lines on his smooth cheek, his glance,
Bold deeds, reflective mind, and semblance brave,
Of loftiest hopes e'en then a certain presage gave.

LXI.

"Too sure, alas!" and here his troubled eyes
He cast to earth, till gathering voice, he said:
"But who is he that as an equal vies
With him, in mantle of resplendent red?
How like in form and visage! e'en his tread
Betrays a strange similitude, though less
I deem his stature:" "That," rejoined the maid,
"Is Baldwin, like in aspect and address,
But brother most in soul and princely nobleness.

LXII.

"Now mark the man near Godfrey, in the guise
Of an adviser; he deserves all praise!
That is Earl Raymond, prudent, close, and wise,
Of reverend tresses white with length of days;
Such politic manœuvres none displays—
Latin or Frank—in battle to o'erwhelm,
Or to deceive: but he that blinds our gaze,
The sunshine playing on his gilded helm,
Is William, the young hope of Britain's distant realm.

LXIII.

"With him is Guelph, in rich estates, high blood,
And thirst for honour equal with the best;
I know him well by his firm attitude,
By his broad shoulders and dilated chest:
But my chief foe, for whom in eager quest
I have so long looked round, I no where see,
Fell Bohemond, the assassin! he oppressed
My subjects, slew my sire, and left to me
No joy but that of tears, no friends but Heaven and thee!"

LXIV.

Thus commune they; whilst, having well surveyed
The City, Bouillon joined his hosted train,
And as he judged that battery and scalade
On all sides else would be essayed in vain,—
Against the Northern Gate, on the near plain
Fixing his standard, he encamps; and thence
His quartered troops extending, till they gain
The Corner Tower, the whole vast field presents
One long continuous scene of equipage and tents.

LXV.

By this extensive circuit the third part
Of the devoted City was embraced;
And though it baffled all his power and art,
(Such was its range) the whole to circumvest,
Yet what he could to obviate and arrest
All partial aids that to the town might flow,
His active genius compassed; he possessed
The heights around, the valley-paths below,
And each strong pass that gave admittance to and fro:

LXVI.

And fortified his Camp, and fenced it well
With bristling palisade and yawning fosse,
Strong to oppose the sallying Infidel,
And all eruptions of a foreign force.
That task accomplished, he would see the corse
Of his slain friend; he reached the fatal tent,
Where, grieving at the' irreparable loss,
The soldiers o'er their lifeless Chieftain bent,
And one wild sob ran round of anguish and lament.

LXVII.

His bosom friends the high bier had adorned
With ceremonial pomp, a solemn show;
And when the Chief appeared amidst them mourned
In louder accents, with a tenderer woe;
But pious Godfrey gave no tear to flow,
Not all serene, nor clouded was his look;
Dumb for awhile, his fixt eyes seemed to grow
To the loved form they contemplate:—he broke
Silence at length, and thus in calm dejection spoke.

LXVIII.

"Tears are not now thy due! from the world's toil,
Gone to assume in heaven the brighter birth;
A winged Angel, from thy mortal coil
Escaped, thy glory lingers yet round earth!
Christ's hallowed warrior living thou went'st forth,
Christ's champion didst thou die; and now, blest Shade,
The crown and palm of righteousness and worth
Thou wear'st, with joys unspeakable repaid,
Feeding thine eyes on things to fancy unportrayed!

LXIX.

"Yes! thou liv'st happy; and if yet we keep
Vigils of grief, and echo groan for groan,
'T is not for thee, but for ourselves we weep,
Whose noblest pillar lies in thee o'erthrown;
But though pale Death (a title we disown)
Of earthly aid has stripped and rendered vain
Our arms, bright legions stand before the throne,
And raised thyself to that selected train,
Still may thy suit for us celestial aids obtain.

LXX.

"And as we saw thee, whilst a mortal, shield
With mortal arms our cause, let us descry
Thy conquering hand for our advantage wield
Heaven's fatal arms, a spirit of the sky!
Hear now the vows we offer up; be nigh,
And in the hour of ultimate distress
Send down immortal succours from on high;
So will we raise to thee for wrought success,
Hymns of triumphal praise, and in our temples bless!"

LXXI.

He ceased: the last bright beams of day were spent,
And eve ascending in the starless air,
Imposed a sweet oblivion on lament,
Rest to each toil, a truce to every care;
But Godfrey still watched, anxious to prepare
The mighty engines, without which he knew
The toil of war would be a brave despair;
Then how to frame their shape, and whence to hew
Materials for the work, perplexed his mind anew.

LXXII.

But when the morn looked forth on Jordan's flood,
The funeral pageant he lamenting led ;
An odoriferous ark of cypress wood,
Near a green hill, became Lord Dudon's bed ;
The hill adjoined the Camp, and overhead
A lofty palm its verdant foliage flung ;
Last, white-robed Priests their anthem o'er the dead,
Slow-moving, hymned, and many a tuneful tongue
Sweet at the solemn close his requiescat sung :

LXXIII.

And here and there the tree's proud branches bore
Ensigns and arms, the banner and the bow,—
Spoils, which in fight more fortunate he tore
Or from the Syrian or the Persian foe ;
In midst, his own pierced cuirass they bestow,
His hollow helmet, his inverted spear—
And grave this legend on the trunk below :
“ Pilgrim, a champion of the Cross rebere ;
And pass this tomb with awe—brave Dudon slumbers
here.”

LXXIV.

The Duke, when thus his piety had paid
The funeral rites, and shed his duteous tears,
Sent all his skilled mechanics to invade
The forest, guarded by a thousand spears ;
Veiled by low hills it stood, the growth of years,—
A Syrian shepherd pointed out the vale,
And thither brought the Camp-artificers
To fabricate the engines doomed to scale
The City's sacred towers, and turn her people pale.

LXXV.

Each cheers on each, and to the general call
Unwonted ravage rends the woods around ;
Hewed by the iron's piercing edge, down fall,
And with their leafy honours heap the ground,
Pines, savage ashes, beeches, palms renowned,
Funereal cypresses, the fir-tree high,
Maple, and holm with greens eternal crowned,
And wedded elm to which the vines apply
Their virgin arms, and curl, and shoot into the sky.

LXXVI.

Some fell the yews, some fell the warrior-oaks,
Whose trunks have budded to a thousand springs,
And braved immoveable the thousand shocks
Of Boreas rushing on his wintry wings;
And here the alder nods, the cedar swings
On creaking wheels; some bark the trees, some square;
With shouts and clang of arms the valley rings,—
Sick with the sound, the Nymphs their haunts forswear,
The stork her nest forsakes, the lioness her lair.

END OF CANTO III.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IV.

I.

WHILST thus in fervent toil the artisan
His warlike engines framed, of largest size,
To storm the city, the grand foe of man
Against the Christians turned his livid eyes;
And seeing them in glad societies,
On the new works successfully engaged,
Bit both his lips for fury, and in sighs
And bellowings, like a wounded bull enraged,
Roared forth his inward grief, and envy unassuaged.

II.

Then, having run through every mode of thought
To work them sharpest ills, he gave command
That all his angels should make swift resort
To his imperial court, a horrid band!
As though it were a trivial thing to stand
(O fool!) the antagonist of God, and spite
His will divine! unmindful of the hand
That, thundering thro' all space, from heaven's blest height
Hurled him of yore down—down to Tartarus and Night.

III.

Its hoarse alarm the Stygian trumpet sounded
Through the dark dwellings of the damned; the vast
Tartarean caverns tremblingly rebounded,
Blind air rebellowing to the dreary blast:
Hell quaked with all its millions: never cast
The' ethereal skies a discord so profound,
When the red lightning's vivid flash was past;
Nor ever with such tremors rocked the ground,
When in its pregnant womb conflicting fires were bound.

IV.

The Gods of the Abyss in various swarms
From all sides to the yawning portals throng,
Obedient to the signal—frightful forms,
Strange to the sight, unspeakable in song !
Death glares in all their eyes ; some prance along
On horny hoofs,—some, formidably fair,
Whose human faces have the viper's tongue,
And hissing snakes for ornamental hair,
Ride forth on dragon folds that lash the lurid air.

V.

There might you hear the Harpy's clangorous brood,
The Python's hiss, the Hydra's wailing yell,
Mad Scylla barking in her greedy mood,
And roaring Polypheme, the pride of hell ;
Pale Gorgons, savage Sphinxes, Centaurs fell,
Geryons, Chimeras breathing flakes of fire,
Figures conceptionless, innumerable,
Multiform shapes conjoined in monsters dire,
To the vast halls of Dis in hideous troops aspire.

VI.

They took their station right and left around
The grisly king ; he, cruel of command,
Sate in the midst of them, and sourly frowned,
The huge, rough sceptre waving in his hand.
No Alpine crag, terrifically grand,
No rock at sea in size with him could vie ;
Calpe, and Atlas soaring from the sand,
Seemed to his stature little hills, so high
Reared he his horned front in that Tartarean sky.

VII.

A horrid majesty in his fierce face
Struck deeper terror, and increased his pride ;
His bloodshot eyeballs were instinct with rays
That like a baleful comet, far and wide,
Their fatal splendour shed on every side ;
In rough barbaric grandeur his hoar beard
Flowed to his breast, and like the gaping tide
Of a deep whirlpool his grim mouth appeared,
When he unclosed his jaws, with foaming gore besmeared.

VIII.

His breath was like those sulphurous vapours born
In thunder, stench, and the live meteor's light,
When red Vesuvius showers, by earthquakes torn,
O'er sleeping Naples in the dead of night
Funereal ashes! whilst he spoke, affright
Hushed howling Cerberus, the Hydra's shriek;
Cocytus paused in its lamenting flight;
The' abysses trembled; horror chilled each cheek;
And these the words they heard the fallen Archangel speak.

IX.

" PRINCES OF HELL! but worthier far to fill
In Heaven, whence each one sprang, his diamond throne;
Ye, who with me were hurled from the blest hill,
Where brighter than the morning-star we shone,
To range these frightful dungeons! ye have known
The ancient jealousies and fierce disdains
That goaded us to battle; overthrown,
We are judged rebels, and besieged with pains,
Whilst o'er his radiant hosts the happy victor reigns.

X.

" And for the' ethereal air, serene and pure,
The golden sun, and starry spheres, his hate
Has locked us in this bottomless obscure,
Forbidding bold ambition to translate
Our spirits to their first divine estate:
Then, ah the bitter thought! 't is this which aye
Stings me to madness,—then did he create
The vile worm man, that thing of reptile clay,
To fill our vacant seats in those blue fields of day.

XI.

" Nor this sufficed: to spite us more, he gave
His only Son, his darling to the dead;
He came, he burst hell's gates, and from the grave,
Compassed our kingdoms with audacious tread;
The souls in torment doomed to us, he led
Back to the skies—his richly-ransomed throng;
And, in our teeth, hell's conquered ensigns spread,
Abroad on heaven's bright battlements uphung,
The whilst ten thousand saints their halleluiahs sung.

XII.

" But why renew afflictions so severe,
By numbering up our wrongs, already known !
When, or on what occasion did ye hear
He paused in wrath, and left his works undone ?
No more o'er past indignities I run,
But present injuries and future shame—
Shall we pass these ? Alas ! we cannot shun
The consciousness, that now his envious aim
Is the wide nations round from darkness to reclaim.

XIII.

" What ! shall we pass in sloth the days and hours,
Cherish no wrath-born lightnings in our veins,
But leave his principalities and powers
To reap fresh laurels on the Asian plains ?
To lead Judea in their servile chains,
And spread his worshipped name from clime to clime ?
Sound it in other tongues, in other strains,
And on fresh columns sculpture it sublime,
To teach the future age, and mock almighty Time ?

XIV.

" Must then our glorious idols be o'erthrown ?
Our altars change to his ? our temples nod ?
Gold, incense, vows, be paid to him alone,
And Baäl bow before the shrine of God ?
In the high Groves where erst we made abode
Must priest, nor charm, nor oracle remain ?
And shall the myriad spirits who bestowed
Tribute on us, that tribute now disdain,
And o'er dispeopled realms abandoned Pluto reign ?

XV.

" No ! for our essences are yet the same,
The same our pride, our prowess, and our power,
As when with sharp steel and engirding flame,
In godlike battle we withstood the flower
Of heaven's archangels : we in evil hour
Were foiled, I grant ; but partial chance, not skill
Gave them the victory,—still we scorned to cower ;
Victory was theirs, but an unconquered will
Nobly remained to us—it fires our spirits still !

XVI.

"Why longer then delay! arise, take wing,
My hope, my strength, my trusty cohorts, fly;
Plagues and swift ruin on these Christians bring,
Ere reinforced by any fresh ally;
Haste! quench the spreading flame of chivalry,
Ere in its blaze Judea all unites;
Your arts exert, your strong temptations ply;
Enter at will among their armed knights,
Now practise open force, and now use secret sleights.

XVII.

"Let what I will, be fate! give some to rove
In exile, some in battle to be slain;
Let some, abandoned to a lawless love,
Make woman's smiles and frowns their joy and pain,
And brilliant eyes their idols; let some stain
Their swords in civil strife; let some engage
In crimes against their Chief; let murder reign
With treason, rage with murder, hate with rage;
So perish all—priest, king, prince, noble, serf, and sage!"

XVIII.

Ere yet the Anarch closed his fierce harangue,
His rebel angels on swift wings were flown,
Glad to revisit the pure light;—a clang
Of pinions passed, and he was left alone.
As in their deep Eolian grottoes moan
The Spirits of the storm—as forth they sweep,
Or ere the signal of the winds is blown,
With howling sound, high carnival to keep,
And in wild uproar all embroil both land and deep;—

XIX.

So the loosed Fiends o'er valley, wave, and hill,
Spreading their nimble wings, themselves dispersed;
Solicitous to frame, with demon-skill,
New-fancied snares, and urge their arts accursed:
But say, sweet Muse! of various ills, what first
Their malice wrought, and by what agents, say;
Thou know'st it; Fame the tidings has rehearsed,
But in the gloom remote of times grown grey,
Long ere it reach our ear, her weak voice melts away.

XX.

A mighty wizard in Damascus reigned,
Prince Idraotes; who from childhood pored
O'er dark divining volumes, till he gained
The potent knowledge which his soul adored:
But what availed his whole collected hoard
Of signs and charms, if he could not foretell
The war's uncertain issues? his search soared
To heaven—no star, no planet owned the spell,
Nor would one parleying ghost divulge the truth from hell.

XXI.

And yet he thought (blind human wit, how vain
And crooked are thy thoughts!) that Heaven had blessed
The Paynim arms, and surely would ordain
Death to the' unconquered armies of the West;
He judged that Egypt from their grasp would wrest
The palm of war, and from the dazzling game
Depart a winning victor, and impressed
With this delusive hope, resolved to claim
Part in the grand award of conquest, wealth, and fame.

XXII.

But as their prowess drew his high esteem,
The war's vague chances he forbore to dare,
And long revolved how by some deep-laid scheme
The Christian princes he might best ensnare,
And by diminishing their strength, prepare
The path for Egypt; when, with ruin rife,
Her hosts the conquering sword abroad should bear;
His evil angel marked the mental strife,
Made quick the embryo thought, and pushed it into life.

XXIII.

He framed the fraud, the counsel he inspired,
And made his purpose easy to pursue;
He had a niece, whose beauty was admired
Of the whole Orient, paralleled by few,
And to the echo vaunted; one who knew
Each fine discretion, each beguiling art
Of virgin and enchantress; her he drew
To his saloon, and thus to her apart,
In nectarous words made known the wishes of his heart.

XXIV.

" Dear niece ! that underneath these locks of gold,
And that fair face, so young yet so divine,
Dost hide a heart, wise, masculine, and bold,
And magic skill transcendent over mine,—
I nurse a mighty project : the design
But needs thy gentle guidance to commend
My hopes to sure success ; the thread I twine,
Weave thou the web, the lively colours blend ;
What cautious Age begins let dauntless Beauty end.

XXV.

" Go to the hostile camp ; weep, tremble, sigh,
Each female charm that lures to love employ ;
Let the lips aid the witchcraft of the eye,
Smiles flash through tears, and grief despond in joy :
Now shrink from notice, now with prayers annoy ;
In weeping beauty o'er the wise prevail ;
Go ! storm the' obdurate bosom, win the coy,
In seeming truth clothe fiction's specious tale,
And with deep maiden shame thy bold advances veil.

XXVI.

" First, if thou canst, take Godfrey in the thrall
Of thy sweet looks and amiable address,
Till his soul sickens at the trumpet's call,
And the world's war dissolves in a caress ;
But if this feat surpass thy skill, possess
His bravest nobles, and in friendship's guise
Transport them to some boundless wilderness,
Ne'er to return : "—he opens his device,
And adds—"All means our faith—our country sanctifies !"

XXVII.

Armida, in her youth and beauty's pride,
Assumed the' adventure, and at close of day,
Eve's vesper star her solitary guide,
Alone, untended, took her secret way.
In clustering locks and feminine array,
Armed but with loveliness and frolic youth,
She trusts to conquer mighty kings, and slay
Embattled hosts ; meanwhile false rumours soothe
The light censorious crowd, sagacious of the truth.

XXVIII.

Few days elapsed, ere to her wishful view
The white pavilions of the Latins rise;
The camp she reached,—her wondrous beauty drew
The gaze and admiration of all eyes;
Not less than if some strange star in the skies,
Or blazing comet's more resplendent tire
Appeared; a murmur far before her flies,
And crowds press round, to listen or inquire
Who the fair pilgrim is, and soothe their eyes' desire.

XXIX.

Never did Greece or Italy behold
A form to fancy and to taste so dear!
At times, the white veil dims her locks of gold,
At times, in bright relief they reappear:
So, when the stormy skies begin to clear,
Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams;
Now, issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous Sphere
Lights up the leaves, flowers, mountains, vales and streams,
With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

XXX.

New ringlets form the flowing winds amid
The native curls of her resplendent hair;
Her eye is fixt in self-reserve, and hid
Are all Love's treasures with a miser's care;
The Rival Roses upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;
But on her lips, from which the amorous air
Of paradise exhales, the crimson rose
Its sole and simple bloom in modest beauty throws.

XXXI.

Crude as the grape unmellowed yet to wine,
Her bosom swells to sight; its virgin breasts,
Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster shine,
Part bare, part hid by her invidious vests;
Their jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
But leaves its fond imaginations free,
To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,
And their most shadowed secrecies to see;
Peopling with blissful dreams the lively phantasy.

XXXII.

As through pure water or translucent glass
The sunbeam darts, yet leaves the crystal sound,
So through her folded robes unruffling pass
The thoughts, to wander on forbidden ground :
There daring Fancy takes her fairy round,
Such wondrous beauties singly to admire ;
Which, in a pleasing fit of transport bound,
She after paints and whispers to Desire,
And with her charming tale foment's the' excited fire.

XXXIII.

Praised and admired Armida passed amid
The wishful multitudes, nor seemed to spy,
Though well she saw, the interest raised, but hid
In her deep heart the smile that to her eye
Darted in prescience of the conquests nigh :
Whilst in the mute suspense of troubled pride
She sought with look solicitous, yet shy,
For her uncertain feet an ushering guide
To the famed Captain's tent, young Eustace pressed her side.

XXXIV.

As the winged insect to the lamp, so he
Flew to the splendour of her angel face,
Too much indulgent of his wish to see
Those eyes which shame and modesty abase ;
And, drawn within the fascinating blaze,
Gathering, like kindled flax, pernicious fire
From its resplendence, stupid for a space
He stood—till the bold blood of blithe desire
Did to his faltering tongue these few wild words inspire.

XXXV.

" Oh Lady ! if thy rank the name allow,
If shapes celestial answer to the call,—
For never thus did partial Heaven endow
With its own light a daughter of the Fall,—
Say on what errand, from what happy hall,
Seek'st thou our camp ? and if indeed we greet
In thee one of the tribes angelical,
Cause us to know—that we, as were most meet,
May bend to thee unblamed, and kiss thy saintly feet."

XXXVI.

"Nay," she replied, "thy praises shame a worth
Too poor to warrant such a bold belief;
Thou see'st before thee one of mortal birth,
Dead to all joy, and but alive to grief;
My harsh misfortunes urge me to your Chief,—
A foreign virgin in a timeless flight;
To him I speed for safety and relief,
Trusting that he will reassert my right:
So far resounds his fame, for mercy and for might.

XXXVII.

"But, if indulgent courtesy be thine,
To pious Godfrey give me strait access!"
"Yes, lovely pilgrim," he replied, "be mine
The task to guide thee in thy young distress:
Nor is my interest with our Chieftain less
Than what a brother may presume to vaunt;
Thy suit shall not be wanting in success;
Whate'er his sceptre or my sword can grant,
Shall in thy power be placed, to punish or supplant."

XXXVIII.

He ceased, and brought her where, from the rude crowd
Apart, with captains and heroic peers,
Duke Godfrey sate; she reverently bowed,
A sweet shame mantling o'er her cheek, and tears
Stifling her speech: he reassured her fears,
Chid back the blush so beautifully bright,
Till, sweeter than the music of the spheres,
Their captive senses chaining in delight,
Her siren voice broke forth, and all were mute as Night.

XXXIX.

"Unconquered Prince!" she said, "whose name supreme
Flies through the world on such a radiant plume,
That kings and nations conquered by thee, deem
Their deed of vassalage a glorious doom,—
Well known thy valour shines, thy virtues bloom;
And whilst thy foes revere them and admire,
They, on their part, invite us to assume
The confidence we need, and to desire
Aid at thy hands, and aid requested to acquire.

XL.

" Thus I, though nurtured in the faith you hate,
And strive to cancel from the world's wide page,
Hope to regain by thee my lost estate,
My sceptre, and ancestral heritage :
Others, oppressed by foreign force, engage
The succours of their kindred ; I, alas,
Defrauded of their pity at an age
Which claims it most, against my kindred, pass
And hostile arms invoke—the ghost of what I was !

XLI.

" To thee I call, on thee depend, for thou
Alone canst conquer back mine ancient crown ;
Nor shouldst thou be less prompt to raise the low,
Than on the proud to call destruction down ;
Lovelier is Mercy's smile than Valour's frown,
A suppliant cherished than a foe undone :
And 't were less glorious to thy just renown,
Whatever hazards in the task were run,
To lay whole realms in dust, than thus relumine one.

XLII.

" But if our varying faiths—my Gentile creed—
Move thee to disregard my humble prayer,
Let my sure faith in thine indulgence plead
My cause, nor prove an illusory snare :
Lo ! before universal Jove I swear,—
God over all, from whom all empire flows,—
A juster quarrel never claimed thy care ;
But listen ! frauds, conspiracies, and foes,
Of these my story treats,—a tale of many woes !

XLIII.

" The daughter I, of Arbilan who reigned
In fair Damascus—less by birth made great,
Than merit ; Queen Cariclea he obtained
In marriage, and with her possessed the state :
Her death, alas, did almost antedate
My worthless life ! I issued from the womb
As she expired ; the self-same hour of fate,
(Oh birth too dearly bought ! oh ill-starred doom !)
Me to the cradle gave, my mother to the tomb.

XLIV.

" Five summer-suns had scarcely spent their fire,
Since Death's pale Angel called her to the skies,
Than, yielding to the lot of all, my sire
Rejoined her sainted shade in Paradise.
He left his brother, by his last devise,
Sole regent of the kingdom and of me;
Thinking that if the natural pieties
In mortal breast had mansion, they must be
Locked in his kindred heart with virtue's strictest key.

XLV.

" Thus then he played the tutor to my youth,
And with such show of kindness, that each wind
Voiced far and near his uncorrupted truth,
Paternal love, and bounty unconfined :
Whether the guilty movements of his mind
Beneath a flattering face he thought to hide,
Or that he then sincerely was inclined
To make me happy, as the destined bride
Of his ungracious son—'t were idle to decide.—

XLVI.

" I grew in years, and with me grew his son ;
But to no brave accomplishments, no store
Of sciences or arts could he be won,
He hated knightly deeds and princely lore :
Beneath a hideous countenance he bore
A baser soul, whilst pride and avarice
His heart pervaded to its inmost core ;
Savage in manners, slave to drink and dice,
None but himself could be his paragon in vice.

XLVII.

" And now it was that my kind guardian strove
To wed me with this ill-assorted thing,
A goodly gallant for a lady's love,
To charm as bridegroom, and to reign as king !
Rhetoric he used—he used address to bring
The ardent hopes with which his fancy swelled
To their vowed end, but never could he wring
From me the fatal promise,—I rebelled,
And all his golden lures disdainfully repelled.

XLVIII.

" At last he left me with a gloomy face,
His elvish heart transpicuous in his look ;
Too well my future story could I trace
In the dire leaves of that prophetic book !
Thenceforth each night alarming visions shook
My slumbers,—in my ears strange outcries shrilled,
And phantoms frowned on me ; my spirit took
The ghastly impress of their forms, and thrilled
With dread forebodings, since—how fatally fulfilled !

XLIX.

" And oft my mother's piteous ghost appeared ;
Ah ! how unlike her smiling face portrayed
In picture, loving, lovely, and endeared,
Now all illusion, and a pallid shade !
' Fly ! O my child, fly ! fly ! ' the figure said,
' Instant death threatens thee, and swift as Light
Will the stroke fall ;—the traitor's toils are laid ;—
The poison in its gay glass sparkles bright :'
This said, it glided by, and melted into night.

L.

" But what, alas, availed it that my heart
Received this presage of the perils near,
When, unresolved to act the counselled part,
My sex and tender age gave way to fear !
To rove through deserts, woods, and mountains drear
In willing exile,—undefenced to go
From my paternal realm, seemed more severe
Than to yield up the struggle to my foe,
And there to close mine eyes where first they woke in woe.

LI.

" I dreaded death ; yet, (will it be believed ?)
With death at hand, I durst not flee away ;
I feared e'en lest my fear should be perceived,
And thus accelerate the fatal day :
Thus restless, thus disturbed, without one ray
Of comfort, I dragged on my wretched life,
In a perpetual fever of dismay ;
Like the doomed victim, who, in thought's last strife,
Feels, ere the assassin stabs, the anticipated knife.

LII.

" But, whether my good Genius ruled, or Fate
Preserved me yet for days of deeper gloom,
One of the noblest ministers of state,
Whose youth my sire had fostered, sought my room ;
In brief disclosing, that the hour of doom
Fixed by the fiend, was now upon the wing ;
That he himself had promised to assume
The murderous office, and the poison wring,
That night, in the sherbet my page was wont to bring.

LIII.

" Flight, he assured me, was my sole resource
In this my crisis of despair, and prayed
That since bereft of every other force,
I would accept his own effective aid :
His counsels, full of comfort, soon persuade
My undetermined spirit ; to the wind
I gave my fears, and only now delayed
Till eve's grey veil the tell-tale light should blind,
To leave all that I loved and hated, far behind.

LIV.

" Night fell ; an ebon darkness, more obscure
Than usual, its kind shadows round us spread,
When with two favourite maids I passed secure
The guarded palace, joined my guide, and fled :
But through the trembling tears I ceaseless shed,
Long looked I back on the receding towers,
Insatiate with the sight ; all objects fed
My sorrow ; each one spoke of happier hours,
The hills, the lamp-lit mosques, and hallowed cypress-
bowers.

LV.

" To them my looks, my thoughts, my sighs were given,
As on I speeded, malcontent though free ;
I fared like an unanchored pinnacle driven
From its loved port by whirlwinds far to sea :
All the long night and following day we flee,
By paths no human foot had ever pressed ;
Till on the confines of my realm we see
Its last baronial seat,—there, tired, we rest,
Just as the sun's slow orb forsook the fulgent west.

LVI.

" It was the castle of the generous knight,
Arontes, who had made my life his care ;
But when the baffled traitor by our flight
Perceived I had escaped the mortal snare,
His rage flamed forth against us both ; and ere
I could arraign him, intricate in ill,
Gathering a fresh presumption from despair,
He charged on us his own all-evil will,—
The selfsame crime which he was studious to fulfil.

LVII.

" He said I had the false Arontes bribed
To mix destroying poisons in his bowl,
Impatient of the maxims he prescribed
To curb my lust, that free from all control,
I might pursue the bias of my soul,
And with voluptuous blandishments commend
My beauty to a thousand youths :— Skies ! roll
Your thunders, let avenging fires descend,
Ere I thy sacred laws, blest Chastity, offend !

LVIII.

" That avarice and ambition, pride and pique
Urge him to shed my guiltless blood, must claim
Grief and alarm ; but that the wretch should seek
To fix dishonour on my spotless name,
Goes to my heart : he, fearing now the flame
Of popular rage, with smooth-tongued eloquence,
Forges a thousand falsehoods to my shame ;
So that the city fluctuates in suspense
Betwixt the guilt of both, nor arms in my defence.

LIX.

" Yea, though he sits on mine authentic throne,
Though my tiara sparkles on his brow,
Dominion spurs him but more keenly on,
To work me farther injury, shame, and woe :
With fire and sword he threatens to o'erthrow
Arontes in his fortress, if in chains
He yield not, and on me denounces now
Not merely war, but stripes and fearful pains,
Whilst flows one drop of blood in my rebellious veins.

LX.

" This—under colour of a lively zeal
To purge away the stains of my disgrace,
And to its ancient purity anneal
The golden sceptre which my crimes debase!
But the true motive is a wish to place
His claims beyond dispute: whilst I remain
Heir to the crown, he fears no plea can grace
His kingly usurpation, so is fain
To build upon my death the basis of his reign.

LXI.

" And e'en such end awaits his fell desire;
He must enjoy what he is fixt to gain,
And in my heart's blood quench the boundless ire
Which all my tears were powerless to restrain,
If thou, alas, my suppliant prayer disdain!
To thee—a wretched girl, weak, innocent,
Orphaned—I fly; must my sad tears in vain
Fall on thy holy robes? relent! relent!
Oh, by the knees I grasp, forbid his fierce intent!

LXII.

" By these thy feet, that on the proud and strong
Triumphantly have trod; by thy right hand;
By thy past victories, a choral throng!
And by the temples of this sacred land,
Freed by the sword, or to be freed,—withstand,
Thou only canst, his merciless decree;
My crown, my life preserve, secure, command,
Merciful Sire! but vain is mercy's plea,
If first religious right and justice move not thee.

LXIII.

" Beloved of Heaven! thou destined to desire
That which is just, and thy desires achieve,
Save me! my kingdom thou wilt thus acquire,
Which I in fief shall thankfully receive;
Let ten of these heroic champions leave
The camp beneath my conduct; their renown,
Spread through the city, will my cause retrieve,
Will win my faithful people to strike down
With ease the man of crime, and repossess my crown.

. LXIV.

" Yea, more : a Noble to whose keeping falls
A secret gate, has promised me access,
At dead of night, to my paternal halls ;
But some small aid he counselled me to press :
The least, the least thou grantest to redress
The grievances I suffer, will inflame
His hopes with surer prospects of success,
Than if from other kings whole squadrons came,
So high he ranks thy flag, so high thy simple name ! "

. LXV.

She ceased ; but still her mute imploring eye
Spoke eloquence beyond the reach of prayer :
Doubtful alike to grant as to deny,
A thousand various thoughts, absorbed in care,
Godfrey revolved ; he feared some Gentile snare
Couched in her tears, some ambushade of art ;
He knew who kept not faith with God, would dare
Break league with man ; still pity pleads her part,
Pity—which never sleeps within a noble heart.

. LXVI.

His native ruth inspires the wish that she
Deserved the grace ; and policy on ruth
Succeeding, whispers it were wise to free,
And fix in rich Damascus one whose truth,
Enforced by the dependency of youth,
May much avail him, with her feudal arms,
The course of his sublime designs to smooth,—
To minister supplies against the alarms
Of Egypt's mustered tribes and tributary swarms.

. LXVII.

Whilst thus from wavering thought to thought he flies,
Revolves, and re-revolves, the eager maid
Fixed on his downcast face her pleading eyes,
And its least workings breathlessly surveyed ;
And when his answer longer was delayed
Than she had hoped, she trembled, drooped, and sighed ;
Her quivering lips the heart's alarm betrayed ;
Pale grew her face : at length the Prince replied,
And in these courteous words mildly her suit denied.

LXVIII.

" If God's own quarrel had not claimed these swords,
 Now oath-bound to his cause, thy hopes might rest
 Thereon in perfect trust,—not pitying words,
 But valid actions had thy wrongs redressed;
 But whilst his heritage is thus oppressed
 Beneath the harsh rod of a tyrant king,
 How can we grant, fair Lady, thy request?
 Divided hosts declining fortunes bring,
 And check the flowing tide of victory in its spring.

LXIX.

" But this I promise,—firmly may'st thou trust
 The word I pledge, and live secure from fear,—
 If e'er we conquer from a yoke unjust
 These towers, to Heaven and piety so dear,
 To pity's voice I will incline mine ear,
 Thee on thy lost throne to exalt; but now,
 No pitying sympathies must interfere
 To cancel what to the Most High we owe,
 And for a mortal's sake dissolve our solemn vow."

LXX.

At this the mournful Princess drooped her head,
 And stirless stood, as Niobe of yore;
 Then raised her eyes, impearled, to heaven, and said,
 Whilst all the woman at their founts ran o'er,—
 " Lost! lost! O skies! O stars! what evils more
 Do ye prescribe? did ever one fulfil
 A doom so harsh, so merciless before!
 Woe's me! all natures change; the world grows chill;
 I only vary not, immutable in ill!

LXXI.

" Now farewell hope! now welcome misery!
 All prayer in human breasts has lost its force;
 Am I to hope the tears that touched not thee,
 Will move the barbarous tyrant with remorse?—
 Yet, though denied this pitiful resource,
 With no reproach thy rigour shall be paid;
 It is my Genius I accuse—the source
 Of all my ills,—my Genius, who has made
 Godfrey's a ruthless heart,—'t is him that I upbraid.

LXXII.

"Not to thee, gracious Chieftain! not to thee
Lay I this crime, but to imperious Fate;
Oh, that her active tyranny would free
My weary spirit from a world I hate!
Was 't not enough, stern Power, to dedicate
Mother and sire e'en in their morn of life
To the dark grave, that from my high estate
Thou hast now tossed me on this sea of strife,
And given thy victim bound and blinded to the knife!

LXXIII.

"Now holy sanctitude and maiden shame
Urge me to go, but whither shall I fly?
There is no refuge for a blighted name;
Earth holds no spot beneath the boundless sky
So secret, but the tyrant's active eye
Will find it, and transpierce me; but—I go;
The Angel of Death approaching I desecry;
Nought now is left but to forestall his blow;
None but Armida's arm shall lay Armida low!"

LXXIV.

She ceased: a generous and majestic scorn
Fired all her features to a rose-like red,
And then she made as she would have withdrawn,
With grief and anger in her farewell tread:
Her eyes, 'twixt sorrow and resentment, shed
Tears thick as summer's heat-drops—tears, that shine,
With the sun's golden rays athwart them spread,
Like falling pearls, like crystals argentine,
Or sparkling opal-drops from some far Indian mine.

LXXV.

Her fresh cheeks, sprinkled with those living showers,
Which to her vesture's hem, down gliding, cling,
Appear like snowy and vermilion flowers
Humid with May-dews, when romantic Spring,
In shadow of the green leaves whispering,
Spreads their closed bosoms to the amorous air;—
Flowers, to which sweet Aurora oft takes wing,
Which with gay hand she culls with such fond care
In morn's melodious prime, to bind her vagrant hair.

LXXVI.

But the clear drops that, thick as stars of night,
On those fair cheeks and on that heaving breast
So shine, have all the effect of fire, and light
A secret flame in each beholder's breast :
Oh Love ! the marvellous rod by thee possessed,
For ever powerful over Nature, draws
Lightning from tears, and gives to grief a zest
Beyond the bliss of smiles ; but nature's laws
Its magic far transcends, in this thy darling's cause.

LXXVII.

Her feigned laments from roughest warriors call
Sincerest tears ;—their hearts to her incline ;
Each is afflicted at her grief, and all
At Godfrey's speech thus whisperingly repine :
" Surely he made the vext sea-roaring brine
His nursing cradle, and wild wolves that rave
On the chill crags of some rude Apennine,
Gave his youth suck : O, cruel as the grave,
Who could view charms like hers, and not consent to save ! "

LXXVIII.

But Eustace, in whose young and generous blood
Pity and love flowed strongest, whilst the rest
But murmured and were silent, forward stood,
And dauntlessly his brother thus addressed :
" My Lord ! far too inflexibly thy breast
Keeps to the firmness of its first design,
If to the common voice which would obtest
Thy clemency, thou dost not now incline ;
Reverent of mercy's claims and quality divine.

LXXIX.

" Think not I urge the princedoms and the powers
Who rank dependent tribes beneath their care,
To turn their arms from these assieged towers,
And the first duties of the camp forswear ;
But, warriors of adventure, we, who bear
Nor feudal flag nor delegated trust,
Who act without restriction, well may spare
At thy wise choice, and in a cause most just,
Ten guardian knights to one so helpless, so august.

LXXX.

" Know, he assists the cause of God, who toils
The rights of outraged virgins to maintain ;
And precious in his sight must be the spoils
Which freemen hang in Freedom's holy fane,
The glorious trophies of a tyrant slain :
Though then no interest counselled to the deed,
Duty would urge, and Knighthood would constrain
Me to assist the damsel in her need,
And without scruple go, where'er her voice may lead.

LXXXI.

" Oh, by yon bright sun, tell it not in France !
Publish it not where courtesy is dear !
That of our nobles none would break a lance
In Beauty's quarrel, let not Europe hear !
Henceforth, my lords, sword, corselet, helm, and spear,
I toss aside, and bid farewell to fame ;
No generous steed shall bear me in career
With swordless chiefs, where Chivalry weds Shame,—
I will no longer bear the knight's degraded name !"

LXXXII.

Thus spoke the youth, and all his Order there,
Applausive murmured in loud unison ;
Praised his good counsel, and with urgent prayer
Closed round their Captain on his ducal throne.
" I yield," at length he said, " but yield alone
To the desire of numbers, since the plea
Is one my private judgment would disown ;
Grant we her boon, if such your pleasure be ;
But know the' advice as yours, it not proceeds from me :

LXXXIII.

" And, far as Godfrey's counsel can persuade,
Temper your sympathies, be closely wise :"
He said no more, it was enough,—they paid
The kind concession with delighted cries.
What cannot Beauty, when her pleading eyes
From their deep fountains shower down tears of pain,
And to her amorous tongue sweet speeches rise ?
From her divine lips glides a golden chain,
That wins to her dear will who most those tears disdain.⁶

LXXXIV.

Eustace recalled her, took her passive hand,
And said, "Now cease, dear Lady, to repine;
The utmost succours that thy fears demand,
(Weep not) shall all, and speedily be thine:"
Then the dark aspect of her face grew fine,—
With her white veil she wiped the tears away,
And gave a smile so brilliant and benign,
You would have thought the' enamoured God of Day
In sunshine kissed the lips whose lustre shamed his ray.

LXXXV.

And in her sweet voice and pathetic tone,
She gave them thanks for their exceeding grace;
Saying it should to the wide world be known,
And ever and for ever have a place
Within her grateful heart: her working face,
And gestures with impassioned meanings fraught,
Told what the tongue was powerless to express;
Thus masking in false smiles the end she sought,
Her varied web of guile she unsuspected wrought.

LXXXVI.

Who but Armida now exults to see
How fortune and kind fate the fraud befriend?
Who o'er each dark suggestions broods, but she,
To bring the plot to a successful end?
With beauty and sweet flatteries to transcend
Whate'er Medea's witchcraft e'er designed,
Or Circe's incantations wrought,—to blend
Mischief with mirth, and the most watchful mind
As in Elysian sleep with siren songs to bind?

LXXXVII.

All arts the' enchantress practised to beguile
Some new admirer in her well-spread snare;
Nor used with all, nor always the same wile,
But shaped to every taste her grace and air:
Here cloistered is her eye's dark pupil, there
In full voluptuous languishment is rolled;
Now these her kindness, those her anger bear,
Spurred on or checked by bearing frank or cold,
As she perceived her slave was scrupulous or bold.

LXXXVIII.

If she marked some too bashful to advance,
Sick if unnoticed, diffident if seen,
Forth flew her radiant smile, her thrilling glance,
Sunny as summer and as eve serene:
Thus reassured, their dying hopes grow keen;
The faint belief, the languishing desire
Reviving brighten in their eager mien;
Those looks a thousand amorous thoughts inspire,
And Fear's pale frost-work melts in Fancy's lively fire.

LXXXIX.

If some make bold to press her virgin palm,
Too rashly building on her former cheer,
She grows a miser of her eye's mild charm,
Spares her fond smile, and frowns them into fear;
But through the wrath that fires her front austere,
And ruffles her sweet cheek, they may discern
Rays of forgiving pity reappear;
Thus do they droop, but not despair, and yearn
Towards her in deepest love when she appears most stern.

XC.

Sometimes in lonely places she dissembled
Deep grief—the voice, the action, and the tread;
And oft when in her eye the loose tear trembled,
Crushed, or reclaimed it to the fountain-head.
Soon as those tragic gestures were averted,
A thousand striplings, vanquished by her art,
Would come and weep around her: Envy fed
Their frenzy, and Love, tempering his keen dart
In Pity's scalding tears, shot torture through the heart.

XCI.

Anon she starts from her abstraction, wakes
With hope's fresh whispers to her spirit; seeks
Her many lovers, talks to them, and shakes
The bright locks on her brow for joy, that speaks
Life to her lips, and to her glowing cheeks
New smiles; her eyes then sparkle as in scorn
Of their late griefs,—as when Apollo streaks
With fire the opening eyelids of the morn,
And every darkening cloud to distance has withdrawn.

XCII.

But whilst she sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles,
And with this twofold sweetness lulls the sense,
She from its blissful cage well nigh exiles
The soul, unused to rapture so intense;
Ah cruel Love! whether thy hand dispense,
Wreathed with the cypress or the lotos-leaf,
Thy gall or nectar-cup, its quintessence
Maddens with ecstasy, or blights with grief;
Fatal thy sickness is, and fatal thy relief!

XCIII.

Through all these shifting tempers whilst each knight
Fluctuates disturbed, uncertain of her choice,
Through fire and frost, smiles, tears, fear, hope, delight,
The beauteous witch his agony enjoys:
If any e'er presumes with trembling voice
To tell his secret pain, her guilefulness
The glorious vision of his soul destroys;
She nor perceives his meaning, nor can guess,—
The very fool of Love and frank unconsciousness.

XCIV.

Or, casting down to ground her bashful eyes,
The blush of honour o'er her face she throws,
So that the alabaster white, which lies
In sweet confusion underneath the rose
That her celestial cheek irradiates, glows
Like the rich crimson on Aurora's face,
When from the Orient first her form she shews;
And the red flush of anger keeping pace
With shame, combines to shed round shame a sweeter grace.

XCV.

But if she one perceives resolved to' avow
His warm desire, she stops her charmed ears;
Now shuns his converse, grants an audience now,
Then flies, returns, smiles, frowns, and disappears:
Thus in a war of wishes, sighs, and tears,
In vain pursuit he wastes his life away;
And with deluding hopes, afflicting fears,
Fares like the hunter who at dying day
Has lost in pathless woods all traces of his prey.—

XCVI.

These were the arts by which Armida took
A thousand spirits captive to her sleight,
Or rather, these the arms, with which she strook,
And made them bondslaves in their own despite.
What marvel elder Love subdued the might
Of Theseus fierce, and Hercules the strong;
When those who drew the sword in Jesu's right,
Soothed by a siren's smile,—a siren's song,
Wore his enfeebling chains, and gloried in the wrong!

END OF CANTO IV.



JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO V.



Stanza lxxviii.

ARGUMENT.

GERNANDO scorns Rinaldo should aspire
 To the command which he himself would fain
 Receive; and, urged by jealousy and ire,
 Insults the youth, and is in duel slain:
 The slayer lingers not till gyve or chain
 Binds his free limbs, but into exile flees;
 Content, Armida with a splendid train
 Departs, whilst Godfrey from the navied seas
 Hears news of sharp concern, that leaves him ill at ease.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO V.

I.

WHILST thus the' insidious Beauty, day by day,
Lured to her love the Nobles, and beside
The promised number, thought to charm away,
At stealth, fresh vassals to her power and pride,
Godfrey revolved to whom he should confide
Her dubious restoration, through the host
Casting his thoughts; nor could at first decide,—
As all the' Adventurers wished the pleasing post,
And each had bravery, rank, or excellence to boast.

II.

But he at last adopts the wise resolve,
To urge them first a Leader to elect
In Dudon's room, and after to devolve
On him the charge to single or reject
Those who aspire the Damsel to protect;
Thus, none, aggrieved, his partial choice could blame;
Whilst he himself would shew supreme respect—
A tribute their achievements justly claim—
To that illustrious band, the glorified of fame.

III.

To him he called them then, and thus addressed:
"Knights! you have heard our sentiments, which were
Not to refuse the Syrian maid's request,
But our intended succours to defer
To a maturer season; I recur
To the same charge,—your judgment yet is free
To follow my proposal; in the stir
Of this unstable world, how oft we see,
That 't is true wisdom's part to change her own decree.

IV.

"But yet, if still you deem it base to shun
The risk, if still your generous hearts disdain
My wary counsels as the fears of one
Too coldly scrupulous,—your own retain;
Go! ne'er shall it be said that I constrain
Reluctant minds, revoke a gift once given,
Or bind your wishes with a forceful chain;
No! gentle be my rule, and gracious, even
As the mild starlight dews and influences of heaven.

V.

"Proceed or stay then at your own free will;
To your discretion I the choice confide;
But first by suffrage fix on one to fill
Slain Dudon's post, your armed array to guide;
He on your high pretensions shall decide,
But choose not more than ten: to me you gave
Powers paramount, to royalty allied;
This my prerogative I cannot waive;
No! for a powerless Chief is but a glorious slave."

VI.

Thus Godfrey spake; and to his word of grace
By joint consent young Eustace made reply:
"As that deliberate judgment is thy praise
Which looks afar into futurity,
So strength of heart and hand, a courage high,
Prompt the first risks of enterprise to face,
Are asked of us, the Lights of Chivalry;
And that ripe tardiness, which in the case
Of some would prudent be, in us would prove most base.

VII.

"Then, since the hazard is so far outweighed
By the advantage, let them straight proceed,
The chosen ten, in wronged Armida's aid,
And boldly dare the meritorious deed."
With this adorned pretence he strives to lead
Opinion blinded to his fervent flame,
By show of knightly zeal; the others read
His secret passion and dissembled aim,
Favour the fond deceit, and counterfeit the same.

VIII.

But amorous Eustace, whensoe'er he eyed
Rinaldo's excellences, as mental grace
More winningly attracts when beautified
By a brave figure and a handsome face,
Wished him away; and shrewdness, keeping pace
With anxious jealousy's increasing smart,
Urged him at length his rival to displace,
By deep address; whence, drawing him apart,
He thus his poem tuned with all the flatterer's art.

IX.

"O, of great father greater son! O thou,
The young Achilles of this glorious land!
What Chevalier shall lead to conquest now.
The gallant warriors of our matchless band?
I, who to noble Dudon's mild command
Could scarcely stoop, who only bent the knee
In reverence of his silver locks, who stand
So near our Chief in kindred and degree,
To whom should I submit? to none, if not to thee.

X.

"Thee! who art equal to the best in birth,
Whose splendid merits cast a shade on mine;
Not e'en would Godfrey scorn to own his worth
In the stern proof of battle, less than thine!
Thee for our Chief I claim then, if to shine
The bold assertor of this lady's right
Be not thy wish; and ne'er canst thou design
To challenge praise achieved by secret sleight,
Or round thy brows to bind the laurels reaped by night.

XI.

"Here may'st thou feats accomplish, that will hand
Thy name, embalmed by some celestial Muse,
To long posterity; the chief command
Will I procure (away with vain excuse!)
From the assenting Knights, who cannot choose
But sanction what my praise shall recommend,
If, when elected, thou wilt not refuse
The favour to thine undecided friend,
At will to war with thee, or with Armida wend."

XII.

He spake not this without a blush that sped
Its deep confusion to the guilty eyes ;
His glowing secret well Rinaldo read,
And archly smiled at the ill-dressed disguise :
But he was studious of a loftier prize,
And if a chance-shaft from Armida's bow
Grazed him, its challenge he could half despise ;
He neither in a rival feared a foe,
Nor cared for love the chase of glory to forego.

XIII.

But deeply sculptured in his thoughts sublime
Memory of Dudon's bitter death he kept,
And deemed it a disparagement and crime
That yet Argantes lived, and vengeance slept ;
Then to hear Eustace urge him to accept
The proffered honour, made his heart rejoice ;
And whilst into his ear the music crept
Of praise, his spirit echoed the sweet voice,
Whispering, his early worth deserved the flattering choice.

XIV.

Whence frankly he replied : " The first degree
I wish to merit rather than acquire,
And if by worth sublimed, the dignity
Of rule I need not envy, nor desire ;
But since to this invited to aspire,
Since worthy of the noble trust I seem,
I'll not decline the' acceptance you require ;
And of this perfect proof of pure esteem,
Dear to a warrior's pride, most gratefully I deem.

XV.

" Amidst the elected champions, thou, besure,
Shalt rank, if I obtain the vacant post : "
Eustace, this heard, departed to secure,
Apt to his wish, the homage of the host :
But prince Gernando to himself proposed
The prize ; for though Armida had not failed
To engage his thoughts, an innate pride opposed
Her power, and ladye-love with him prevailed
Less than the lust of rule, which most his heart assailed.

XVI.

He from the blood of royal Norway springs,
To whom unnumbered thanes in homage crowd;
A long succession of ancestral kings,
Of coronets and sceptres, made him proud:
To grander Gods Rinaldo's spirit bowed,—
Of his own actions haughtier than the bright
Blue scutcheon of his fathers,—self-endowed;
Yet full five hundred years, as heralds write,
Had these stood famed in peace, and unsubdued in fight.

XVII.

But the barbaric Peer, who all things weighed
By gold, and rank, and amplitude of state,
Whose fancy cast all excellence in shade
That crowns and stars did not illuminate,
Could not endure that any should debate—
Much less Rinaldo—the command with him;
To such excess did anger, scorn, and hate
Transport him, reason's guiding light grew dim,
And Passion's mustering storm distended every limb.

XVIII.

So that of Hell's foul sprites the most malign,
Who saw unwatched the opening avenue,
Crept to his heart with still coils serpentine,
And at the helm of thought reclining, blew
To flame the sparks of hatred, till they grew
Hot for revenge; yet still he piqued, still stung
His angry soul to agony anew;
The whilst, as warbled by a siren's tongue,
Clear through his haughty heart this flattering prelude rung.

XIX.

"What! were his antique chiefs lords paramount
Of earth, that thus with thee Rinaldo vies?
Since he will mate with thee, let him recount
His governed millions and subdued allies;
Let him bring forth his crowns, and equalize
His sceptred ghosts with thy live kings; can one,
The owner of a few poor seignories,
Born beneath Italy's inglorious sun,
Dare to aspire so high?—what frenzy goads him on?

XX.

"But, win or lose, he reaped a victor's bays
When first he thought thy title to transcend;
The world will say, (to him the highest praise)
'Lo, with Gernando this man dared contend !'
The station filled by thy departed friend
Glory and splendour round thy path may shower,
But not less honour thou to that wilt lend,—
The prize lost half its value from the hour
When he desired it too, and sought to mate thy power.

XXI.

"And if the soul, when left this breathing frame,
To our affairs its conscious thoughts apply,
Think with how brave a wrath the' ambitious aim
Fires good old Dugon in the radiant sky,
When on this forward Page he casts his eye,
And sees his pride so far the dues subvert
Of reverend age, as with himself to vie;
And, whilst but yet a child and unexpert,
Stand for a public post of such sublime desert.

XXII.

"Yea, this he hopes, this he attempts, and bears
Honour and praise, not chastisement abroad;
And some there are who second what he dares,
(O common shame !) and what he dares, applaud :
But if Duke Godfrey seeing him defraud
Thee of thy dues, should countenance the plan,
Endure it not; but openly, unawed
By power or threats, confront the mighty man,
And shew both who thou art, and what thy valour can !"

XXIII.

At the shrill music of these words, disdain
Glowed like a torch when shaken in the wind;
It fired his heart, swelled in each pregnant vein,
Flashed in his eye, and in his tongue repined;
Whatever fancied foible he could find
In young Rinaldo, he exposed to shame;
He paints him vain and arrogant of mind,
And styles his valour rashness; each fond aim
Of his ingenuous mind industrious to defame.

XXIV.

All that in him was glorious, graceful, pure,
Generous, or great, or beautiful, or wise,
Whilst his invidious arts the truth obscure,
He boldly censures as the height of vice:
This vital scorn, these wide-winged calumnies
His rival gathers in the public breath;
Yet still with no less rancour he decries
The noble Childe, nor less he scorns to sheath
In silence the keen tongue that tempts him to his death.

XXV.

For the vile fiend whose motions ruled his tongue
In lieu of judgment, influenced him to frame,
Hour after hour, fresh outrages and wrong,
Still adding fuel to the bosomed flame;—
Wide space was there in camp, where daily came
A band of gallant youths with spear and shield;
Where in gay tourney and gymnastic game
They perfected their skill, their courage steeled,
And nerved their strenuous limbs to bide a ruder field.

XXVI.

There, at an hour when thickest was the crowd,
Urged by the whisperings of the inward snake,
His tongue its customary scorn avowed,
Infused with venom of the' Avernian lake;
The knight, in hearing of the words he spake,
To irrepressible resentment stirred,
Fixed the long dues of vengeance now to take,
Shouted, "Thou liest!" and sudden as the word,
Crossed the traducer's path, and drew his poignant sword.

XXVII.

His voice the thunder seemed, his sword the flash
Which of its coming warns the world; too late
Repenting fears the criminal abash,—
He saw no refuge from impending fate;
Yet in this last, irreparable strait,
As all the Camp were witnesses, he made
Proud show of courage, with a look elate
Awaited the stern foe, his distance weighed,
And in the guarding act unsheathed his battle-blade.

XXVIII.

Instant a thousand lifted swords were seen
All sparkling to one centre, and a swarm
Of warriors from all sides rushed to the scene
Of strife, to stay each warrior's angry arm :
All was vague clamour and confused alarm ;
And such a sudden whirl of voices tore
The startled air, as in the gathering storm,
Among the pendant cliffs of the wild shore,
Sound the shrill murmuring winds to the loud seawave's roar.

XXIX.

But not the prayers of thousands can allay
The' offended hero's agony of ire ;
The shout, the press, the concourse of the way,
He scorns, and dares to vengeance still aspire ;
Through men and arms in many a giddy gyre
His fulminating sword darts, and demands
A vacant space ; the daunted crowd retire,—
And to the shame of all his guardian bands,
Free to his fierce affronts, Gernando singly stands.

XXX.

His hand, unmastered by his rage, at will
A thousand stabs delivers, and divides
With the head, heart, and bosom, as his skill
Instructs, or the unguarded part provides ;
Impetuous, rapid as the foam that rides
The whirlpool, his all-present steel appears,
The eye bewilders, and its art derides ;
Where least expected, there it most careers ;
There most it strikes and wounds, where least his rival fears.

XXXI.

Nor did it cease, until its point had found
Twice the pure lifeblood of his bosom gored ;
The hapless Prince sank grovelling on his wound,
His vital spirits from the fount were poured,
And through the twofold pass his spirit soared :
The knight stayed not ; his steel, incarnadined
As it had been, he to the sheath restored ;
Then stalked away, and with the scene resigned
His own inflamed desires and ruthlessness of mind.

XXXII.

To the loud uproar Godfrey drawn meanwhile,
Saw dismal cause of unexpected pain,—
Gernando, his loose locks and mantle vile
Reeking with blood, with visage where, too plain,
Death spread the pallid banners of his reign;
And there were tears on many a soldier's lid,
Outcries, and shrieks, and wailings for the slain:
Amazed he asks, there were 't was most forbid,
Whose so audacious hand the deed of horror did.

XXXIII.

Arnaldo, dearest to the Prince bewailed,
In terms that sought the guilt to aggravate,
Tells how Rinaldo had his friend assailed
In the blind fury of intemperate hate,
Built on a slight and frivolous debate;
Thus, the sword vowed to Christ's blest service, he
Had turned against Christ's hallowed delegate;
Scorning not less his rule, than the decree
Long since promulged, whereof he ignorant could not be.

XXXIV.

And that the law had thus already signed
The warrant of his death;—'t was clear, the case;
First, as the fact was of a heinous kind,
Next, as committed in a sacred place:
For such a crime were he to meet with grace,
Fresh criminals would rise, both bold and strong
In his escape to beard you to your face,
And execute revenge for every wrong,
Which to the Judge alone for judgment should belong.

XXXV.

Thus discord, thus dispute, thus civil ire
Would raven all, as with a tiger's tooth;
All that disdain and pity could inspire,
He pleads in merit of the murdered youth:
But Tancred with the jealousy of truth
His tale impugns, and paints in colours clear
The actual cause of strife; to which in sooth
The just Judge listens, but his brow severe
Seems less to encourage hope than countenance his fear.

XXXVI.

"My Lord," he adds, "in wisdom weigh both who
And what Rinaldo is—his deeds recount;
Judge what regard to his deserts is due;
From princely sire to sire illustrious mount,—
Trace his long flow of glory to the fount,—
Think on his uncle Guelpho's high estate;
All equal crimes are not of like account,
Nor should the selfsame punishment await
Vassal and highborn lord, the lowly and the great."

XXXVII.

Godfrey replied, "T is for the great to give
Proof of obedience to the lowly; ill
Are these thy counsels, Tancred, which would leave
The Mighty to their own unbridled will.
Think what our empire were, did we fulfil
Its functions only to the vile and base,—
A powerless sceptre, or, more shameful still,
An execrated rod, derided mace!
If with such laws 't was given, I spurn your gift of grace.

XXXVIII.

"But frank and awful was it given, unsought,
Nor shall its virtue be abridged by me;
And well I know both where and when I ought
To punish and reward, and now to be
The prompt reverser of my own decree,
Yet still between the lowly and the high
Hold even Law's just balance." Thus spoke he;
Nor aught could Tancred venture to reply,
Awd by his righteous words and his majestic eye.

XXXIX.

Stern pupil of austere Antiquity,
Raymond commended his discourse, and said;
"These are the arts by which true sovereignty
Becomes revered,—for discipline is dead,
Or at the least defective, where instead
Of pain, Guilt looks for pardon; to be mild,
Power should be based in fear; when rulers spread
Too wide their mercy, Liberty runs wild,
And States decay." He ceased, and like a Spartan smiled.

XL.

Tancred of his advice took silent heed ;
Longer he lingered not, but leaped astride
His manageable horse, whose hoofs for speed
Seemed fledged with wings, and to Rinaldo bied ;
He, soon as he had quelled the boisterous pride
Of fierce Gernando, to his private tent
Retired, the issues calmly to abide ;
Here Tancred found him, and with discontent
Detailed in every point the late sharp argument.

XLI.

" And though," he adds, " I deem the visnomy
But a fallacious index of the heart,
Since oft the thoughts of mortals secret lie,
In depths that mock the observer's nicest art ;
Yet, from what Godfrey's face betrayed in part
To my perusing eye, with what his mind
Clearly avowed, I fear not to assert,
That as a common culprit he would bind
With gyves thy warrior limbs, to Law's strict power re-
signed."

XLII.

Rinaldo smiled ; but breaking through his smile
A flash of high defiance might you see :
" Let him defend his cause in fetters vile
Who vassal is, or vassal deigns to be !
Free was I born ; free have I lived ; and free
Will I expire, ere one base fetter weighs
My hands down in its cankering tyranny,—
They have been used to no such slave-essays,
But to consult the sword, and reap victorious bays.

XLIII.

" If Godfrey thus reward our worth, if thus
As a base slave he would incarcerate,
And fix his foul plebeian bonds on us,
Here let him come in all his pomp of state ;
I place my proud foot on the ground, and wait
His unfear'd presence and his scorn'd decree ;
Sharp arms shall be our only jurors, Fate
Sole arbitress, and foemen flock to see
The sportful Drama played,—a deep, deep tragedy !"

XLIV.

He shouted for his armour, robed his form
In helm and brigandine of steel, applied
The shield enormous to his active arm,
And hung the dancing falchion at his side :
Magnificent, august, and fiery-eyed,
He sparkled in his arms like flashing levin,
'And looked the God of Battle when in pride
Descending from the fifth red sphere of heaven,
In rattling iron girt, by Fright and Fury driven.

XLV.

Tancred this while used every art to soothe
His wounded pride and his intemperate rage ;
" I know," said he, " that thou, unconquered youth,
Wouldst in the hardest enterprise engage ;
That ever amid arms and on the edge
Of doom, thy valour is secure from harm ;
But Heaven forbid that e'er on such a stage
Thou shouldst let loose the gladiator's arm,
To work our army woe, and break the magic charm.

XLVI.

" Say, what is thine intent ? wilt thou imbrue
Thy hands in kindred blood ? with frantic aim
Wounding thy friends, transpiercing Christ anew,
Whose members they, and part of whom I am ?
Shall the vain lust of transitory fame,
That like a summer sea-wave swells and dies
As the wind lists, enforce a stronger claim
Than that which faithborn piety supplies,
Of bliss all bliss beyond, eternal in the skies ?

XLVII.

" No ! be the victor of thyself, and still
This raging gust, this whirlwind of the mind ;
Yield ! from no fear, but from a virtuous will ;
With worthier palms compliancy will bind
Thy brows, than ever were to pride assigned :
And if mine unripe years, though young and few,
May yield the' example, I by acts unkind
Was also once provoked, yet never drew
My sword in civil strife, but did my wrath subdue.

XLVIII.

"I took Cilicia, and on Tarsus' towers
Planted the Cross before all people's eyes,
But Baldwin came, and with his peaceful Powers
Admitted, basely robbed me of my prize;
Such friendship he professed, so fair a guise
Masked his ambitious purpose from my sight,
That ere I was aware, his avarice
Had sprung the mine: yet would not I by fight
The spoils regain, although e'en yet perhaps I might.

XLIX.

"But if indeed those ignominious bands
As a base weight thy spirit would refuse,
Following the nice opinions and demands,
The subtle laws which men of honour use,
Leave it to me thy anger to excuse;
To Antioch fly,—with Bohemond, thy friend,
Seek an asylum secret and recluse;
To wrath's first gust I deem it best to bend;
A cause by Power prejudged 't were fruitless to defend.

L.

"But rest assured, if vigorously assailed,
If round us Egypt or the Arabs swarm,
Deeply indeed thy flight will be bewailed;
While, at a distance from the vast alarm,
Thy valour will acquire a tenfold charm;
Without thy sword, the nerveless camp must prove
A trunk deprived of its protecting arm:"
Here Guelph arrives, his lips the speech approve,
Urging him strait from Camp discreetly to remove.

LI.

To their grave counsels the disdainful heart
Of the bold youth at length inclining, bends,
And he no longer scruples to depart
In willing exile: of his faithful friends
Meanwhile a numerous crowd his course attends;
To share his flight and fortunes each aspires,
And earnestly solicits; he commends
Their zeal with thanks, but takes alone two squires;
Vaults on his sprightly steed, and from the Camp retires.

L

LII.

He rides—the thirst of pure and endless glory
Inflames his spirit to the inmost core;
Exploits he plans shall shame the vaunts of story,
Ten thousand glorious deeds undreamed before,—
To rush, in favour of the Cross he bore,
Midst hostile millions, gathering in his course
Cypress or noble palms, scour Egypt o'er
As on the Samiel's wing, and passage force
E'en to the awful depths of Nile's mysterious source !

LIII.

But Guelpho, when the fervent boy at last,
Prest to depart, had bade his last adieu,
No longer there delayed, but forward passed
Where likeliest Godfrey might arrest his view ;—
Who seeing him, exclaimed, “ Hail, Guelph ! for you
I have long sought, and but this moment sent
Some of my fleetfoot heralds to pursue
The search throughout the camp, from tent to tent,
Well does thy coming now their diligence prevent ! ”

LIV.

He bade all else withdraw, and in a tone
Of graver utterance his discourse renewed ;
“ Deeply, my lord ! do I regret to own
The lengths to which thy nephew has pursued
The rage admitted in his hasty mood ;
He ill, methinks, can justify the brawl,
Much less the frightful issues of the feud ;
Glad shall I be, if so it should befall,
But Godfrey still must act impartially to all.

LV.

“ The sacred claims of lawful and of just
Defend I will, on all and each occasion,
Preserving ever, in my sovereign trust,
A heart unswayed by prejudice or passion.
Now if, as some say in extenuation,
Rinaldo was compelled his wrongs to quit,
'Gainst the known edict, and in violation
Of martial rule, why let him, as is fit,
Come, and his proofs at once to our award submit.

LVI.

" And let him come unmortified by chains,
The grace I can, I to his worth allow ;
If this his high rebellious heart disdains,
(And well his fiery temperament I know
To be rebellious) be it thine to shew
His pride the path of duty, ere he draws
A man by nature merciful, and slow
To cherish wrath, but stern should he give cause,
To' avenge his power defied and violated laws."

LVII.

He ceased, and Guelph made answer: " Where's the soul
Free from all infamy, that if it heard
The voice of insult, haughty, false and foul,
Would not with scorn resent the' injurious word!
And if the slanderer fall beneath the sword,
Who can place bounds to a just wrath? who suit
Exact acquittance to the guilt incurred,
Or weigh revenge out in a scale minute,
Whilst in full fury glows the' unscrupulous dispute?"

LVIII.

" But that the youth, as you require, should yield
To your just judgment, which he ought, of right,
Cannot, it grieves me, be; since far from field
He has withdrawn in no imprudent flight;
But here I offer with my sword to write
Liar on his false forehead who again
Impugns his act,—on whatsoever knight
Wounds his good name; and fearlessly maintain,
The Prince was justly served for his unjust disdain.

LIX.

" With reason, I aver, he shore the crest
Of arrogant Gernando; if in aught
He erred, 't was this, that thy supreme behest
He for an instant in his wrath forgot;
This I lament, and this extenuate not:"
" 'T is well," the other answered, " let him wend,
And brawl elsewhere; nor foster in thy thought
The seeds of fresh dispute, but here, my friend,
Let all dissensions cease, and discord have an end!"

LX.

Thus they ; meanwhile the smiling Traitress never
Ceased importuning for the promised aid ;
Throughout the livelong day each strong endeavour
Of genius, art, and beauty she essayed ;
But when pale Eve, in twilight stole arrayed,
Far in the west the dying Day inurned,
Betwixt two knights and matron dames conveyed,
Back to her rich pavilion she returned,
Till o'er blue orient hills resurgent morning burned.

LXI.

But though Persuasion seemed her spell-bound slave,
Spite of her bland words, her refined address,
And beauty such as nature never gave,
Before or since, dear woman to possess ;
Though in the trammels of her golden tresse
A deep o'ermastering transport had enchained
The noblest heroes, not with all her stress
Of artifice, could Godfrey's heart be gained ;
Unmoved, her charming smiles and flatteries he sustained.

LXII.

In vain she studied to inflame his eye
With sweet temptations to a life of love,
For as the gorged falcon scorns to fly
When the pleased hawker points the passing dove,—
So he, his wishes fixed on joys above,
Sick of the world, with mortal pleasures cloyed,
Despised the lure ; her beauty failed to move,
And all the' enchanting dalliance she employed,
Tutored by faithless love, his virtue rendered void.

LXIII.

No obstacle can turn his pious steps
From Duty's circumscribing walk ; she tries
A thousand arts, in thousand changeful shapes
Appears before him, and with Proteus vies
In every form of magical disguise ;
She has fond looks, lithe motions, bland alarms,
To' attract his gaze, and melt away the ice
From his cold heart, but heavenly grace disarms
Of power her visored trains, and shames her blandished
charms.

LXIV.

She, who had thought one blink of her bright eyes
Would kindle passion in the purest mind,
How was she mortified! with what surprise,
Yea, with what scorn and anger she repined;
Frowning, her purpose she at length resigned,
And mustered for an enterprise more fair
Her charming force; so chieftains, when they find
Impregnable the tower they gird, forbear
To press the' unprosperous siege, and turn their arms else-
where.

LXV.

Nor less was Tancred proof to the control
Of her seducing beauty; he could share
With no new face the' affections of his soul;
Clorinda only held dominion there:
For, as used poisons oft to poisons bear
Strong countercharms, e'en so 'twixt dame and dame,
Love neutralises love; Armida's snare
These shunned,—all others idolised her name,
And sported more or less around the' enchanting flame.

LXVI.

She, though she mourned that her designs should prove
But half successful, somewhat was consoled,
When she reviewed the multitudes, which Love
Beneath her conquering colours had enrolled;
And thus, ere chance to any should unfold
Her schemes, or ere her false mask should slip by,
Resolved to lead them to a stronger hold,
And forge them fetters of a stricter tie,
Than those same flowery bands in which e'en yet they lie.

LXVII.

When therefore the declining day was flown,
By Godfrey fixed to grant the promised aid,
Before him she appeared, and bending down
In humble reverence at his footstool, said:
"The period, gracious Sire, prefixed is fled;
And if the barbarous tyrant from his spies
Shall learn that I for succours here have fled,
He will prepare his powers against surprise,
And much more dangerous then will be the bold emprise.

LXVIII.

" Ere then his couriers or discursive fame
The' important tidings to his ear betray,
Let thy Compassion mine avengers name,
And send us forth, preventing all delay :
When, if the eye of Heaven with grace survey
The' affairs of mortals, if the innocent's plea
Be in its sacred scrine recorded, they
Will throne me in my realm, which thus shall be
Ever, in peace and war, subsidiary to thee."

LXIX.

She said ; the Chief, unable to recede
From his engagement, bowed to her request ;
And as she seemed so urgent to proceed,
Saw well the' election with himself must rest :
But of her vowed idolaters all pressed
To be admitted of the guardian band ;
Whilst Jealousy, infixed in every breast,
Kept dragon watch his rivals to withstand,
And deepened with his cry the' importunate demand.

LXX.

She, who the sparkling secret clearly read,
Made it at once subserve her ill intent,
Using the spur of envy and of dread,
Their lingering course to quicken and torment ;
For well she knew without some impulse lent
To stir the long dejection of the mind,
The flow of love in stagnancy is spent ;
Slow runs the steed that can outstrip the wind,
If one speeds not before, or follows fast behind.

LXXI.

The glance that flattered and the smile that wooed,
She shared with words so seemingly sincere,
That each grew envious of the other's good,
And hope stood trembling on the brink of fear ;
Her lovers, sanctioned by her gracious cheer,
And the false charter of her loving look,
Rushed headlong on in folly's wild career,
By principle uncurbed, of shame forsook,
Reckless of Godfrey's frown, keen scorn, or sharp rebuke.

LXXII.

He, who made justice his supreme delight,
Partial to none, to gladden all aspired ;
And though the follies of each amorous knight
With anger and deep shame his bosom fired ;
Yet, seeing that which blindly they desired
Determinedly persisted in, he tried
Another mode to grant the boon desired :
" Each separate warrior write his name," he cried ;
" A vase shall hold the lots, and chance the cause decide."

LXXIII.

Their names the Chiefs with acclamations write,
Collect, and shake within an urn of gold ;
At hazard drawn, the first that leaps to light,
Is Pembroke's Earl, Artemidore the bold :
The next whose title the blind Fates unfold,
On its white leaf the name of Gerard bears ;
A third the fears of Vincilas consoled,
Who, late so grave and wise in all affairs,
Now plays the lovesick youth, and shames his hoary hairs.

LXXIV.

O what delight these three first chosen show
At their extreme good fortune ! their fond eyes
With tears that from the full heart overflow,
Grow big, and sparkle o'er the happy prize ;
The rest whose doom still undetermined lies
In the dark urn, shew signs of secret hate,
Sore jealousy, and panting, pale surmise ;
Mute on the herald's lips they hang, and wait,
Breathless, the brief decree that seals their future fate.

LXXV.

To Guasco fourth, succeeds Ridolpho's name ;
The sixth the fates to Olderic accord ;
With Count Roussillon next, two peers of fame,
Henry the Frank, Bavarian Everard,
And, last, Rambaldo closed the blind award ;—
Rambaldo, who for love of that false maid,
(Has Love indeed such power ?) renounced his Lord,
A traitor knight, a perjured renegade,—
The rest, shut out from hope, their fortune loud upbraid.

LXXVI.

Inflamed with envy, jealousy, and rage,
They call her partial, wicked, and unkind;
They e'en accuse thee, Love, that thou shouldst gage
Thy judgment to an arbitress so blind:
But, as instinctively the human mind
More ardently desires what Heaven denies,
Many, in spite of fortune, have designed
To follow yet their Lady in disguise,
Soon as night's falling shades obscure the lucid skies.

LXXVII.

Follow they will, in sunshine and in shade,
And venture life in battling for her right:
She her last thanks to all saluting paid,
With broken hints and sighings, that incite
The Chiefs yet more to their intended flight;
With this, with that she grieved, or seemed to grieve,
That she must part without the dear delight
Of his desired society;—'t is eve;
The' elected Champions arm, and throng to take their leave.

LXXVIII.

Each after each the Chief advised apart
That Pagan faith was but a hollow reed,
As light and insecure; and with what art
They should from snares and adverse ills recede:
His words are uttered to the winds,—none heed
His wise advice, for when did Wisdom sway
The ear of Love? permitted to proceed,
At length they part; Armida leads the way,
All too impatient she to wait the dawn of day.

LXXIX.

Conqueress she parts, and in a sumptuous train,
Triumphal, leads along her rival foes;
Whilst still behind a countless throng remain,
Lovelorn, abandoned to a thousand woes.
But when the Night on silent wings arose,
By Peace consorted in her gentle mood,
And Dreams, the erring pupils of Repose,—
With Love's divine intelligence endued,
Their Lady's printless path they secretly pursued.

LXXX.

First Eustace followed: scarcely could he wait
The lingering hours of ebbing eve,—he hied
Swiftly away, with heart and hope elate,
Through the blind darkness, led by his blind guide;
All the moist night serene he wandered wide;
But when the sky's proud Sultan had possessed
The ruby gates of Morning, he descried
With all her guards the Lady of his quest,
In a small village near, her last night's bower of rest.

LXXXI.

Him by his arms at once Rambaldo knew,
As on fleet foot he moved to join the maid,
And cried aloud: "What seek'st thou? with what view
Com'st thou to us, in helm and mail arrayed?"
"I come," said Eustace, "in Armida's aid;
Nor shall she have, if she my zeal approve,
A trustier friend:" "And who," Rambaldo said,
"On this high task commissioned thee to move?
Who authorised thy flight?" "Love," Eustace answered,
"Love!"

LXXXII.

"Venus was my Electress, Fortune thine;
Advise which has the most authentic grant!"
To whom Rambaldo: "Off! the claim resign;
False is thy title, and impugned thy vaunt;
With us, legitimately called to plant
This virgin lily, ne'er shalt thou ally
Thy lawless aid!" Indignant at the taunt,
The youth rejoined, "And who will dare deny
My claims at proof of sword?" Rambaldo answered, "I!

LXXXIII.

"That which I dare avow, I dare maintain
At my sword's point!" he said, and saying, drew:
Not with less ardour, not with less disdain
Insulted Eustace to the quarrel flew:
But here their Mistress rushed betwixt the two;
Staying their swords, she soothed their angry vein:
To that she uttered, "What is it you do;
If you a comrade, I a champion gain,
Why should you take offence? of what can I complain?"

LXXXIV.

"Seek you my safety? why would you deprive
My straitened cause of so renowned a knight?"
To Eustace then, "Most welcome! you arrive
In happy hour, protector of my right:
What shade of reason can I have to alight
So grateful an ally, the prince of Franks!
Fortune forbid I should the zeal requite
With rude neglect!" whilst yet she paid her thanks,
From every quarter round, fresh champions joined her ranks.

LXXXV.

Unknown to each they came, and frowned askance
With hatred at their rivals; she received
All with the like smooth smiling countenance,
And whispered them what comfort she conceived
From their arrival: now when Light relieved
The dusky watch of morning, Godfrey knew
Of their defection and his loss; he grieved,
Deeply he grieved o'er the prophetic view
Sealed on his sight, of ills that hence must needs ensue.

LXXXVI.

Whilst musing thus, a messenger appears,
Swift, dusty, out of breath, a shape of woe;
Like one who news of bitter import bears,
With grief engraven on his gloomy brow:
"Signior," he said, "the' Egyptian fleets e'en now
Put out to sea, and crowd all sails in air;
Grey ocean whitens with the moving show:
William the Admiral, beneath whose care
The Genoese navy ranks, this message bids me bear.

LXXXVII.

"Nay, more; our convoy from the navied seas,
Well victualled for the camp, its fate has found;
One night, encamped among palmetto trees,
The steeds and burdened camels grazing round,
A horde of Arabs in the glen profound
Ambushed, sprang forth, the slumberers to assail
In front or flank; they slew them, or they bound
As slaves of war; nor from the fatal vale
Did one escape, but he who bore the' afflicting tale.

LXXXVIII.

"The' audacity of these marauding bands
Is now grown so licentious, that they spread
Like an o'erwhelming torrent from the sands,
Without control, and to a desert tread
The fruitful fields they traverse; to strike dread
Into their hearts, 't is fit that thou ordain
A troop of horse their coverts to invade;
And from the sea of Palestine, the plain
That to the army leads, inviolate maintain."

LXXXIX.

These tidings, magnified from tongue to tongue,
Known in a moment, palsied every ear;
On every rumour the light vulgar hung,
In all the' uncertainty of anxious fear;
For fancied Famine was already near,
And the grim skeleton of Death: the Chief,
Who saw their courage droop, essayed to cheer
Their dying hopes, and to disperse their grief,
With lively looks and words persuasive of relief.

XC.

"Ye, who through thousand perils, long flown o'er,
Have passed secure with me, in war and peace!
Champions of God, elected to restore
His frustrate faith! who over hills and seas,
The arms of Persia, the designs of Greece,
Thirst's burning torment, hunger's keen distress,
Frost, whirlwind, storm, the billow and the breeze,
Have triumphed gloriously, O say, for less
Alarms shall daunting fear your spirits now possess?"

XCI.

"In the good care of God, whose Spirit gave
Your mind its impulse, can ye not confide?
Is his arm shortened, that it cannot save?
That arm so oft in deeper perils tried!
A time will come, not distantly descried,
When to remember every past dismay
Will be no less a pleasure than a pride;
Hold then courageous on, and keep, I pray,
Your noble hearts in cheer for that victorious day."

XCII.

These words of Godfrey, and his lively air;
Exiled their terror, and revived their pride;
But many a preying thought and anxious care
Deeply secreted, in his breast abide;
How for such various nations to provide
In the prevailing scarceness; how afford
Help to his navy on the ocean wide,
Against the' Egyptian fleet! and how his sword
May fitly reach and quell the Arabs' plundering horde.

END OF CANTO V.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VI.



Stanza cviii.

ARGUMENT.

ARGANTES dares the Franks to single fight ;
 His prowess first undaunted Otho shews,
 Too rashly ; tumbled from his steed, by right
 Of martial law he into thralldom goes.
 Tancred, whom Godfrey for his champion chose,
 Renews the conflict, and his falchion plies
 Till twilight's gathering glooms a truce impose ;
 To cure her wounded lord, Erminia hies
 From the well-guarded town, at dew-fall, in disguise.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VI.

I.

BUT better hopes inspirit and make blithe
The hearts of the besieged : beside the grain
Stored from the reaping sickle and the scythe,
Beneath night's favouring darkness they obtain
Fresh stores ; and flank, and fortify amain
With engines and grim frieze the Northern wall ;
Which, grown to giant height, seems to disdain
The shock of brazen rams, as idle all,
Nor dreads what man can do to work its purposed fall.

II.

Yet still at morn, at eve, at radiant noon,
The Monarch higher gives his towers to soar ;
Nor quits his labour when the stars and moon
Silver the dusk of night ; and evermore,
New arms for battle forging to the roar
Of sweltering fires, armourer and artizan
Toil with strong limbs, till vigour be no more.
As thus the' intolerable moments ran,
To him Argantes came, and boastful thus began :

III.

" How long in these vile walls must we be bound,
Rebellious prisoners, tamed by slow blockade ?
I hear the clang of anvils ; the shrill sound
From hauberk, helm, and shield, my ears invade ;
But to what purpose is the proud parade ?
These robbers at their license don the crest ;
Scour all our fields ; our palaces invade ;
Yet none of us their progress dare molest,
Or one clear trumpet sound, to scare their golden rest.

IV.

"Them the gay lute and bounding dance employ,
Unbroken banquets and secure delights;
Their day is one long carnival of joy,
And ease and quiet crown their blissful nights;
But thou at length, when fiercely famine bites,
Conquered must fall, and with submission buy
The victor's insults and the foe's despites;
Or die without a blow, as cowards die,
If Cairo send not soon our lingering, late ally.

V.

"Ne'er o'er the dial of my life shall run
The oblivious darkness of a death it hates;
Not e'en the lustre of another sun
Shall see me shut within these cursed gates!
With this, my life's poor fragment, let the Fates
Do what is fixed for it in heaven or hell;
None e'er shall say in these inglorious straits,
That with his sword in sheath Argantes fell;
He will revenge disgrace, and earn his tomb too well.

VI.

"But if one spark of thy first chivalry
Still in thy bosom shed its fervent charm,
I should not hope in noble strife to die,
But live, enriched with honour's proudest palm;
With one accord let us resolve to arm,
Confront the Christians, and the field contest;
How oft in deepest peril and alarm,
The most audacious strokes have proved the best;
And ills which Care increased, Distraction has redressed!

VII.

"But if thou dread'st to play so bold a game;
If to stake all thy forces to decide
The war at once, be judged a frantic aim,—
At least in duel let the strife be tried:
And that with livelier willingness and pride
The Captain of the Franks may entertain
Our challenge, and the arbitrement abide,
Let him choose arms, take vantage of the plain,
And fix the terms of fight as he himself may deign.

VIII.

"Then, if no hundred-handed Briareus
Arm on his side, how fierce soe'er he be,
Dread not that evil chance thy cause will lose,
Upheld by justice, and secured by me;
In place of fate and fortune's blind decree,
My strong right hand shall from the stars pluck down
Consummate conquest for thy realms and thee:
Grasp it in pledge; now, by my old renown,
Trust me, they shall not shake one jewel from thy crown!"

IX.

He ceased, and Aladine replied: "In truth,
Though Age my pristine vigour has defaced,
Think not this scrupulous hand, too fervent youth,
A traitor to the sword it once embraced;
Think not my spirit slothful or debased;
Sooner with honour by the sword or spear
Would I expire, than die a death disgraced;
If I could entertain misdoubt or fear
That the distressful ills, announced, were really near.

X.

"Allah such shame avert! What deep my art
From others hides, to thee shall now be shewn:
The mighty Solyman, who burns in part
To' avenge the loss of his Nicean throne,
Has roused Arabia from her utmost zone
Of sand to Alcairo, and relies
On all her tribes, when once his trumpet's blown,
In the black night the foeman to surprise,
And pour into the town fresh succour and supplies.

XI.

"Soon will he join us; if meanwhile they reign
In our spoiled castles, blinded by conceit
And careless ease, fret not, whilst I retain
My purple mantle and imperial seat;
But that rash courage and intemperate heat
Which hurries thee to such excess, abate;
And for a dignified occasion, meet
For thy renown and my deep vengeance, wait;—
Soon the black storm will burst, and lightnings seal their
fate."

XII.

The haughty Pagan frowned at this : high pride
And bitter spite boiled in his breast, to hear
How on this Nicene prince the king relied,
His ancient rival and most fierce compeer :
" Sir," he replied, in icy tone austere,
" 'Tis thy undoubted right to wage or end
War at thy pleasure ; I have done ; wait here
The shivered sword of Solyman thy friend ;
Let him who lost his own thy kingdoms safe defend.

XIII.

" Proud as a patron God let him advance
To free thy people from their yoke abhorred ;
Myself am my palladium 'gainst mischance,
Nor freedom ask but from this single sword.
But whilst the rest repose, the grace accord,
That I at least may my own wrongs requite ;
That from the town descending to the sward,
Not as thy champion but a private knight,
I may at least engage the Franks in single fight."

XIV.

The king replied, " Although thou shouldst reserve
Thy sword and anger for a nobler use,
That thou defy some knight, if that will serve
Thy purpose, Aladine will not refuse."
His herald then without a moment's truce
Argantes spake, and with the daring boast
Dilating, said ; " Give all thy swiftness loose ;
And let this not mean challenge be proposed
To the Frank Duke below, in hearing of his host.

XV.

" Say, that a knight who longer scorns to crouch
Within the marble ramparts of the town,
Burns in the eye of angels to avouch,
By fact of arms, his prowess and renown ;
That he to duel hastens to come down
Upon the plain midway 'twixt tent and tower ;
To prove his valour on the golden crown
Of whatsoever Frank, of Franks the flower,
Dares to accept the gage, and try his martial power.

XVI.

"And that not only is he girt to wage
Victorious battle with a single foe,
But with the third, fourth, fifth he will engage,
Villain or lord, with high-born or with low;
The vanquished shall the victor serve, for so
The rules of war ordain:" his message done,
The silver-sceptred herald turned to go,
And lightly threw his purple surcoat on,
Emblazed with golden arms that glittered in the sun.

XVII.

When reached the tent of Godfrey the divine,
In presence of his Barons, "Prince," he said,
"May perfect liberty of speech be mine
To tell a daring message without dread?"
He in assent inclined a haughty head,
And answered, "Ay! without the thought of fear,
Before us be the mighty venture spread:"
Then thus the herald, "Now will it appear
If the great news sound sweet or frightful to your ear."

XVIII.

The knight's defiance he at large exposed,
In glorying terms, magnificent and high;—
Loud murmured the fierce Lords, and round him closed,
Scorn on each lip, and pride in every eye:
Quickly their Lion-leader gave reply;
"A modest task methinks the knight has mused;
What think ye, Peers? dare we the battle try?
Much I misdoubt when he his sword has used
On the fourth knight, the fifth will wish to stand excused!

XIX.

"But let him put it to the proof; I grant
Safe field and liberal; we have some shall dare
Advance, to lessen his presumptuous vaunt,—
They shall no vantage use, nor fact unfair,
I lift my sceptre to the stars, and swear:"
This heard, the sovereign of the silver mace
Turned back by the same path he trod whilere;
Nor till he saw Argantes face to face,
Slacked, for a moment slacked, the swiftness of his pace.

XX.

"Arm!" he exclaimed, "why hesitate to arm?
The challenge they accept with glad surprise;
Like sovereign heroes there the meanest swarm
To front you,—vizors close, and lances rise;
I saw rage lighten in a thousand eyes;
I saw a thousand hands caress the sword
In passion for the fight; hark, how the skies
Sound to their shout, as though a river roared!—
Safe guard and ample field their Captain will afford."

XXI.

He heard, he called his Squire, and hurriedly
Braced on his mail, impatient for the plain;
Whilst to the fair Clorinda standing by,
The king exclaimed: "Brave Lady! to abstain
From arms, and in the city to remain,
Whilst free Argantes issues out to fight,
Suits not thy rank; take then an armed train
For surer safety, and attend the knight;
At distance range their spears, but keep the lists in sight."

XXII.

He ceased, and soon under the open sky
The troop rode forth in beautiful array,
And marked, far on before how gallantly
The knight, in wonted arms and trappings gay,
Cheered to the frequent spur his ardent bay:—
A plain there was, seemed formed by art, between
The camp and town; of wide extent it lay,
As though the Campus Martius it had been
Before another Rome, unswelling, smooth, and green.

XXIII.

There singly he descended; there, in sight
Of the collected Camp his station took;
By his brave heart, great bulk, and brawny might
Magnificent, and menacing in look
As huge Goliath by the vale's clear brook,
Or grim Enceladus, before whose stride
The ærial pines, and fields of Phlegra shook;
But many without fear the giant eyed,
For none his utmost strength in battle yet had tried.

XXIV.

Though Godfrey yet no champion had selected,
Whose bravery best the Camp might represent,
It was no secret whom they most affected—
All eyes, hopes, wishes were on Tancred bent;
To him the favour of all faces lent,
Spoke him the' ascendant genius of the crowd;
And first a whisper round the circle went,
Which, faint awhile, grew momentarily more loud;
Nor less the General's looks his own desire avowed.

XXV.

To him the rest give place, nor silent then
Remained the Duke; "The tilt be thine," he cried;
"Tancred, meet thou the ruffian Saracen,
Repress his fury, and abase his pride:"
In Tancred's face I would you had descried
What exultation shone, what boldness glowed;
Proud to be named the' antagonist defied,
He called for helm and steed; his steed bestrode;
And straight with numerous friends from forth the en-
trenchments rode.

XXVI.

Within a bowshot of the ample field
Wherein Argantes for his champion stayed,
On the near hill, upgazing, he beheld
The warlike figure of his Persian maid:
White were the vests that o'er her armour strayed,
As snows on Alpine glaciers, and her face,
(For she her visor had thrown up) displayed
Grandeur sublime so sweetening into grace,—
The region seemed to him some heavenly-haunted place.

XXVII.

He noted not where the Circassian reared
His frightful face to the affronted skies,
But to the hill-top where his Love appeared,
Turned, slackening his quick pace, his amorous eyes,
Till he stood steadfast as a rock, all ice
Without, all glowing heat within;—the sight
To him was as the gates of Paradise;
And from his mind the memory of the fight
Passed like a summer cloud, or dream at morning light.

XX.

"Arm!" he exclaimed, "why hesitate to arm?
The challenge they accept with glad surprise;
Like sovereign heroes there the meanest swarm
To front you,—vizors close, and lances rise;
I saw rage lighten in a thousand eyes;
I saw a thousand hands caress the sword
In passion for the fight; hark, how the skies
Sound to their shout, as though a river roared!—
Safe guard and ample field their Captain will afford."

XXI.

He heard, he called his Squire, and hurriedly
Braced on his mail, impatient for the plain;
Whilst to the fair Clorinda standing by,
The king exclaimed: "Brave Lady! to abstain
From arms, and in the city to remain,
Whilst free Argantes issues out to fight,
Suits not thy rank; take then an armed train
For surer safety, and attend the knight;
At distance range their spears, but keep the lists in sight."

XXII.

He ceased, and soon under the open sky
The troop rode forth in beautiful array,
And marked, far on before how gallantly
The knight, in wonted arms and trappings gay,
Cheered to the frequent spur his ardent bay:—
A plain there was, seemed formed by art, between
The camp and town; of wide extent it lay,
As though the Campus Martius it had been
Before another Rome, unswelling, smooth, and green.

XXIII.

There singly he descended; there, in sight
Of the collected Camp his station took;
By his brave heart, great bulk, and brawny might
Magnificent, and menacing in look
As huge Goliath by the vale's clear brook,
Or grim Enceladus, before whose stride
The ærial pines, and fields of Phlegra shook;
But many without fear the giant eyed,
For none his utmost strength in battle yet had tried.

XXIV.

Though Godfrey yet no champion had selected,
Whose bravery best the Camp might represent,
It was no secret whom they most affected—
All eyes, hopes, wishes were on Tancred bent;
To him the favour of all faces lent,
Spoke him the' ascendant genius of the crowd;
And first a whisper round the circle went,
Which, faint awhile, grew momentarily more loud;
Nor less the General's looks his own desire avowed.

XXV.

To him the rest give place, nor silent then
Remained the Duke; "The tilt be thine," he cried;
"Tancred, meet thou the ruffian Saracen,
Repress his fury, and abase his pride:"
In Tancred's face I would you had descried
What exultation shone, what boldness glowed;
Proud to be named the' antagonist defied,
He called for helm and steed; his steed bestrode;
And straight with numerous friends from forth the en-
trenchments rode.

XXVI.

Within a bowshot of the ample field
Wherein Argantes for his champion stayed,
On the near hill, upgazing, he beheld
The warlike figure of his Persian maid:
White were the vests that o'er her armour strayed,
As snows on Alpine glaciers, and her face,
(For she her visor had thrown up) displayed
Grandeur sublime so sweetening into grace,—
The region seemed to him some heavenly-haunted place.

XXVII.

He noted not where the Circassian reared
His frightful face to the affronted skies,
But to the hill-top where his Love appeared,
Turned, slackening his quick pace, his amorous eyes,
Till he stood steadfast as a rock, all ice
Without, all glowing heat within;—the sight
To him was as the gates of Paradise;
And from his mind the memory of the fight
Passed like a summer cloud, or dream at morning light.

XX.

"Arm!" he exclaimed, "why hesitate to arm?
The challenge they accept with glad surprise;
Like sovereign heroes there the meanest swarm
To front you,—vizors close, and lances rise;
I saw rage lighten in a thousand eyes;
I saw a thousand hands caress the sword
In passion for the fight; hark, how the skies
Sound to their shout, as though a river roared!—
Safe guard and ample field their Captain will afford."

XXI.

He heard, he called his Squire, and hurriedly
Braced on his mail, impatient for the plain;
Whilst to the fair Clorinda standing by,
The king exclaimed: "Brave Lady! to abstain
From arms, and in the city to remain,
Whilst free Argantes issues out to fight,
Suits not thy rank; take then an armed train
For surer safety, and attend the knight;
At distance range their spears, but keep the lists in sight."

XXII.

He ceased, and soon under the open sky
The troop rode forth in beautiful array,
And marked, far on before how gallantly
The knight, in wonted arms and trappings gay,
Cheered to the frequent spur his ardent bay:—
A plain there was, seemed formed by art, between
The camp and town; of wide extent it lay,
As though the Campus Martius it had been
Before another Rome, unswelling, smooth, and green.

XXIII.

There singly he descended; there, in sight
Of the collected Camp his station took;
By his brave heart, great bulk, and brawny might
Magnificent, and menacing in look
As huge Goliath by the vale's clear brook,
Or grim Enceladus, before whose stride
The ærial pines, and fields of Phlegra shook;
But many without fear the giant eyed,
For none his utmost strength in battle yet had tried.

XXIV.

Though Godfrey yet no champion had selected,
Whose bravery best the Camp might represent,
It was no secret whom they most affected—
All eyes, hopes, wishes were on Tancred bent;
To him the favour of all faces lent,
Spoke him the' ascendant genius of the crowd;
And first a whisper round the circle went,
Which, faint awhile, grew momentarily more loud;
Nor less the General's looks his own desire avowed.

XXV.

To him the rest give place, nor silent then
Remained the Duke; "The tilt be thine," he cried;
"Tancred, meet thou the ruffian Saracen,
Repress his fury, and abase his pride:"
In Tancred's face I would you had descried
What exultation shone, what boldness glowed;
Proud to be named the' antagonist defied,
He called for helm and steed; his steed bestrode;
And straight with numerous friends from forth the en-
trenchments rode.

XXVI.

Within a bowshot of the ample field
Wherein Argantes for his champion stayed,
On the near hill, upgazing, he beheld
The warlike figure of his Persian maid:
White were the vests that o'er her armour strayed,
As snows on Alpine glaciers, and her face,
(For she her visor had thrown up) displayed
Grandeur sublime so sweetening into grace,—
The region seemed to him some heavenly-haunted place.

XXVII.

He noted not where the Circassian reared
His frightful face to the affronted skies,
But to the hill-top where his Love appeared,
Turned, slackening his quick pace, his amorous eyes,
Till he stood steadfast as a rock, all ice
Without, all glowing heat within;—the sight
To him was as the gates of Paradise;
And from his mind the memory of the fight
Passed like a summer cloud, or dream at morning light.

XX.

"Arm!" he exclaimed, "why hesitate to arm?
The challenge they accept with glad surprise;
Like sovereign heroes there the meanest swarm
To front you,—vizors close, and lances rise;
I saw rage lighten in a thousand eyes;
I saw a thousand hands caress the sword
In passion for the fight; hark, how the skies
Sound to their shout, as though a river roared!—
Safe guard and ample field their Captain will afford."

XXI.

He heard, he called his Squire, and hurriedly
Braced on his mail, impatient for the plain;
Whilst to the fair Clorinda standing by,
The king exclaimed: "Brave Lady! to abstain
From arms, and in the city to remain,
Whilst free Argantes issues out to fight,
Suits not thy rank; take then an armed train
For surer safety, and attend the knight;
At distance range their spears, but keep the lists in sight."

XXII.

He ceased, and soon under the open sky
The troop rode forth in beautiful array,
And marked, far on before how gallantly
The knight, in wonted arms and trappings gay,
Cheered to the frequent spur his ardent bay:—
A plain there was, seemed formed by art, between
The camp and town; of wide extent it lay,
As though the Campus Martius it had been
Before another Rome, unswelling, smooth, and green.

XXIII.

There singly he descended; there, in sight
Of the collected Camp his station took;
By his brave heart, great bulk, and brawny might
Magnificent, and menacing in look
As huge Goliath by the vale's clear brook,
Or grim Enceladus, before whose stride
The ærial pines, and fields of Phlegra shook;
But many without fear the giant eyed,
For none his utmost strength in battle yet had tried.

XXIV.

Though Godfrey yet no champion had selected,
Whose bravery best the Camp might represent,
It was no secret whom they most affected—
All eyes, hopes, wishes were on Tancred bent;
To him the favour of all faces lent,
Spoke him the' ascendant genius of the crowd;
And first a whisper round the circle went,
Which, faint awhile, grew momentarily more loud;
Nor less the General's looks his own desire avowed.

XXV.

To him the rest give place, nor silent then
Remained the Duke; "The tilt be thine," he cried;
"Tancred, meet thou the ruffian Saracen,
Repress his fury, and abase his pride:"
In Tancred's face I would you had descried
What exultation shone, what boldness glowed;
Proud to be named the' antagonist defied,
He called for helm and steed; his steed bestrode;
And straight with numerous friends from forth the en-
trenchments rode.

XXVI.

Within a bowshot of the ample field
Wherein Argantes for his champion stayed,
On the near hill, upgazing, he beheld
The warlike figure of his Persian maid:
White were the vests that o'er her armour strayed,
As snows on Alpine glaciers, and her face,
(For she her visor had thrown up) displayed
Grandeur sublime so sweetening into grace,—
The region seemed to him some heavenly-haunted place.

XXVII.

He noted not where the Circassian reared
His frightful face to the affronted skies,
But to the hill-top where his Love appeared,
Turned, slackening his quick pace, his amorous eyes,
Till he stood steadfast as a rock, all ice
Without, all glowing heat within;—the sight
To him was as the gates of Paradise;
And from his mind the memory of the fight
Passed like a summer cloud, or dream at morning light.

XXVIII.

The' impatient Pagan, seeing none appear
In act preparative for battle, cried;
"Desire of gallant conflict brought me here,
Come forward one, and let the tilt be tried."
Still Tancred stood as he were stupified;
The hero's shout broke not his thoughtful trance;
But Otho, striking in his courser's side
His shining rowels, bravely made advance
First in the vacant lists, and couched his eager lance.

XXIX.

He was of those whose ardent hope and aim
It was, with fierce Argantes to have fought;
To Tancred he indeed resigned his claim,
And with the rest that Prince to battle brought;
But noticing him now, absorbed in thought,
Fail the desired advantage to employ,—
Seeing the tourney he before had sought
Free to his lance, the bold impatient boy
Seized on the offered chance with rash and greedy joy.

XXX.

Swift as the tiger or voracious pard
Springs through the crashing forest, Otho pressed
To the stout Mussulman, who, on good guard,
Laid his tremendous spear in sudden rest:
Then Tancred first awoke; then from the zest
Of amorous thoughts as from a sweet dream started;
And cried, "The fight is mine! his course arrest!"
But the young champion now too far had darted
Within the lists, to be from his opponent parted.

XXXI.

Therewith he stayed, whilst wrath and crimson shame
Glowed on his cheek, and in his bosom boiled,
Deeming it worse than falsehood to his fame,
Thus of the field's first risks to be beguiled:
Meantime in mid career the hardy Childe
Struck the Circassian's burjanet, and tore
The feathers from its crown; but he, half wild,
With naked spear implacable for gore,
Quite clove his Redcross shield, and through the breast-
plate bore!

XXXII.

Pushed from his seat by rudeness of the blow,
The Christian fell, half senseless from the shock ;
But his more vigorous and athletic foe
Bore it unbowed, impassive as a rock ;
And thus began the prostrate knight to mock,—
Fierce was his gesture, insolent his tone,—
“ Yield thee my slave ! where proudest nobles flock,
’T will be enough for thy renown, to own
That thou hast fought with me, and thus been overthrown !”

XXXIII.

“ No !” said the youth, “ not quite so soon we use
To yield our arms and ardour on command ;
Let others as they list my fall excuse,
I will revenge it, or die sword in hand !”
Fierce as Alecto, pitilessly grand,
With all the Gorgon raging in his face,
And breath like that of Atè’s flaming brand,
Argantes said, “ And scorn’st thou my good grace ?
Learn then my power !” he spoke, and speaking spurned
the place.

XXXIV.

His rampant steed he drove at him, nor heeded
What to his chivalry was due ; the Frank
From the rude onset, quick as thought, receded,
And dealt, in passing, at his dexter flank
A stroke so strong, that through his armour sank
The sword, incarnadine with blood ;—the ground
Some rosy drops of the libation drank ;
But what availed it to inflict a wound
That raised the conqueror’s rage, and left his vigour sound ?

XXXV.

He curbed his courser, whirled him round, bore back,
And almost in the twinkling of an eye,
Ere his charged foe could guard against the’ attack,
Trampled him down in grim ferocity :
Short drew his breath ; quivered in agony
His legs, and with a faint, lamenting shriek
He swooned away ; now low behold him lie,—
On the hard earth thrown panting, bruised, and weak ;
Half closed the languid eye, and pale the suffering cheek.

XXXVI.

Argantes, drunk with rage, enforced his way
With high curvettings o'er his victim's chest;
And cried, "Let all proud knights obedience pay,
Like him whom thus my horse's hoofs have pressed:"
Undaunted Tancred in his manly breast
At this barbaric action could restrain
His wrath no longer; shaking his black crest,
He forward spurred, ambitious to regain
His wonted fame eclipsed, and clear its recent stain.

XXXVII.

"And O," he cried, advancing, "spirit base!
E'en in thy conquests, infamous! what meed,
What title to esteem, what claim to praise
Hop'st thou, accurst, from such a villain's deed!
With Arab robbers or the like fierce breed
Of ruffians, surely thou wert bred;—away!
Back to thy loathed den of darkness speed;
Midst hills and woods go raven for thy prey
With other wolves by night, more savage far than they!"

XXXVIII.

The Pagan Lord, to such affronts unused,
Bit both his lips, wrath's strangled orators;
He would have spoke, but only sounds confused
Broke forth, such sounds as when a lion roars;
Or, as when lightning cleaves the stormy doors
Of heaven, to rouse from its reluctant rest,
The thunder growling as the tempest pours;
For every word which he with pain expressed,
Escaped in tones as gruff, from his infuriate breast.

XXXIX.

When by ferocious threats they each had fired
His rival's pride, and fortified his own,
Some paces back they rapidly retired,
And met, like two black clouds together blown.
Queen of the Lyre! down from thy Delphic throne
Descend with all thy talismans and charms;
Breathe in my ringing shell thy hoarsest tone,
That to their rage attempered, its alarms
May with the shock, repeat the clangour of their arms!

XL.

Both placed in rest, and levelled at the face
Their knotty lances ;—ne'er did tiger's spring,
Nor ardent charger in the rushing race,
Match their swift course, nor bird of swiftest wing ;
Here Tancred, there Argantes came !—to sing
The force with which they met, would ask the cry
Of angels,—sudden the shocked helmets ring ;
Their spears are broke ; and up to the blue sky
A thousand lucid sparks, a thousand shivers fly.

XLI.

That shrill blow shook Earth's firm volubil ball ;
The mountains, sounding as the metals clashed,
Passed the dire music to the towers, till all
The City trembled ; but the shock, which dashed
Both steeds to earth, as each for anguish gnashed
Its teeth, and shrieked its noble life away,
Scarce bowed their haughty heads ; they, unabashed,
Sprang lightly up, war's perfect masters they,
Drew their gold-hilted swords, and stood at desperate bay.

XLII.

Warily deals each warrior's arm its thrust,
His foot its motion, its live glance his eye ;
To various guards and attitudes they trust ;
They foil, they dally, now aloof, now nigh,
Recede, advance, wheel, traverse, and pass by,
Threat where they strike not, where they threat not, dart
The desperate pass ; or, with perception sly,
Free to the foe leave some unguarded part,
Then his foiled stroke revenge, with art deriding art.

XLIII.

Prince Tancred's thigh the Pagan knight perceives
But ill defended, or by shield or sword ;
He hastes to strike, and inconsiderate leaves
His side unshielded as he strides abroad ;
Tancred failed not instinctively to ward
The stroke, beat back the weapon, and, inspired
With eager hope, the guardless body gored ;
Which done, of either gazing host admired,
He nimbly back recoiled, and to his ward retired.

XLIV.

The fierce Argantes, when he now beheld
Himself in his own gushing blood baptized,
In unaccustomed horror sighed and yelled,
With shame discountenanced, and with pain surprised;
And, both by rage and suffering agonized,
Raised with his voice his sword aloft, to quit
The sharp rebuke; but Tancred, well advised
Of his intent, afresh the' assailant smit,
Where to the nervous arm the shoulder-blade was knit.

XLV.

As in its Alpine forest the grim bear,
Stung by the hunter's arrow, from its haunts
Flies in the face of all his shafts, to dare
Death for the wild revenge, no peril daunts;
Just so the mad Circassian fares, so pants
For blood, as thus the foe his soul besets,
When shame on shame, and wound on wound he plants;
And his revenge his wrath so keenly whets,
That he all danger scorns, and all defence forgets.

XLVI.

Joining with courage keen a valour rash,
And untired strength with unexampled might,
He showers his strokes so fast, that the skies flash,
And earth e'en trembles in her wild affright:
No time has the alarmed Italian knight
To deal a single blow; from such a shower
Scarce can he shield himself, scarce breathe; no aleight
Of arms is there to' assure his life an hour
From the man's headstrong haste and brute gigantic power.

XLVII.

Collected in himself, he waits in vain
Till the first fury of the storm be past;
Now lifts his moony targe; now round the plain
Fetches his skilful circles, far and fast;
But when he sees the Pagan's fierceness last
Through all delay, his own proud blood takes fire;
And, staking all his fortunes on the cast,
He whirls his sword in many a giddy gyre,
Requiting strength with strength, and answering ire with ire.

XLVIII.

Judgment and skill are lost in rage; rage gives
Resentment life; fresh force resentment lends;
Where falls the steel, it either bores or cleaves
Chainplate or mail; plumes shiver, metal bends,
Helms crack, and not a stroke in vain descends;
The ground is strewed with armour hewn asunder,
Armour with blood, with ruby blood sweat blends;
Each smiting sword appears a whirling wonder,
Its flash the lightning's fire, its sullen clang far thunder.

XLIX.

Both gazing nations anxious hung suspended
Upon a spectacle so wild and new;
With fear, with hope the issue they attended,
Some good or ill perpetually in view;
Not the least beck or slightest whisper flew
Mid the two hosts so lately in commotion;
All nerve alone, all eye, all ear, they grew
Fixt, mute, and soundless as an eve-lulled ocean,
Save what the beating heart struck in its awful motion.

L.

Now tired were both; and both, their spirits spent,
Had surely perished on the field of fight,
Had not dim eve her lengthening shadows sent,
And e'en of nearest things obscured the sight;
And now on either side in apposite
Array, a reverend herald rose, and sought
From the keen strife to separate each his knight;
This Aridos, Pindoro that, who brought
Of late the' insulter's boast, and terms on which they fought.

LI.

Safe in the sacred laws of nations kept
Religiously from hallowing age to age,
The swords of both they dare to intercept
With their pacific sceptres, and the sage
Pindoro spoke; "Suspend, my sons, your rage:
Equal your glory, equal is your might;
No longer then the' inveterate warfare wage,
Nor with rude sounds unamiable affright
Rashly the holy ear of quiet-keeping Night!

LII.

"Lulled in soft rest by night each creature lies;
Man should but toil while shines the daily sun,
And noble bosoms will but lightly prize
E'en noble deeds in silent darkness done."
Argantes then: "To quit the strife begun
Pleases me ill, though darkness ride the air;
Yet worthier far will be my conquest won
Beneath the eye of day; then let him swear,
Here for fresh proof of arms again to make repair."

LIII.

To whom the high Italian: "Thou too plight
Thy promise to return, and bring with thee
Thy captive to the lists, or ne'er, proud knight,
Look thou for other time than this from me."
Thus swear they both by what may holiest be;
And the choice heralds meditate what time
May best subserve the combat; they decree,
(Considerate of their wounds) the hour of prime,
When the sixth morning's breeze sheds coolness through
the clime.

LIV.

This dreadful battle left in every heart
Deep horror, mighty wonder, and chill fear,
Which cannot be forgot, nor soon depart,
And open gloom and counterfeited cheer.
The force and valour shewn by either peer
Alone the talk of all employed—how well,
And stubbornly they fought; but which with clear
Pre-eminence of power did most excel,
Perplexed the vulgar thought; in sooth no tongue could tell.

LV.

All wait in sharp anxiety to see
What fate will crown the strife; if rage shall quail
To the calm virtue of pure chivalry,
Or giant strength o'er hardihood prevail:
But deepest cares and doubts distract the pale
And sensitive Erminia; her fond heart
A thousand agonies and fears assail;
Since, on the cast of war's uncertain dart,
Hangs the sweet life she loves, her soul's far dearer part.

LVI.

She, daughter to Cassano, who the crown
Wore of imperial Antioch, in the hour
When the flushed Christians won the stubborn town,
With other booty fell in Tancred's power:
But he received her as some sacred flower,
Nor harmed her shrinking leaves; midst outrage keen
Pure and inviolate was her virgin-bower;
And her he caused to be attended, e'en
Amidst her ruined realms, as an unquestioned queen.

LVII.

The generous knight in every act and word
Honoured her, served her, soothed her deep distress,
Gave her her freedom, to her charge restored
Her gems, her gold, and bade her still possess
Her ornaments of price: the sweet Princess,
Seeing what kingliness of spirit shined
In his engaging form and frank address,
Was touched with love; and never did Love bind
With his most charming chain a more devoted mind.

LVIII.

Thus, though in person free, her spirit ever
Remained his willing thrall; and many a tear,
Many a last look, many a vain endeavour,
It cost her to depart from one so dear,
And quit her blissful cage; but shame austere,
And princely chastity, whose least command
The high-souled lady ever must revere,
Forced her to take her aged mother's hand,
And an asylum seek in some far friendly land.

LIX.

To towered Jerusalem she came, and there
Was richly entertained; but 't was her doom,
Too soon the sable vests of woe to wear,
And plant the cypress round her mother's tomb:
But not the grief, the sickness, and the gloom,
Not all that bitter exile could inspire,
From her delicious cheek might brush the bloom,
The rosy bloom of amorous desire,
Or quench in her soft heart pure Passion's lingering fire.

LX.

She loved, she glowed, poor girl! and yet was far
From happy, for her love hoped no return;
Indeed, she turned far oftener to the star
Of Memory, than of Hope; as in an urn
Hiding within her breast the thoughts that burn
Fiercest in secret: to foment the flame,
Vain as it was, was long her sole concern;
Till with the war to Salem, Tancred came,
And Hope again flashed forth like lightning through her
frame.

LXI.

Others beheld with gloom and pale dismay
Such tameless numbers to the plain advance:
But her dark looks at once grew bright, and gay
She marked the banners float, the white plumes dance;
And rolled throughout the host an eager glance,
The generous hero of her heart to see;
Oft the vain search her sadness would enhance;
Yet oft she recognised him, in fond glee
Shook her rich locks, and said: "That, that indeed is he!"

LXII.

Near to the walls, within the palace, soared
A lofty tower antique, from whose steep height
The eye at its own pleasant will explored
The camp, the mountains, and the field of fight;
There would she sit from the first hour that light
Bathed the grey battlements, till seas and skies
Grew dark with the impurpling hues of night;—
There would she sit, fond dreamer! with her eyes
Turned to the Christian camp, and spend her soul in sighs.

LXIII.

'T was thence she viewed that battle, whose least blow
Made her heart tremble in its dainty cell,
And send its strong pulsations to and fro,
As if in solemn tone it tolled the knell
Of hope, and sounded to her soul—'Farewell
To Tancred!' troubled thus, with fear profound
She watched each fortune that her knight befell;
And ever as the Pagan's sword flew round,
Felt in her own fond heart and brain the' inflicted wound.

LXIV.

But when the fatal tidings reached her ear
That the fierce conflict must afresh be tried,
Her sick blood curdled in its flow; blank fear
Appalled her, and her heart within her died;
Now she poured forth wild tears; now sorely sighed;
And now to unseen glooms stole, seeking there
The strong convulsions of her soul to hide;
Grief in her gaze, distraction in her air,
She seemed the passive slave and picture of Despair.

LXV.

And frightful shapes and images possessed
The organs of her fancy; types and themes
More drear than death, if e'er she sank to rest,
Thronged to her sleep, and shook her midnight dreams:
Now to her sight her loved Crusader seems
Mangled and bleeding, or assaulted rears
To her his fond beseeching arms, and screams
For her vain help; till, leaping with her fears,
She wakes, and finds her eyes and bosom bathed with tears.

LXVI.

But dread of future ills was not the worst
Of her solitudes; rude visitings
Of fancy thoughtful of his wounds unnursed,
Ruffled her soul, and loosed its silver springs;
Nor less each fresh report that Rumour brings
In her fallacious circuit, magnifies
Her picturings of unknown and distant things,
Till she at length admits the wild surmise,
That at the point of death her languid warrior lies.

LXVII.

And as her mother taught her in her youth
The virtues of all herbs by saint or sage
For medicine culled, with all the charms that soothe
The thrilling wound, and calm the fever's rage,—
An art which from the Patriarchal Age
The East's prescriptive usages accord
To virgins e'en of princely parentage,—
With her own hand would she, of risk unawed,
Tend, and to health restore the bruises of her lord.

LXVIII.

To heal her love was her desire, to cure
His foe her bitter task : she thought to seek
Sometimes for poisonous herbs that might ensure
His death ; but such malignant arts her meek
And pious hands recoiled from,—she could speak,
Not execute the scheme : but she might nurse
At least the wish, her piety to pique,
That some kind power the blessings would reverse
Of all her balms and spells, and change them to a curse.

LXIX.

She had no fear to go midst adverse nations,
Who was so much a pilgrim ; she had seen
The anarchy of battle, desolations,
Adversities, and slaughters ; and had been
So tossed by Fate through each tumultuous scene,
That now her gentle mind a strength displayed
That was not in its nature,—fixed, serene ;
No more to shake with every wind that played
Amongst the midnight woods, nor shriek at every shade.

LXX.

But more than all, Love, headstrong Love, removed
From her all sense of fear : she would have faced,
Devoid of terror, for the man she loved,
The snakes and lions of the Lybian waste,
And deemed her passage sure ; but though in haste
To please her will existence she disdained,
She trembled lest her name should be disgraced ;
Two potent rivals, Love and Honour, reigned
Within her maiden breast, and dubious strife maintained.

LXXI.

" Beloved young Virgin," Honour whispered, " well
Hast thou preserved my statutes to this hour !
Think how I kept, by mine immortal spell,
Chaste thy fair limbs when in the spoiler's power ;
And wilt thou, now that thou art free, the flower
Of holy Chastity unwooed resign,
So closely treasured then ? beshrew thy bower ?
How canst thou once indulge the dread design !
What thoughts, alas, what hopes, dear maid, are these of
thine !

LXXII.

" Hold'st thou thy glory at a price so slight,
The priceless glory of a maiden's fame,
That thou must go, Love's paranymp, by night
Mid adverse hosts to court unquestioned shame?
' No,' the proud victor coolly will exclaim,
' Thou with thy throne thy dignity of mind
Hast lost,—a prize so worthless I disclaim ;'—
Say, canst thou brook to be by one so kind
To some more vulgar feere contemptuously resigned ?"

LXXIII.

Next Love, the flattering sophist, with a tongue
Sweet as the nightingale's, her soul beguiled ;
" Thou wert not, gentle maid, from rude rocks sprung,
Or nursed by wild wolves in the fruitless wild,
That thou shouldst scorn soft Cytherea's child,
His admirable bow and dulcet dart,
Forswearing bliss ; then blush not to be styled
His votaress, young and charming as thou art,—
Heaven ne'er has cursed that form with an unyielding
heart.

LXXIV.

" Go then where mild Desire thy steps invites !
Canst thou conceive thy victor harsh or vain,
Who know'st how much thy grief his grief incites,
How thy complaints e'en move him to complain?
'T is not his harshness then, but thy disdain
That thou shouldst deprecate, who with so slow
An inclination mov'st to ease his pain :
Thy virtuous Tancred dies, stern girl, and lo—
Thou must be sitting here to aid his worthless foe !

LXXV.

" Yes, cure Argantes, that his sword may smite
Thy benefactor to the dead ! what then,
Wouldst thou thus cancel, wouldst thou thus requite
The' unmeasured kindness of the best of men ?
Canst thou once doubt, that the vile Saracen
Will fail on Tancred and on thee to bring
Yet sharper pangs, restored to arms again ?
Let the mere dread and horror of the thing
Suffice to speed thee hence as on the turtle's wing.

LXXVI.

" It would be some humanity to stand
His dutiful physician ! what delight
Would it not be to lay thy healing hand
Upon the brave man's breast ! how exquisite
To watch, as at thy call, the roseate light
Of health descend with freshness to displace
The pallid hues which now his beauty blight ;
And on the colouring roses of his face,
As on thine own rich gifts, admiringly to gaze !

LXXVII.

" So shouldst thou share in all the after-fame
Of his romantic exploits ; so should sweet
And unproved caresses crown thy flame ;
And prosperous nuptials make thy joy complete :
Then into beauteous Italy, the seat
Of high-born worth, thou go'st, a glorious bride ;
Whilst Latin girls and mothers at thy feet
Scatter young flowers, and point at thee with pride,
Seated in Tancred's car, like Love by Valour's side."

LXXVIII.

With these light hopes, sweet simple girl, upbuoyed,
She fondly deemed all Paradise her own ;
Yet still a thousand doubts her mind annoyed,—
How could she pass out through the gates, unknown ;
For trumpets at the least alarm were blown,
And stationed guards paraded, without pause,
The court, the streets, and ramparts of the town ;
Nor might the gates, by Aladine's wise laws,
Be night or day unbarred, but on some urgent cause.

LXXIX.

It was Erminia's wont, long hours, to hold
Converse with brave Clorinda : them the sun
Together viewed, as down the skies he rolled,—
Them, when his orient progress was begun ;
And when his circuit through the heavens was run,
On the same couch together they reposed ;
And all her thoughts and feelings, save the one
Her glowing spirit loved and mused on most,
Were to the Persian maid familiarly disclosed.

LXXX.

This only secret to herself alone
She kept; and if she did but once complain,
Or unawares let fall a sigh or groan,
Straight she disguised it on pretence of pain
For her remembered home: so strict the chain
Of their connexion now was grown, that ne'er
Did mute or maiden offer to restrain
Erminia's access to her, whatsoe'er
Might be the' immediate theme that claimed their Lady's
care.

LXXXI.

She came one eve — Clorinda was away, —
Yet pensive she sat down, and inly weighed
Each mode of art by which she might essay
The so-much-wished departure, unbetrayed;
There whilst a thousand thoughts her mind, unstayed
In its designs, revolved, nor could decide
Which to adopt, by the mild light that played
On the white walls, suspended she descried
Clorinda's arms and vest: she saw them, and she sighed:

LXXXII.

And sighing, thus exclaimed: " Heroic dame,
How envy I thy fortune! not that thou
Art lovely in thy might, — not for the fame
And vaunt of thy wild beauty, Dearest, no!
But thee no envious cell restrains; no flow
Of cumbrous garments curbs thy steps, — thy weeds
Are of the beaten silver: thou canst go
By night or day where'er thy humour leads;
No fear thy course controls, no bashfulness thy deeds.

LXXXIII.

" Ah, wherefore did not Heaven to me accord
A strength like hers! then might I change the veil
For the plumed helm, the quiver for the sword,
And pall of purple for the shirt of mail:
Then neither thunder, heat, nor hoary hail
Should mew my love within these towers of stone:
But or in open day, or by the pale
Pure planet of the night, would I begone,
Armed, to the Christian camp, attended or alone.

LXXXIV.

" Then thou, accurst Argantes, hadst not fought
First with my lord : I would have sought the plain,
And struck, perhaps a noble conquest wrought,
And hither brought my vassal to sustain,
Forged by revengeful Love, a red-rose chain
Gay as the light, and playful as the air ;
Charmed with that fond beguilement of my pain,
I should have felt the bonds he makes me wear,
Sweet for my servant's sake, and passing light to bear.

LXXXV.

" Or else his hand the passage had explored
To my poor heart, and piercing through my breast,
His kindly-cruel and unhindered sword
Had cured the wound his image there impressed :
Then would my weary spirit be at rest ;
Perchance the victor, piteous of my doom,
With one kind tear my obsequies had graced ;
Raised the lone urn, and o'er my early tomb
Bade the green cypress wave, the' unwithering laurel bloom.

LXXXVI.

" Alas, I dream wild things ! what have I said ?
My thoughts are in a maze of follies lost ;
Shall I then stay, lamenting, yet afraid
To act, like a weak slave or shivering ghost ?
I will not ! no ! mount, spirits, to your post !
My bold heart, fortify my timorous cheek !
Can I not use these arms for once ? at most,
It is but a brief hardship that I seek ;
Can I not bear their weight, though tender, faint, and weak ?

LXXXVII.

" I can ; I will ; true Love will make me strong,—
Love gives the weakest strength : e'en the tame deer,
Pricked by his kindly heat, to battle throng
In antlered vigour, without care or fear :
I have no wish indeed with helm or spear
To war, like them ; but only, by their rape,
Like my beloved Clorinda to appear ;
If I of her but take the armed shape,
Beneath the pleasant fraud I make my sure escape.

LXXXVIII.

"The warders will not dare but ope for her
The portal-gates, and a free pass allow;
I think again . . . no other means occur;
This method only can avail my vow.
O, gentle Love! in this sharp need, do thou
Favour my flight, as thou inspir'st my wit;
And Fortune, stand benignant! even now
Prove I your power,—this is the time most fit,
Whilst yet Clorinda's cares the masked attempt permit."

LXXXIX.

Thus, fixed was her resolve; delay was none;
By the rash fervour of her passion swayed,
From her friend's near apartment to her own,
Clorinda's arms she secretly conveyed,—
For at her entrance each attendant maid
Retired, and she remained alone; whilst Night,
Blind patroness of thefts and frolics played
By gentle lovers, favourer of her flight,
Rose o'er the silent world, and hid the spoils from sight.

XC.

She, when she saw the bloom of sunset fade,
And Love's pale star put forth its sparkling fire,
No moment of her precious time delayed,
But sent a secret summons for her squire,
And for her favourite maid, in whose entire
Devotion to her person she reposed
Implicit trust: to them her strong desire
To quit the' invested city she disclosed;
But feigned that other cause the' timeless step imposed.

XCI.

Quick was the Squire, and active to provide
What for the journey he conceived was meet;
Whilst young Erminia laid her vests aside,
That hung for pomp below her graceful feet;
And to her flowered cymar disrobed complete,
Never did virgin bride a shape display
So elegantly slender; charms so sweet
Surpass the power of fancy to portray:
Prompt stands the favourite maid her Lady to array.

XCII.

The hard cold steel oppresses and offends
Her delicate smooth neck and golden hair;
Her arm, unequal to the burden, bends
Beneath the huge shield she aspires to bear:
Armed, the bright Virgin cast a dazzling glare,
And fashioned her nice step and aspect mild
To a proud stride and military air;
Love near her clapped his little wings, and smiled,
As when in female weeds Alcides he beguiled.

XCIII.

Oh, how fatiguing every moment grew
The' unequal weight! how slow her faltering pace!
Faint to her handmaid for support she drew,
And by her help moved onward a short space;
But Love renews her spirits, bright hopes brace
Her sinews strengthening as her fear abates;
So that at length they reach the chosen place,
Where the mute Squire for their arrival waits,
Vault on their steeds, and seek at once the guarded gates,

XCIV.

Disguised they went, the least-frequented ways
Selecting well; yet passed they many a band
Of soldiers under arms, and saw the blaze
Of bickering armour flash on every hand;
But none of those they met with, durst withstand
Their uncommissioned progress, nor presume
E'en to require the signal of command;
Awed they passed on, for through the evening gloom
All knew the silver arms and dreaded tigress plume.

XCV.

Erminia, though this homage had dispersed
The strongest of her doubts, was ill at ease;
Still for her bold design she feared the worst;
And heard discovery sound in every breeze.
But now the portals of the town she sees;
Checks her alarm, and in commanding state
Boldly confronts the keeper of the keys:
"For Aladine!" she cries, "unbar the gate!
Heave the portcullis up! the hour is waxing late."

XCVI.

Her female tone and form give added power
To the masked fraud; (for who would think to see
Armed and in saddle, at so dusk an hour,
A gentle lady of her high degree?)
So that the guard obeys at once, and she,
With the two pressed attendants that partake
Her flight, proceeds; for full security
Resolved to thread the vales, by bush and brake
Gliding in noiseless stealth, long winding tracks they take.

XCVII.

But when Erminia saw herself at last
Deep in the lonely vales, she curbed her steed;
For her first peril she accounted past,—
And well aware that she had now no need
For apprehension, gave attentive heed
To the still voice of prudence, which, she grieved,
Had been in her desire's impetuous speed
Passed by unheard: her access she perceived
Would prove more hard to win, than she at first believed.

XCVIII.

She now perceived the folly of a flight
In borrowed arms amid her angry foes;
Nor, on the other hand, till to the knight
She came, would she her rank or name disclose;
But, secret and reserved as the moss-rose
In its enfolding leaves, would first acquire
Pledge of deserved reception; whence she goes
More gently o'er the grass, and her desire,
Lowered to cool caution's key, thus trusts to her sure squire.

XCIX.

"My faithful servant! thee have I designed
For my precursor; but be swift and wise:
Haste to the camp, and some auxiliar find
To introduce thee where Prince 'Tancred lies;
Him of my coming tranquilly apprise:
Say, 'That a pitying lady comes to pour
Oil in his wounds, and on his grace relies
For peace, whom warring Love has wounded sore;
So may our mutual gifts our mutual ease restore!

C.

“ ‘ One, who on him does such full trust repose,
That in his hands she fears nor wrong nor scorn :’
This only—to his private ear disclose,
And if he wishes aught beside to learn,
Tell nothing, nothing know, but straight return ;
I (for the spot a sense of safety brings)
Will meanwhile in the valley make sojourn :”
This said, her faithful herald forward springs ;
And scours the vale as though endued with actual wings.

CI.

With such a dexterous skill his aim he wrought,
He won the jealous sentries, passed them clear,
And to the warrior on his couch was brought,
Who heard the message with delighted ear.
Left to himself, the’ astonished cavalier
Lay full of thought, and in his fancy weighed
A thousand doubtful things, by hope and fear
At once possessed : the answer which he made
Was, that she safe might come, and secret as the shade.

CII.

But she meanwhile impatient, in whose eyes
Each moment sowed an age, to care a prey,
Counts to herself each separate step, and cries,
“ Now he arrives, now speaks, now hastes away ;”
Next she upbraids his indolent delay ;
Chides his unusual want of diligence ;
And, weary grown of his eternal stay,
Spurs till she gains the nearest eminence,
Whence her dilating eye discerns the distant tents.

CIII.

On high were the clear stars ; the gentle Hours
Walked cloudless through the galaxy of space,
And the calm moon rose, lighting up the flowers
With frost of living pearl : like her in grace,
The’ enamoured maid from her illumined face
Reflected light where’er she chanced to rove ;
And made the silent Spirit of the place,
The hills, the melancholy moon above,
And the dumb valleys round, familiars of her love.

CIV.

Seeing the Camp, she whispered ; " O ye fair
Italian tents ! how amiable ye shew !
The breathing winds that such refreshment bear,
Ravish my soul, for 't is from you they blow !
So may relenting Heaven on me bestow,—
On me, by froward Fate so long distressed,—
A chaste repose from weariness and woe,
As in your compass only lies my quest ;
As 't is your arms alone can give my spirit rest.

CV.

" Receive me then, and in you let me find
Love's gentle voice, which spoke of pity, true ;
And that delightful music of the mind,
Which in my blest captivity I drew
From my lord's mercy ; patronized by you,
I have no wish to re-obtain and wear
My regal crown,—adieu, vain pomps, adieu !
Enough for me if Tancred grants my prayer ;
More blest in you to serve, than reign a queen elsewhere."

CVI.

Ah, little does she think, while thus she dreams,
What is prepared for her by Fortune's spite !
She is so placed, that the moon's placid beams
In line direct upon her armour light :
So far remote into the shades of night
The silver splendour is conveyed, and she
Surrounded is, with brilliancy so bright,
That whosoe'er might chance her crest to see,
Would of a truth conclude it must Clorinda be.

CVII.

And, as Fate willed, close couched in the high fern,
In stations due of distance interposed,
Two brave Italian brothers, Polypherne,
And, paramount, Alcander, had disposed
Full fifty youths, the flower of Tancred's host,
To intercept the Saracens' supply
Of flocks and herds from the Arabian coast ;
Erminia's servant but escaped their eye
By his long winding track, and speed in gliding by.

CVIII.

Watchful young Polyperne, whose aged sire
Before his eyes Clorinda lately slew,
Saw the white arms, the feminine attire,
And the charged helmet for Clorinda's knew;
Rash and unguarded in his wrath, he drew
His urged attendants from the covert near;
And, as on fire for vengeance forth he flew,
Shouted aloud, " 'Tis well; death waits thee here!"
And lanced, but lanced in vain, his formidable spear.

CIX.

As when a hind, inflamed with fervid thirst,
Seeking the cool refreshing fountains, sees
A clear spring gushing from a crag, or burst
Of some cascade o'erbowed with leafy trees,—
If, while she thinks to taste the shade at ease,
And quaff the waves up that so sweetly roar,
The hunter's horn sounds shrilly in the breeze,
Back, back she rushes, nor remembers more
The faintness, thirst, and heat, that fired her limbs before :

CX.

So she, who thought in Tancred's pure embrace
To quench the love which she began to find
Inflame her heart, and, anchored on his grace,
To woo repose to her so weary mind,
Hearing the clang of weapons on the wind,
And the loud menace of the hunters armed
To thwart her pleasures; tremblingly resigned
Thought of the joy that wooed, the wish that warmed,
And spurred her courser back, distracted and alarmed.

CXI.

Away the Princess flies, her snorting steed
Trampling with swift intelligential feet
The echoing soil; with imitative speed
Flies too her handmaid, while with steps less fleet
The troop pursue; and now the squire discreet,
With his untimely tidings comes in sight
Of the pale maid, perceives her in retreat,
And, pressed, participates her dubious flight;
Wide o'er the plains they speed, diversely driven by fright.

CXII.

But the more wise Alcander, though he too
Had the same counterfeit Clorinda seen,
Would not the' already challenged maid pursue,
But kept still close within his leafy screen ;
And sent to say, that through the valleys green
Nor fleecy sheep had passed, nor lowing steer ;
And that no foe had intercepted been,
But strong Clorinda, who in panic fear
Fled from his brother's call and close-pursuing spear :

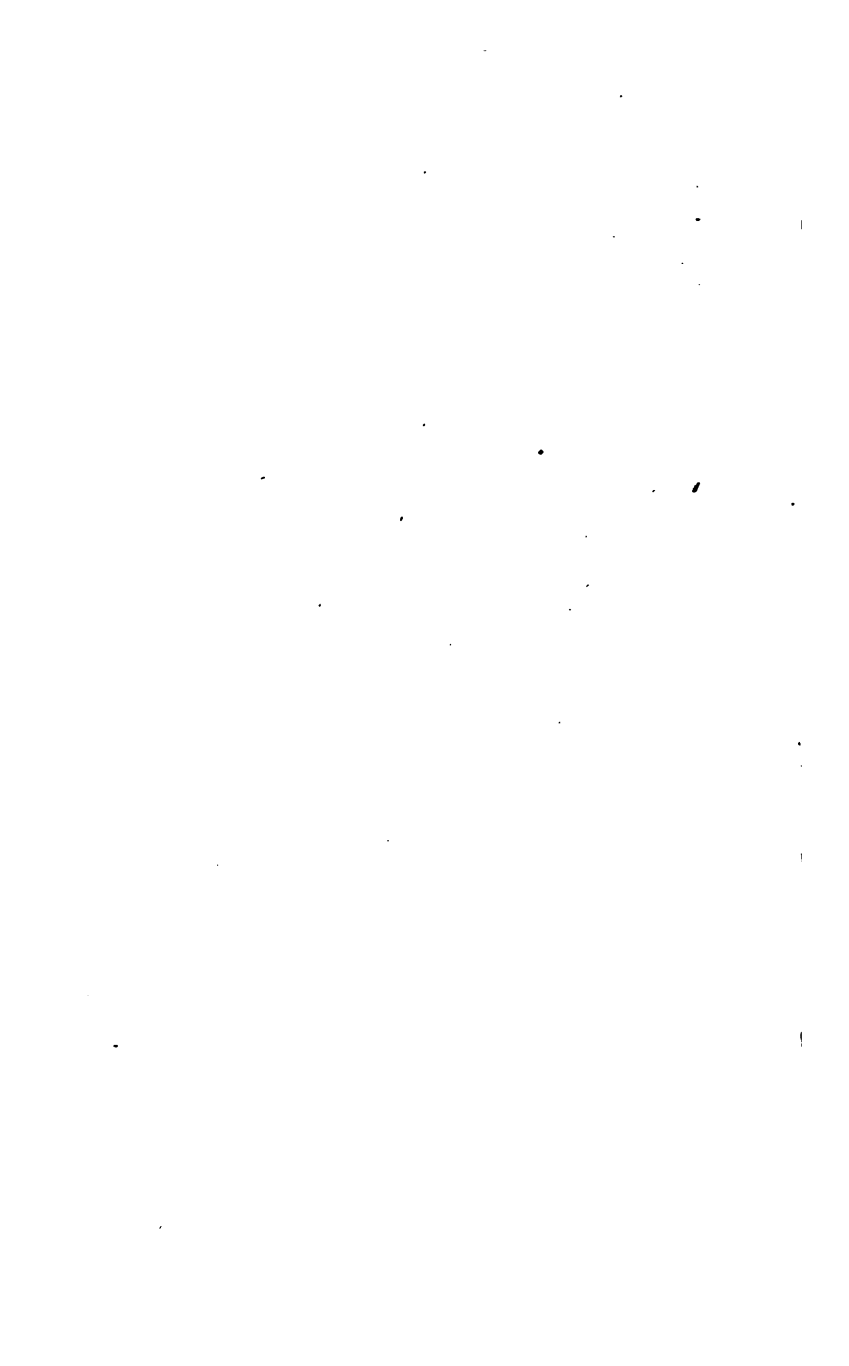
CXIII.

And that he could not reasonably conceive
That she, the Lady Chieftain of the land,
Not a mere warrioress, would choose to leave
The town at such an hour, but on some grand
And hardy enterprise, for mischief planned
Against the camp ; yet, ere he shifted thence,
He looked for Godfrey's counsel or command :
The scout that brought the news of these events,
Passing, divulged it first amid the' Italian tents.

CXIV.

Tancred, who yet had scarce the doubts allayed
Raised by the message which the Syrian bore,
Thinks, what if for my sake the courteous maid
Risks her dear life ! ah, what if all be o'er !
He leaps from off his couch, assumes no more
Than half his arms, in still and secret haste
Climbs to his steed, the strange event to' explore,
And, following the clear footmarks freshly traced,
Glides like a shooting star across the moonbright waste.

END OF CANTO VI.



JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VII.



Stanza cvii.

ARGUMENT.

A hospitable shepherd entertains
 Forlorn Erminia; her undaunted knight
 Seeking the frightened Damsel, in the trains
 Of false Armida, is entrapped by sleight.
 Raymond with proud Argantes dares the fight,
 And gains an Angel for his guard; betrayed
 By rage to deepest risk, in helpless plight
 The Pagan stands, till Belzebub, in aid,
 Blends the two gazing hosts in uproar, storm, and shade.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VII.

I.

Through the brown shade of forests ivied o'er
With age, meanwhile, divine Erminia fled;
Her trembling hand the bridle ruled no more;
And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.
The steed that bore her with the' instinctive dread
Of danger, at its own wild mercy, through
Such winding paths and bosky mazes sped,
That it at length quite rapt her from the view;
Baffling the eager hopes of those that would pursue.

II.

As when, after some long and toilsome chase,
The hounds return, a sad and panting train,
Leaving the prey it mocks their skill to trace,
Lodged in some thicket from the open plain;
So, full of shame, resentment, and disdain,
Their far pursuit the weary knights resigned;
Yet still the timid Virgin fled amain
Through the drear woods, disconsolate of mind,
Nor once looked back to mark if yet they pressed behind.

III.

All night she fled; and all the day succeeding,
Still without guidance or reflection, flies
O'er dale and hill, nought listening to, or heeding,
But her own tears, but her own mournful cries;
Till now, what time the sun, descending, dyes
The clouds with crimson, leaving earth in shade,
Fair Jordan's lucid current she descries;
There first her steed's bewildered step she stayed;
Her bed the chill green bank, her bower the wild woods made.

IV.

Repast she yet had none ; her only diet
The food that sorrow from remembrance brings ;
But Sleep at length, pain's balm, and care's sweet quiet,
O'er her closed eyes displays his brooding wings ;
Seals with his opiate rod the many springs
Of thought, and in serene oblivion steeps
Her sense of grief ; but forms of visioned things
Disturb her fluttering spirit whilst she sleeps,—
Still Fancy's pictured porch unsilenced Passion keeps.

V.

She slept, till in her dreaming ear the bowers
Whispered, the gay birds warbled of the dawn ;
The river roared ; the winds to the young flowers
Made love ; the blithe bee wound its dulcet horn :
Roused by the mirth and melodies of morn,
Her languid eyes she opens, and perceives
The huts of shepherds on the lonely lawn ;
Whilst seeming voices, 'twixt the waves and leaves,
Call back her scattered thoughts,—again she sighs and
grieves.

VI.

Her plaints were silenced by soft music, sent
As from a rural pipe, such sounds as cheer
The Syrian shepherd in his summer tent,
And mixed with pastoral accents, rude but clear.
She rose ; and gently, guided by her ear,
Came where an old man on a rising ground
In the fresh shade, his white flocks feeding near,
Twig-baskets wove, and listened to the sound
Trilled by three blooming boys, who sate disporting round.

VII.

They at the shining of her silver arms
Were seized at once with wonder and despair ;
But sweet Erminia soothed their vain alarms,
Discovering her dove's eyes, and golden hair.
“ Follow,” she said, “ dear innocents, the care
Of favouring Heaven, your fanciful employ !
For the so formidable arms I bear,
No cruel warfare bring, nor harsh annoy,
To your engaging tasks, to your sweet songs of joy !

VIII.

"But, Father, say, whilst the destructive fire
Of war lays waste the country wide and far,
How live you free from military ire,
Beneath the charm of what benignant star?"
"My son," said he, "from the rude wrongs of war
My family and flocks in this lone nook
Were ever safe; no fears my quiet mar;
These groves to the hoarse trumpet never shook;
Calm rolls yon stately stream, calm flows each woodland
brook.

IX.

"Whether it be that Heaven protects in love
The chaste humility of shepherd swains,
Or, as its lightnings strike the crag's tall grove,
But leave untouched the roses of the plains,—
That so the wrath of foreign swords disdains
To harm the meek heads of the lowly poor,
Aiming alone at lofty kings,—our gains
Tempt not the greedy soldier to our door;
Safe stands our simple shed, despised our little store.

X.

Despised by others, but so dear to me,
That gems and crowns I hold in less esteem;
From pride, from avarice is my spirit free,
And mad ambition's visionary dream.
My thirst I quench in the pellucid stream,
Nor fear lest poison the pure wave pollutes;
With flocks my fields, my fields with herbage teem;
My garden-plot supplies nutritious roots;
And my brown orchard bends with Autumn's wealthiest
fruits.

XI.

"Few are our wishes, few our wants; Man needs
But little to preserve the vital spark:
These are my sons; they keep the flock that feeds,
And rise in the grey morning with the lark.
Thus in my hermitage I live; now mark
The goats disport amid the budding brooms;
Now the slim stags bound through the forest dark;
The fish glide by; the bees hum round the blooms;
And the birds spread to heaven the splendour of their plumes.

XII.

"Time was (these grey hairs then were golden locks),
When other wishes wanted in my veins;
I scorned the simple charge of tending flocks,
And fled disgusted from my native plains.
Awhile in Memphis I abode, where reigns
The mighty Caliph; he admired my port,
And made me keeper of his flower-domains;
And though to town I rarely made resort,
Much have I seen and known of the intrigues of court.

XIII.

"Long by presumptuous hopes was I beguiled,
And many, many a disappointment bore;
But when with youth false hope no longer smiled,
And the scene palled that charmed so much before,—
I sighed for my lost peace, and brooded o'er
The abandoned quiet of this humble shed;
Then, farewell State's proud palaces! once more
To these delightful solitudes I fled;
And in their peaceful shades harmonious days have led."

XIV.

This his discourse so sweetly did subdue
The secret sorrows of the listening maid,
Each word, descending to her heart, like dew,
The feverish passion of her soul allayed:
That, when the measure she had inly weighed—
Her present peace, and her so late dismay,—
She stood resolved within the silent shade
Of these sweet solitudes, at least to stay,
Till for her safe return kind Heaven might smooth the way;

XV.

And thus replied: "O fortunate and wise!
Who hast thyself experienced, nor forgot
The ills of cruel fortune! if the skies
Be nothing jealous of thy blissful lot,
Pity my woes, and to this pleasant spot
Deign to receive me, stung with sorrow's smart;
In the safe shelter of thy welcome cot
And these still shades, I may perhaps in part
Lose the oppressive weight that hangs around my heart!

XVI.

"And if what crowds fall down to and adore
As idols, gold and jewels, thou shouldst prize,
Rich e'en in ruin, I have here a store
That well thine utmost wishes may suffice."
Then, showering from her bright benignant eyes
Tears like those dropt from heaven's resplendent bow,
Part of her history she told: with sighs
And tears, in concord with her own that flow,
The pitying shepherd heard the narrative of woe;

XVII.

And straight, with all a father's love and zeal,
He took her to his heart, soothed her distress,
And to his wife, whose heart alike could feel
For others' sorrows, led the fair Princess.
Her arms she changes for a pastoral dress,
And with rude ribbon binds her dainty hair;
Yet still, her graceful manner of address,
Movement of eyes and steps the truth declare,—
Was never woodland girl so delicately fair!

XVIII.

Those rustic weeds hid not the princely fire
And grandeur so instinctively her own;
In every action through her quaint attire,
The latent spirit of the Lady shone;
Whether she drove her flocks to range alone
The thymy down, or penned them in the fold;
Or, to wild ditties sung in mournful tone,
The dulcet cream in churns revolving rolled,
Till firm the fluid fixed, and took the tinge of gold.

XIX.

Oft when her flocks, from summer's noontide rays,
Lay in cool shades o'erarched by gadding vines,
She carved on beeches and immortal bays
Her Tancred's name, and left the mossy pines
With sad inscriptions flourished, silent signs
Of the unhappy flame her fancy fed;
And when again she saw her own fond lines,
As she the melancholy fragments read,
Fresh tears of grief unchecked her lovely eyes would shed:

XX.

And weeping she would say ; " For ever be,
 O ye dear trees, historians of my woe !
 That when two faithful lovers rest, like me,
 In the cool shade your verdant boughs bestow,
 Their hearts with generous sympathy may glow ;
 And, as this volume of my griefs they view,
 Say to themselves, ' Ah, never may we know
 Her pangs, poor maid ! 't is hard a love so true
 Should be so ill repaid by Love and Fortune too !"

XXI.

" Perhaps, if Heaven benignly hears the vow
 And prayer affectionate of girls unblest,
 He who cares nothing for Erminia now,
 May wander to these woods, where buried rest
 Her virgin relics, early dispossessed
 Of life's pure fire,—may, glancing on my grave
 White with spring's violets, beat his manly breast,
 And to my griefs—the first he ever gave—
 Yield a few gracious tears, too late, alas, to save !

XXII.

" Thus, though in life most miserable, in death
 Bliss to my spirit shall at least arise ;
 And my cold ashes, quickened by his breath,
 Enjoy what now my evil star denies."
 Whilst thus, the tears fast streaming from her eyes,
 To the deaf trees she talked in fondest phrase,
 The' unconscious object of her plaintive cries,
 As chance or froward fortune guides him, strays
 In search of her, far-off, through dark and dreary ways.

XXIII.

Following the impress of her horse's hoof,
 He reached the neighbouring wood ; there brier and fern
 So choked the way, and from its leafy roof
 The chequered shade grew momentarily so stern,
 That he no more could 'mid the trees discern
 The recent prints, but through the gloom profound
 Wandered perplexed ; at almost every turn
 Listening if, chance, from the deep glens around,
 Of arms or trampling steeds his ear might catch the sound.

XXIV.

And if but the night breeze in beech or oak
Shook the still leaves, if but a timid bird
Sped through the rustling boughs, from slumber woke,
Or fiercer creature in the thicket stirred,
To the vague murmur instantly he spurred ;
At length he issued from the wood's blind maze,
And to a noise mysterious, which he heard
Remote,—beneath the yellow moon's bright rays,
Rode, till he held the cause subjected to his gaze.

XXV.

A steep he reached, where from the living stone
Fell in full streams a beautiful cascade ;
Which, curbed into a flood, went roaring on,
And the whole valley like a garden made.
Here he his fruitless steps dejected stayed ;
He called—but Echo of his eager cries
Made mockery, vocal from the greenwood shade,—
None else ; meanwhile he saw—with tranquil eyes,
Blooming with white and red the new Aurora rise.

XXVI.

He sighed, he stormed, he angrily repined,
And of his disappointment Heaven accused ;
But deepest vengeance vowed, if he should find
That the dear maid had been at all abused.
Back to the Camp at length, when he had mused
What step to take, his course he fixed to steer,
Although the way was dubious and confused ;
For well he knew the stated time drew near,
When he again should fight the' Egyptian cavalier.

XXVII.

Through many a winding path as he advanced,
He heard the sound of hoofs ; nor was it long,
Ere up the narrow vale in prospect, pranced
One, courier-like, who shook a waving thong ;
Gay at his side by chains of silver hung
An ivory horn, in our Italian mode
Across his shoulders negligently slung ;
Tancred of him inquired the nearest road
To Godfrey's camp, which strait the ready stranger shewed :

XXVIII.

Adding in Tuscan; "Thither am I bent,
By Bohemond's command;" the knight, this heard,
Deemed him his uncle's post, and with him went,
In full reliance on his guileful word.
They came at length to where, alike unstirred
By breeze or storm, a stagnant lake embayed
A castle; huge the pile its waters gird;
On the dark towers the sun one moment played,
Then sudden sank to sea, and left the world in shade.

XXIX.

Arrived, the courier blew his signal horn,
Instant a drawbridge fell athwart the fosse;
"Sir Knight," he said, "thou here canst rest till morn,
If Frank thou art, or follower of the Cross;
These towers Cosenza's Earl, with little loss,
Three days since wrested from the Turk:" the knight
Gazed on the antique structure,—grey with moss,
Gloomy, yet grand it shewed, of giant height,
Nobly defenced by art, impregnable in site.

XXX.

A pile so strong, concealed, he was afraid,
Some secret treason or malignant charm;
But, to all risks accustomed, he betrayed
Neither by sound nor sign the least alarm;
For well he trusted in his own right arm,
Where'er by choice or Fortune led, to make
Terms of complete security from harm;
But, pledged already, and his fame at stake,
No fresh adventure now he cared to undertake.

XXXI.

Before the Castle, where in the green lea
The drawbridge ceased to span the sullen tide,
He therefore paused; nor would persuaded be
To follow o'er the flood his wily guide.
But now an armed warrior he descried
On the pontoon, of fierce and scornful mien;
Sublime his statue, haughty was his stride;
In his right hand a naked sword was seen,
And thus he spake in terms decisive, stern, and keen.

XXXII.

"O thou whom choice conducts, or fortune charms
To tread, beguiled, Armida's fatal lands!
Think not of flight; strip off those idle arms,
And to her chains submit thine abject hands.
Free to thy feet her guarded palace stands,
The bliss to taste, the féalty to swear,
Which she to others offers, and commands;
Look not to see heaven's sunshine more, whate'er
May be thy youth of years, or hoariness of hair;—

XXXIII.

"Unless thou swear her edicts to enforce,
And with her other slaves to death pursue
All Christ's detested sons:" at this discourse
The knight regarded him, on closer view,
The arms and accents recognised, and knew
Rambaldo for his foe,—the Gascon base,
Who with Armida from the camp withdrew,
Pagan became, and here, to his disgrace,
Maintained the evil rules and customs of the place.

XXXIV.

The pious warrior blushed with holy scorn,
And answered; "Curst apostate! know that I
That Tancred am, who aye for Christ have borne
The warrior's weapon on my martial thigh.
Strong in His strength, his rebels I defy,
And tame; as thou, if thou but enterprise
Thy sword with mine, shalt surely testify;
For the just anger of the' insulted skies
Has chosen this strong right hand thy treason to chastise."

XXXV.

Aghast at mention of his glorious name
Stood the false knight, but cloked his fear, and said;
"Ill-starred the hour when to these shores you came,
In Eblie' halls to join the silent dead!
Here shall thy crest be shorn, thy spirits shed;
To the last drop thy heart's blood will I spill,
And to your Captain send that haughty head,
In gift of grace, if but my prowess still
Be, what it ever was, consistent with my will."

XXXVI.

Whilst thus the Pagan spoke, the shades of night
Shut up their view; when swift, around, on high,
Cressets, and lamps, and urns of golden light
Filled the dusk element with brilliancy:
Gay shone the Castle to the' enchanted eye,
As in a theatre the shifted scene,
When gorgeous Tragedy sweeps sceptred by;
And in her lofty latticed bower, the Queen
Unmarked spectatress sate, and smiled behind her screen.

XXXVII.

Meanwhile the Christian Chief begins to fit
His arms and courage to the coming fight,
Nor on his feeble courser will he sit,
His foe on foot, but generously alight.
The foe comes covered with his buckler; bright
The helmet glitters on his head, and bare
Shines his raised scimeter in act to smite;
'Gainst him the Prince too flies, his worst to dare,
Like thunder sounds his voice, his eyes like lightnings glare.

XXXVIII.

That, in wide circles wheels averse, in strict
Defence of art, feigns, motions, falsifies;
This though late wounds and faintness sore afflict,
With bold impatience the near conflict plies;
And when his foe draws back, in quick surprise
Springs with the utmost speed he can command,
To intercept, or smite him as he flies;
Whilst ever and anon his active hand
To the unguarded face directs its flashing brand.

XXXIX.

With yet more eagerness the Prince assails
The vital parts, and every stroke he deals
Quits with high threats; the Gascon's courage fails,
His ears ring inward, and his blood congeals:
Now here, now there in panic fear he wheels,
Lithe and alert as an assaulted snake;
With live eye circumspect his blows he steals;
And now with sword, now shield, essays to make
The knight's impetuous steel a slant direction take.

XL.

But he to ward off harm is not so swift
As that fierce foe is active to assail;
Battered his helm, his shield's already cleft,
And bored and bloody is his plated mail.
Of Tancred's meditated blows, none fail
Of their effect, not one descends in vain;—
Each keenly wounds; the renegade turns pale,
And his heart writhes at once beneath the pain
Of anger, pride, remorse, love, conscience, and disdain.

XLI.

On one last effort of despairing pride
Resolved at length his dying hopes to set,
He casts the fragment of his shield aside,
Grasps with both hands his sword, uncrimsoned yet,
And, closing nimbly with his foe, to get
The full command and vantage of the ground,
Quits with so sharp a stroke his heavy debt,
That through both plate and mail the flesh it found,
And in the warrior's side impressed a grisly wound.

XLII.

Next on his spacious brows he struck,—the steel
Like an alarm-bell rang; a stroke so dire
And unexpected made the warrior reel
Some paces back, yet left the helm entire.
Red grew the prince's cheeks for very ire;
In agony of shame his teeth he gnashed;
His eyes were like two coals of living fire,
And every glance that through his visor flashed,
Blasted the Gascon's pride, both blasted and abashed.

XLIII.

He heard the hissing of the Avenger's steel,
Brandished aloft; its shining he descried;
Already in his breast he seemed to feel
The accelerated sword his heart divide,
And tremblingly recoiled; the blow fell wide
On an antique pilaster that embossed
The marble bridge,—sparks flashed on every side;
Fragments sprang forth and in the skies were lost;
Whilst to the traitor's heart fear shot its arrowy frost.

XLIV.

Back to the bridge he rushed, in speed reposing
His hopes of life,—behind, the' Avenger hung
On his fleet steps, now near, now nearer closing,
One hand already to his shoulder clung;
When lo! from trembling air the lights are wrung;
The cressets disappear; the tapers die;—
Gone was each star that in blue ether hung;
The yellow moon drew in her horns on high;
And all grew hideous shade beneath the vacant sky.

XLV.

Through the thick glooms of witchcraft and of night
Nought could the Prince distinguish to pursue;
Still he pressed on, though ignorant if aright,
His steps confused and dubious as his view:
Bewildered thus, he to the portals drew,
By evil chance the threshold he passed o'er,
And of his fatal entrance nothing knew,
Till hoarse behind, with repercussive roar,
The sullen hinge flew back, and locked the closing door.

XLVI.

As from our seas to the Comacchian bay,
Urged by the fury of the driving tide,
The vext fish joys to cleave its wanton way
Where calm and smooth the silent waters glide,
And locks itself unconsciously inside
The marshy gaol; nor finds, till it would dart
Back to the ocean, all escape denied;
For the strange estuary, with curious art,
To all free access yields, but lets not one depart:

XLVII.

So Tancred there (such artful springs involved
The wizard work of that mysterious den),
Entered with ease, but found, on flight resolved,
No human foot might pass its walls again.
He shook the massy gate with might and main;
The lock essayed; the brazen hinges tried;
But found the effort void, the project vain:
"In vain," a loud voice in the distance cried,
"Seek'st thou to flee from hence, lorn thrall of queen Armide!"

XLVIII.

"Here thou, thus livingly entombed, shalt waste
(Fear not for death) thy days and years alone ;"
The hardy knight replied not, but compressed
Within his heart affliction's rising groan.
Love inly he accused,—love, fate, his own
Small wit, and his false guide's deceptions fell ;
"T is not," he murmured in desponding tone,
"T is not to bid the cheerful sun farewell
Can make my heart with grief or proud resentment swell.

XLIX.

"That were small suffering ; but I lose, alas,
Of a diviner sun the lovelier grace !
Ignorant if e'er these gates I shall repass,
Or e'er again the blissful sight embrace
Of my love's stately form and radiant face :"
Therewith the image of Argantes came,
And deepened his distress ; "O dire disgrace !"
He cried ; "with too just cause will he defame
My truth ; alas the' affront ! the fixt eternal shame !"

L.

Whilst love, whilst honour thus his spirit stings,
Nor peace, nor rest the fierce Argantes knows
On his soft pillow ; from the couch he springs,
And such his scorn of indolent repose,
Such lust for glory in his bosom glows,
That though his former wounds are yet unsealed,
And twinge him still with intermittent throes,
He burns to see the sixth day-dawn revealed,
And hear the trumpet sing his summons to the field.

LI.

Scarce could the Paynim rest the previous night,
Scarce close an eyelid ; restless with desire,
He rose whilst heaven was starry, long ere light
Had touched the mountain-peaks with ruddy fire ;
And "Bring my arms !" he shouted to his squire,—
His ready arms the active servant brought ;
Not those he wont to wear, but bright attire
Of plate, which Aladine had late besought
The man to' accept, with skill and wondrous labour wrought.

LII.

He takes them, little curious of their pride,
Not ill his limbs the weighty burden bear;
And last, his wonted sabre to his side
He girds, of purest steel, antique and rare.
As with its bloody locks let loose in air,
Horribly bright, the Comet shews whose shine
Plagues the parched world, whose looks the nations scare,
Before whose face states change, and powers decline,
To purple Tyrants all an inauspicious sign,—

LIII.

So in his arms he sparkled, and askance
His eyes, with blood and rage inebriate, rolled;
A mortal menace shone in every glance,
Nor of his vassals was there one so bold,
As trembled not sincerely, to behold
His face of horror, and the scorn displayed
In fierce gesticulations; in his hold
He strained, he raised, he shook his naked blade,
Wounding the empty air and unessential shade.

LIV.

"Right soon," he cried, "shall the vain-glorious wretch
That in close fight with me presumed to stand,
Faint at my feet his bleeding carcase stretch,
And soil his flowing tresses in the sand.
Yet shall he live to see my conquering hand,
Despite his baffled God, triumphant tear
His arms away, shall with intreaties bland
Beg me, but vainly beg, his limbs to spare,
Vowed to the growling dogs, and griffins of the air!"

LV.

E'en as a bull, that, stung with hot desire,
Horribly roars, and with his roaring shakes
The nodding groves, thus cherishing his ire,
Till anger burns, and all the brute awakes;
He whets his horns against the oaks, and makes
As he to battle would the winds invite,
With empty strokes; then from the thicket breaks,
And spurns the yellow sands with hoofs that cite
The rival of his love, far-off, to mortal fight.

LVI.

With such blind fury moved, Argantes sent
To call the herald, and abruptly cried;
"Go to the Camp, and bid, in Godfrey's tent,
The Christian champion fiercely be defied!"
For none he waits, but with impatient pride
Vaults to his saddle, and commands to lead
The conquered Otho fettered at his side;
Then, issuing from the town, his snorting steed
Spurs down the vales in rash and unrelaxing speed.

LVII.

He blew his hollow horn,—the startling sound
Rolled o'er the hills in echoes far away,
And like the thunder the dark storm flings round,
Filled both the ear and spirit with dismay.
Soon within Godfrey's tent in fair array
The Christian knights were met; his haughty claim
The herald made,—with all his challenge lay,
But Tancred he distinguished first by name,
Then on insulting heel turned back to whence he came.

LVIII.

In deep suspense, with slow and serious glance,
Godfrey contemplated each chief and knight;
Long grew his gaze, yet would not one advance
To undertake the formidable fight.
His bravest Chiefs were wanting to his sight,—
Tidings were none of Tancred, since the hour
Of his alarm and surreptitious flight,
Bohemond far, and self-exiled the flower
Of all his force, the knight who quelled Gernando's power.

LIX.

Whilst yet, beside the chance-elected ten,
His most experienced, most renowned in wars
Following had joined Armida's subject train,
Beneath the favour of the midnight stars;
The rest, coy favourites of a feebler Mars,
Though blushing for the fault, stood mute and tame;
None cared at such a risk to purchase scars,
Though with sure promise of a glorious fame,
So much their sense of fear o'erpowered their sense of shame.

LX.

In their long silence, in their looks, too plain
In every sign he traced the thoughts that scare
Their timid souls; and with sublime disdain
Upstarting sudden from his ducal chair,
Said; "Most unworthy should I be to bear
Life, O my Peers, if, raised to this high post,
That life to hazard I should now forbear,
Leaving it in a Pagan's power to boast,
He under-foot had trod the honour of our host.

LXI.

"Sit still, my knights, and safe from all alarms
View at your perfect ease the risk I run;
Bring me my arms, Sigero, bring my arms!"
Decisively he spoke, and it was done.
But Raymond, who from ripe old age had won
Like ripe discretion and consistent thought,
Whose strength, still verdant, was surpassed by none
In that assembly, better counsels brought,
Stood forth, turned to his Chief, and turning, thus besought.

LXII.

"Ah no, my Prince! stake not the lives of all
Upon the hazard of thine own! look round;
No simple soldier art thou; shouldst thou fall,
The grief were public, public were the wound:
On thee our Faith and empire rest, renowned
By thy wise rule; on thee it is we build
Our hopes to raze this Babel to the ground:
To others leave the use of sword and shield;
Fight thou by mind alone, alone the sceptre wield.

LXIII.

"I, though bowed down by age, will not refuse
The fight,—let others shrink when Battle rears
His frightful voice,—grey hairs shall not excuse
My spirit, joyful in the strife of spears:
O that I were but in my youth of years,
Like you, my gallants, who with downcast eyes
Stand spellbound thus, enslaved by empty fears,
Whom wrath nor shame can influence to chastise
The man who to your teeth all Christendom defies!

LXIV.

"Such as I was, when, gazed by all the peers
Of Germany, at Conrad's court I drew
My maiden sword on Leopold the fierce,
Reached his mailed bosom, and at odds o'erthrew!
To spoil a warrior brave as him I slew,
Was sure a deed that claims superior praise
Than here, unarmed, unaided, to subdue,
Put to foul flight, and singly hold in chase,
Whole herds of foes like these, superlatively base.

LXV.

"If still that vigour braced my limbs austere,
I had by this time quelled that haughty foe;
Old as I am, I am too young to fear,
Nor is my blood all frozen in its flow;
And, if it be my fate to be laid low,
Whilst my soul burns in brightness to the last,
Home with content my Victor shall not go!
Arm then I will; this brilliant day shall cast
Light over all my track, and shame the lustre past."

LXVI.

Thus spoke the sage: his words like spurs awake
Their slumbering worth, that they who late were dumb
And timid, now brave shew of courage make,
And loudly clamour for the fight to come:
Not only terror does not now benumb
Their hearts to shun the quarrel, but the prize
Is sought by all, contended for by some;
Baldwin demands it, Guelph, the two bold Guys,
And with Rogero Stephen, with Stephen Gernier vies:

LXVII.

And Pyrrhus, whose praised stratagem betrayed
To Bohemond proud Antioch, forward pressed;
The battle too, for battle well arrayed,
Rosmond, Fitz-raphé, and Everard request,—
All from the sister-kingdoms of the West,
Albion, Ierne, and blue Scotia—lands
Barred from our world by seas that never rest;
With Edward last, divine Gildippe stands,
And each with equal warmth the challenged fight demands.

LXVIII.

But in the good old Count Toulouse is shewn
The liveliest ardour and most keen desire ;
Armed cap-a-pie he stands, or wants alone
His lucid helm to make the suit entire :
To whom the Chief ; " O venerable Sire !
Mirror of ancient zeal, in whom we see,
And seeing, learn the virtues we admire ;
Art, honour, discipline, and worth in thee,
Shining with knightly grace, harmoniously agree !

LXIX.

" If but ten more, thine equals in desert,
Of vigorous years, were in my aid combined,
This haughty Babel soon would I subvert,
And spread the Cross from Thulé e'en to Ind :
But be this needless enterprise resigned
To younger champions ; for a nobler fight
Reserve thy vigorous arm and ardent mind ;
And leave these candidates their names to write,
And in a helmet cast,—let chance select the right ;—

LXX.

" Or rather, Providence on high, whose will
Fortune and Chance, his ministers, unfold ;"
But Raymond in his claim persisted still,
And with the other knights his name enrolled :
In his own helmet rimmed with shining gold,
Godfrey received, and carelessly anew
Mingled the shaken papers ; when, behold,
The first chance scroll which thence at ease he drew,
The name of Count Toulouse exhibited to view !—

LXXI.

Loud acclamations follow ; none presume
To blame the lot ; and Raymond's visage clears,
His hoar trunk seems rebursting into bloom,
Renewed no less in vigour than in years :
Thus the blithe snake when renovated rears
High the gay crest, and proudly in the sun
Blazons its golden coils : the rival Peers,
But Godfrey most, extolled him as he shone,
Promised him sure success, and cheered with praises on.

LXXII.

Then from his side his poignant sword he took,
And giving it to Raymond, said : " This blade
Is that which once the mighty rebel Duke,
Rodolph of Saxony, in battle swayed ;
From him by force I took it, and repaid
At the same moment, by a death condign,
A life by thousand crimes notorious made :
In my caress, 't is Victory's surest sign,
Take it, and may it prove as fortunate in thine ! "

LXXIII.

Meanwhile, impatient of their long delay,
In fierce derision the Circassian cries ;
" Ho, men unmatched ! ho, Europe's brave array
Of chiefs ! 't is but one man your host defies :
Since on his prowess he so much relies,
Send now your late stern Tancred to the fight ;
Or on soft down does he prefer with wise
Consistency to wait, until the night,
Which saved him once before, again shall blind my sight ? .

LXXIV.

" Send others, if he fears me ; band on band,
Horsemen, foot, all, come all, it recks not me,
Since none dares singly meet me hand to hand,
Of all your Barons, thousands though there be.
On to the tottering Town ! look up, and see
The Sepulchre where lies the Son adored
Of sweet saint Mary ! lo, the path is free !
Why pay ye not your vows, thereto restored ?
For what more sapient use reserve you now the sword ? "

LXXV.

With such like taunts the savage Pagan lashed
The minds of all ; but most his words inflame
The Count 'Toulouse,—his eyes defiance flashed,
And ill could he endure the imputed shame :
His courage, stigmatised, more fierce became,
Ground on the whetstone of his wrath ; that, freed
From all prevention, a delay so tame
He breaks, and leaps to Aquiline his steed,
Named from the Northern Wind, and like that wind in
speed.
q

LXXVI.

Upon the banks of Tagus was he bred,
Where oft the mothers of those martial steeds,
When with her warmth inspiring Spring has fed
The eager heat which genial instinct breeds,
Mad o'er the mountains, o'er the spacious meads,
Run open-mouthed against the winds of May,
And greedily receive their fruitful seeds;
Whence growing quick, they (singular to say)
Give, when ripe time rolls round, their issue to the day.

LXXVII.

And, to see Aquilino, you would say
None but the sprightly Wind could be his sire,
So instantly his feet cut short the way;
Swift to rush forward, nimble to retire,
And wheel to right and left in narrowest gyre,
Yet leave no print upon the sands he trode,—
Playful, yet proud; though gentle, full of fire;
Such the Count's steed: he, as to war he rode,
Thus with uplifted eyes preferred his prayers to God.

LXXVIII.

"O Thou, that to Goliath's brow didst guide,
By Terebinth's sad vale and sanguine spring,
Untutored arms, so that the Scorners died
By the first pebble from a stripling's sling!
Like aid, O Lord! to-day vouchsafe to bring;
That, struck by me, this ruffian with like shame
May vanquished fall to earth; with vigour string
My feeble Age his arrogance to tame,
As feeble Youth of yore the' uncircumcised o'ercame!"

LXXIX.

Thus prayed the noble veteran; and his prayer,
Winged by firm faith and piety sincere,
Soared, naturally as fire ascends in air,
Swifter than thought to the celestial sphere:
The' Eternal Father bent a gracious ear
To the request, and from the' angelic band
That round in glorious sanhedrim appear,
Appointed one in his defence to stand,
And thus restore him safe from foiled Argantes' hand.

LXXX.

The destined Angel to whose charge was given
The guardianship of Raymond, from his prime,
When new and naked to the light of heaven
He first began to run the race of time,—
Soon as the king of the celestial clime
This welcome duty had afresh imposed,
Flew to a crystal rock that soars sublime
Above all height, where of Heaven's total host
The fine refulgent arms from battle are disposed.

LXXXI.

Here does the lance that pierced the' old Serpent lie,
With the pernicious shafts that smite the earth,—
Those shafts, invisible to mortal eye,
That give the horrid plague and fever birth;
And here, suspended with the darts of dearth,
Are hung the writhen bolts, midst pennons furled,
Which turn to deepest dread all human mirth,
When, through the stedfast empyrean hurled,
Cities are ground to dust, and Earthquake rocks the world.

LXXXII.

Here too with chariots, harnessries, and helms,
A dazzling shield of brightest diamond blazed,
Whose sphere might cover half the lands and realms
That lie 'twixt Atlas and the Scythian waste:
Herewith are holy kings and cities chaste
In every age defenced and fortified;
This on his arm the plumed Seraph braced,
Shot down to earth in secret, undescried,
And took his stationed watch by good Count Raymond's
side.

LXXXIII.

And now the turbaned Moslem, young and old,
Swarm to the walls; and, such the tyrant's will,
Clorinda with her band moved on to hold,
Firmly conjoined, the midway of the hill.
In order ranged of military skill,
Armed, on the other hand, a Christian force
Like space at ceremonial distance fill;
And to the champions leave a spacious course,
Betwixt both gazing hosts, for every chance resource.

LXXXIV.

Argantes looked—no Tancred could he see,
But the strange figure of an unknown knight,
Who now came up, and "Thank thy stars," said he,
"Absent's the chief for whom thou strain'st thy sight;
Yet vapour not, whilst I the loss requite;
For here I stand, prepared to prove again
The utmost rage and malice of thy might;
As Tancred's substitute I seek the plain,
Or on mine own account the' engagement good maintain."

LXXXV.

At this the Pagan proudly smiled, and said;
"What then does Tancred? where does he abide?
Of late he braved all heaven, and now is fled;
In dancing heels alone can he confide!
But to earth's centre let him flee, or hide
In the deep main; no place shall bar from me
The flying wretch!" "Thou liest," the knight replied,
"To say that he, the' unmatched in fight, that he
Flies from thy arms: his worth outvalues ten like thee!"

LXXXVI.

Wrathful, the piqued Circassian cut him short;
"Take then his place, the favour I accord;
We shall see shortly how thou wilt support
The rash bravade of that injurious word."
Thus to the tilt they moved; their chargers spurred,
And their long lances to the helm addressed;
Raymond, whose practised arm but rarely erred,
Struck where he aimed, the visor he impressed,
But shook his rival not, scarce bowed his haughty crest.

LXXXVII.

But fierce Argantes less successful fared,
The lance struck not which rarely failed to wound,
Driven far aslant by the Celestial guard,
Whose shield the good old Earl encompassed round.
Grimly the disappointed Pagan frowned,
And bit his lips, and forth wild curses threw:
His faithless spear he snapped against the ground,
And with drawn sword upon his rival flew,
Burning with tenfold rage to try the course anew.

LXXXVIII.

His coal-black steed he urged with all his might,
As butting rams their horned foreheads bow;
But Raymond shunned the' encounter, to the right
Wheeled, and in passing, struck his scowling brow:
Back rushed the Egyptian Cavalier, and now
Back wheeled the Earl with swiftness uncontrolled,
And on his helmet dealt a nobler blow;
But still in vain; the helmet's massy mould
Had all the tempered strength of adamant or gold.

LXXXIX.

The Pagan, weary of such futile play,
To gripe his foe next tries each strong resource;
But he, lest the colossal bulk should weigh
To earth both steed and rider, shuns his force;
Now strikes; now yields; and in his circling course,
As though endued with viewless wings, maintains
The rotatory war; his matchless horse
Obeys each mandate of the fluttering reins;
Nor one false footstep e'er its nimbleness restrains.

XC.

And as the Chief who some strong tower essays
Amid cloud-kissing hills or marshy vales,
Seeks access by a thousand wiles and ways,
So the Earl scans the giant he assails;
And, as no power of his can cleave the scales
That shield his breast, nor all his thousand arts
Shiver the glistening burganet that veils
His brows, he long explores the quilted parts,
And there 'twixt joint and joint his active falchion darts.

XCI.

Those arms, in many points already bored,
Are red with streaming blood, whilst his remain
Untouched, nor from his helmet has the sword
Struck one gay plume, or cut one sparkling chain;
In vain Argantes rages, strikes in vain,
Yet stubbornly toils on, with careless skill;
He fails not, faints not, flags not in his pain,
But doubles every pass,—from erring skill
Deriving fiercer strength, a more impetuous will.

XCII.

After a thousand blows, the Saracine
At last struck one when Raymond was so nigh,
That 't was believed his nimble Aquiline
Could scarcely from its sweeping fury fly;
But not the watchful Seraph of the sky,
In the pure sunshine at his side concealed,
Failed him at need; his arm he stretched on high,
And on his heavenly adamant shield
Took the pernicious sword, and all its rage repealed.

XCIII.

The sabre broke; for, not with all the charms
Of art, can metals forged by earthly hand,
The unalloyed imperishable arms
Tempered by heaven's own alchemy, withstand:
In million sparks, minuter than the sand,
Its fragments fell,—the Emir saw them shine—
Nought but the golden hilt was in his hand;
Yet doubted he the fact, nor could divine
What arms his rival bore, so magically fine.

XCIV.

Amazed he stood, and thought the brittle blade
Shivered on Raymond's shield,—so deemed the knight,
Who nothing knew of the celestial aid,
Sent to protect him from the Pagan's might:
And when he saw the' formidable plight
Of the disarmed Circassian, he remained
In doubt if longer he should press the fight;
A vile inglorious laurel he disdained,
Nor could the victory prize by pure advantage gained.

XCV.

"Go, seek," he would have said, "another brand,"
But a new thought within his breast arose—
The public cause was trusted to his hand,
And should he fall, he would dishonour those
For whom he fought; thus neither could he close
In shameful fight to win inglorious bays,
Nor Godfrey's honour to vain risks expose;
Whilst thus he stood debating on the case,
Argantes hurled the hilt and pommel in his face;—

XCVI.

And forward spurred, by grappling to o'erwhelm
His gaunt antagonist; the darted blow
Struck fiercely on his bright Tolosan helm,
And bent the battered visor to his brow.
But he, undiscomposed, wheeled round, and so
Shunning the' encounter, gashed the hand he saw
Stretched out in muscular disdain, as though
To grasp its prey, unsparing as the paw
Of the voracious wolf, or vulture's horny claw.

XCVII.

Now there, now here, the circled sands he spurned;
Then back again wheeled round, now here, now there;
Nor when he spurred abroad, nor when returned,
Did his eye pity, or his falchion spare.
Whate'er he can of strength; of art whate'er;
Whate'er of old disdain or present ire
The knight can muster, he now brings to bear
Against the foe: and with his strong desire
To end the conflict, Heaven and Fortune both conspire.

XCVIII.

Fenced in fine arms and in himself, the foe
Yet braves his mighty strokes, from all fears free;
Like a vast ship with shattered sails, whose prow
At random drives upon a stormy sea;
Which, though she bears all Neptune on her lee,
Ribbed round with heart of oak, firm, stubborn, stout,
Starts not a plank, but in proud majesty
Endures the rushing waves, with not a doubt
That her well-timbered frame will ride the tempest out.

XCIX.

Such was thy risk, Argantes! when to aid
Thy cause, the Prince of Air himself addressed;
Straight of a painted cloud the empty shade
He to the figure of a man compressed;
And on the visionary shape impressed
Clorinda's likeness,—the same lively grace,
Rich shining armour, and embroidered vest;
Gave it organic breath, and in the place
Of mind, her well-known voice, demeanour, port, and pace.

C.

To Oradine, a man of matchless skill
In archery, the beauteous Image came,
And whispered: " Prince of shooters! who at will
Canst strike all marks at which thou takest aim,—
Judge what would be our loss, and what our shame,
Should Syria's brave protector thus expire,
And, supercilious in the victor's claim,
By law of arms yon Christian should acquire
His ornamental spoils, and safe to Camp retire!

CI.

" Now prove thy cunning; give thine arrows wing;
And quick and sure let the Frank villain bleed;
Beside the' eternal glory of the thing,
Expect rewards proportioned to the deed."
Charmed with the promise of the future meed,
The' unhesitating Traitor smiled assent;
Then from his weighty quiver snatched a reed,
Its notch adapted to the bowstring, bent
With ease the tough yew bow, and prophesied the' event.

CII.

Twangs the tense cord, and with a whistling sound
The feathered arrow flies its mark to win;
Aimed where the decorated belt clasps round
The hero's waist, it strikes, and enters in:
Cleaves the rich buckles; cleaves the armour thin,
And dyes its point with blood; there, short of fate,
It stays, just piercing through the tender skin;
For the prompt Angel did its force abate,
Nor let the eager steel too deeply pierce the plate.

CIII.

The blood spun largely from the wounded vein,
Soon as the Count essayed the shaft to draw;
And, filled with generous anger and disdain,
He chid the Pagan for the breach of law:
Godfrey, who could not his charmed eyes withdraw
A single instant from his much-loved knight,
Moved with the liveliest indignation, saw
The flying shaft, and knowing not how slight
The' inflicted puncture was, grew pale with sore affright.

CIV.

With hand and tongue at once alarum sounding,
He urged his knights to see the wrong redressed;
Then were seen visors closing, war-barbs bounding,
Tight bridles slacked, and lances laid in rest.
So instantly both hosts to battle pressed,
Their course was finished as it seemed begun;
Sands, stamped to dust, the vanished space confessed,
Which, whirled in breezy billows, dense and dun,
Soared to the steep of heaven, and veiled the shining sun.

CV.

Of helms, and clashing shields, and lances brast
In the first shock, loud rumour roars around;
Here rolls a steed, and there, his rider cast,
One gallops, maddening at the trumpet's sound,
Here lies a warrior lifeless on the ground;
And here another, compassed by his foes,
Groans in the anguish of his mortal wound;
Dire is the fight, and still, the more they close,
And mix, more bloody, sharp, and obstinate it grows.

CVI.

Light leaped Argantes in the midmost throng,
And from a soldier wrung his iron mace;
Bursting the dense crowd as he rode along,
He whirled it round, and soon made ample space:
Raymond alone he looks for; holds in chase;
With Raymond only struggles to engage;
Pressing against him with a giant's pace,
He like a wolf seemed burning to assuage
With his quaffed blood, the thirst and hunger of his rage.

CVII.

But many a harsh impediment he met;
Still fierce encounters his rash course controlled;
Him the two Gerards, with Ormane beset,
Guido, and Barneville, the brave and bold:
Yet not e'en these his progress can withhold;
Foaming he toils, he struggles to the last;
As caverned streams, or fires in prison rolled,
Wage fiercer war when loose outbursts the blast,
So raged his power opposed, so forth in splendour passed.

CVIII.

He slew Ormano, wounded Guido, felled
Barneville, stunned, and stretched amidst the slain;
But fast the gathering crowd against him swelled,
And circling locked him in a tenfold chain—
Of men and arms that pinion and restrain
His giant powers;—whilst by his single hand
The scales of war an equal poise maintain,
To Baldwin Godfrey issues his command:
“Now to the conflict move thy gallant Frison band;

CIX.

“And on the left, where most the battle raves,
Charge them in flank!” he heard, and he obeyed;
Swift as the roll of ocean’s mountain waves
Before the wind, was the encounter made:
An energy so mountainous o’erweighed
The Asian troops, too languid to sustain
The Franks’ fresh shock,—in ruin retrograde
They bend—their lines are broke—and on the plain
Roll horsemen, horses, flags, and pennons snapt in twain.

CX.

From the same charge the right wing turned and fled;
None, save Argantes, made defence or stay;
With gory rowels and loose reins they sped
In haste, urged headlong by supreme dismay;
Alone the bold Argantes stood at bay;
He faced the driven storm; the rushing bands;
Nor made less havoc on that signal day,
Than if Earth’s Titan with his hundred hands,
Had brandished fifty shields, and fifty flashing brands.

CXI.

The thrust of swords, the shock of lances thrown,
The clang of maces and career of steeds
He braves, to all sufficient, though alone,
And dares on every side stupendous deeds.
His limbs all bruised, his marred arms cleft, he bleeds,
And sweat rolls down with blood, yet, fenced with phlegm,
He heeds it not; but erowd to crowd succeeds;
Pressed, overborne, he fails the tide to stem;
Onward abrupt they drive, and he perforce with them.

CXII.

To the wild fury of the tide he bends,
That like a cataract hurries him along ;
Not like a man that flies, his heart commends
Fresh acts of slaughter to a hand still strong :
His eyes yet keep the terrors that belong
To their grim balls ; he still in high disdain
Hurls forth defiance, and his flying throng
Seeks by all modes in battle to retain,—
But no ! his earnest toils their stupor renders vain.

CXIII.

His noble spirit neither can restrain,
Nor regulate their flight ; for hasty fear
Casts off all conduct, foams against the rein,
And like the adder closes its deaf ear
To prayers though mild, and threats howe'er severe ;
But the wise Chief, to whose reflective eye
Fortune and beckoning Victory appear
To crown his hopes, sends forth fresh troops to ply
The glad pursuit, and cast the day's decisive die.

CXIV.

And, but the special day prefixed by God,
Was not yet given to run its golden round,
The Christians then in Salem's courts had trod,
And a blest period to their labours found :
But Hell's black Angels, from the Deep unbound,
Who saw how fast their tyranny declined
In the tremendous conflict, swarm around,
(Of heaven permitted) in an instant bind
The air in billowy clouds, and raise the' ungoverned wind.

CXV.

From mortal eyes dark vapours snatch the sun ;
Fires flash ; the kindred elements rebel ;
All heaven burns black, and, smouldering, shews more dun
E'en than the horrible obscure of hell :
Mid showers of hail the long, loud thunders yell ;
Fields float ; the seas are drowned ; not boughs alone
Crash in the rushing blast's sonorous swell,
But oaks, rocks, hills to their foundation-stone,
Quake to the roaring storm, or in the whirlwind groan.

CXVI.

At once the hail, the lightning, and the wind
Full in the Christians' eyes with fury played ;
Forced, they recede ! blank sadness fills each mind,
And sudden terrors their stout hearts invade.
Few, few (as little through the hideous shade
Could be discerned) around their flags abide ;
Which when Clorinda distantly surveyed,
She seized the sign, and with inspiring pride
Shaking aloft her sword, thus to her soldiers cried.

CXVII.

" Lo, friends, Heaven fights for us ! the hours are numbered,
And Fate and Justice to our aid arise ;
Our faces are untouched, our hands uncumbered,
The storm beats only in the Christians' eyes ;
On them alone the irritated skies
Pour doubt and death, pour ruin and dismay ;
And Heaven strikes down their lances, and denies
To their bewildered view the light of day ;
On ! where God's finger points, 'tis Victory leads the way !"

CXVIII.

Thus cheered the Amazon her drooping ranks,
And, bearing on her back the horrid rain
Of hell, in furious charge assailed the Franks,
And scorned the idle thrusts they gave again.
Then too Argantes turned his bridle-rein,
And dreadful slaughter of the victors made ;
Who the fierce brunt ill able to sustain,
Yielded the point, and but their backs displayed
To bide the infuriate storm, and sharp vindictive blade.

CXIX.

The rage immortal and the mortal sword
Upon their shoulders smote them as they fled,
Whose blood, in union with the rain that poured,
Fell in fast showers, and dyed the arena red.
Here midst the heaps of dying and of dead,
Pyrrhus and good Ridolpho slumbered calm ;
Death on their eyes his purple finger laid ;
This sighed out life beneath Argantes' arm,—
Of that, Clorinda boasts the imperishable palm.

CXX.

Thus fled the Franks ; nor meanwhile ceased all hell,
Nor ceased the Syrians still to give them chase ;
Sole against arms, threats, hailstones, the dire swell
Of whirlwind, thunder, and the arrowy blaze
Of momentary lightnings, his bold face
Godfrey advanced ; and with supreme disdain
Chiding his Barons for a flight so base,
Spurred forth, the Camp-Gate sternly to maintain,
And in the trenches saved his scared and scattered train.

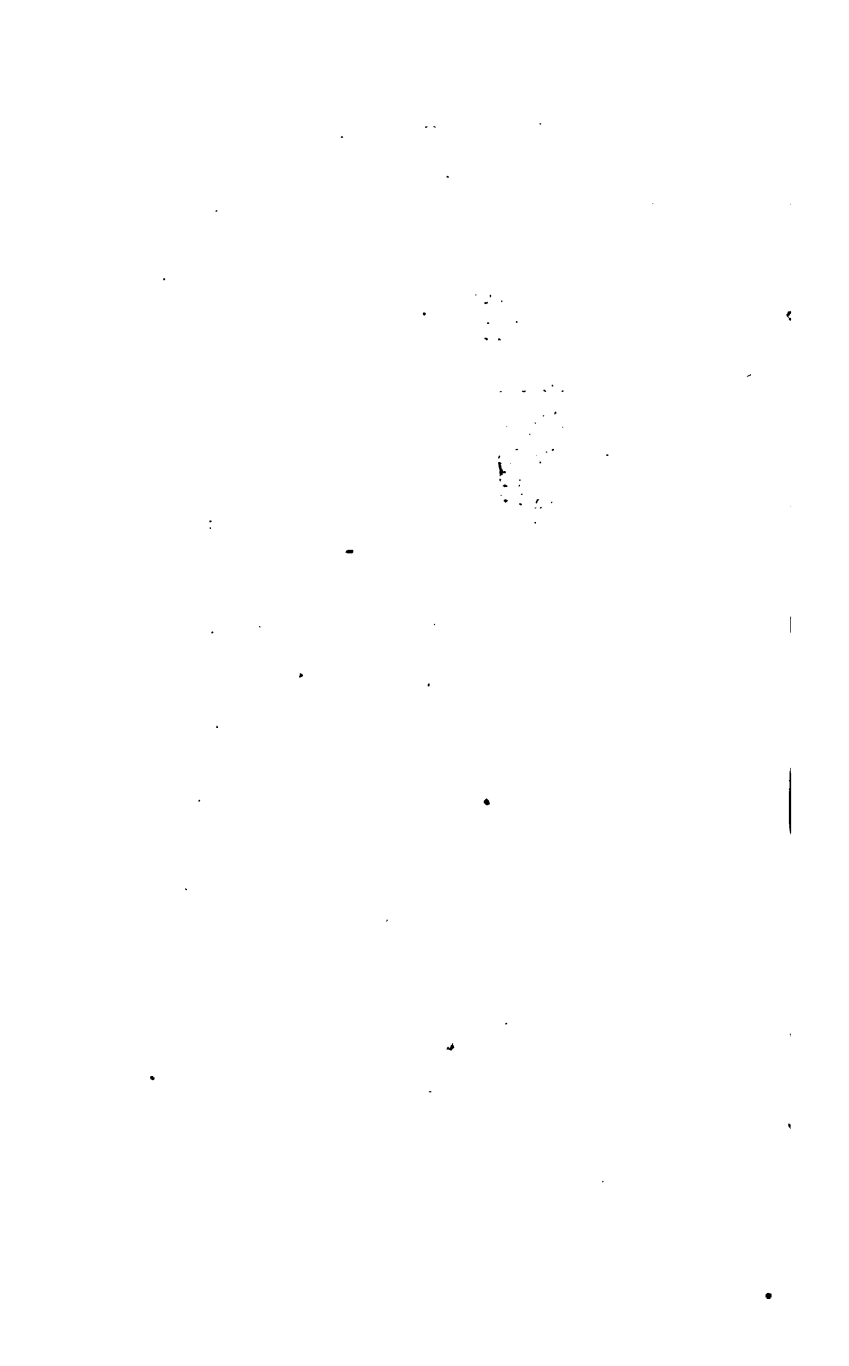
CXXI.

And twice, despite the hurricane that roared,
Against Argantes furiously he flew ;
Twice beat him back ; as oft, his naked sword
Pierced the thick phalanx, bathed in lightnings blue :
At last within the ramparts he withdrew
In the lorn rear of his disordered ranks,
And conquest yielded to the' infernal crew ;
The foe returns, and the disheartened Franks
Rest, like a flood retired within its reed-crowned banks.

CXXII.

Nor can they wholly yet the furies shun
Of the black storm, which lightens, rains, and hails ;
Quenched are their lights and torches one by one,
And the flood deepens, and the wind prevails ;
Breaks the strong cordage ; splits the beams and rails ;
Plucks up whole tents, which far, far-off are whirled ;
The rains beat time to the loud-roaring gales ;
And in the tune from Heaven's dread organ hurled,
Hell's bellowing thunders join, and stun the' affrighted
world.

END OF CANTO VII.



JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO VIII.

I.

THE roar of the loud tempest now was ceased;
Whist were the winds; the bellowing thunders mute;
And the calm morn, in the cerulean east,
With cheek of rose and golden-sandalled foot,
Left her divine pavilion to salute
With smiles the world: but they whose wrath awoke
The storm, yet ceased not their malign dispute
And damned charms; first Ashtaroth silence broke,
And to Alecto thus, her snaky sister, spoke:

II.

"Alecto! mark, where, posting o'er the sands
Fleet as an angry ghost, careers yon knight,
Who living has escaped the Soldan's hands,
Nor is it in our power to stay his flight!
Grave deeds he very soon will bring to light;
Deeds sore upon the Frank,—his comrades' fall,
Thousands left stark upon the field of fight
With their hot Chief,—from which I doubt not, all
The Christian host will urge Rinaldo's quick recal.

III.

"How fatal this were, judge; we must oppose
Our force and craft to the consulting Peers;
Arouse thee, then; descend amidst our foes,
And what this herald to insatiate ears
Tells with good purpose, turn to blood and tears;
Up! up! breathe fire, breathe poison in the veins
Of the mixt nations; stir up tumults fierce;
Move wrath, revenge; move discord, and disdain;
Till through the total Camp unbounded uproar reigns!

IV.

"This work becomes thee and the noble vaunt
Made to our Prince;"—the monster nought replied,—
It was enough—the words her soul enchant,
The project charms,—she spreads her hoarse wings wide,
And downward hurries with the morning tide.
The Knight, meanwhile, who thus their notice took,
The Camp approached, and to the warders cried,
With haste and deep emotion in his look,
"Warriors, I claim your grace; conduct me to your Duke!"

V.

Numbers were ready of the curious crowd
Eager to hear the news he had to name,
To guide him to their Chief; he lowly bowed,
And kissed the honoured hand that made the frame
Of empires tremble: "Sire," he said, "whose fame
Is bounded only by the Atlantic beach
And starry roof of heaven! would that I came
Knowledge of happier incidents to teach!"—
Awhile his face he veiled, then thus resumed his speech:

VI.

"Sweno, the Thane of Denmark's only son,
The stay and glory of his failing years,
Burned to be ranked with those thy gonfalon
Conducts, the valiant troop of chevaliers
Who wield the sword for Jesus; not the fears
Of toil and peril, not the hope to acquire
Soon the void throne, not e'en the appealing tears
Showered from the fond eyes of his aged sire,
Could in his generous heart control the high desire.

VII.

"He glowed to learn the military art—
Perils to dare and hardships to endure,
Of thee, their noble Chief; he felt, in part,
Shame and resentment for his name obscure,
Hearing on every hand what praise mature
In his green youth Rinaldo had acquired;
But that which most his spirit did allure,
Was less the wish of man to be admired,
Than zeal for God's renown, by lively faith inspired.

VIII.

"The shrewd delays his father's fears contrived,
He baffled, formed an army bold and brave,
And, marching straight for Thrace, at length arrived
Where throned Byzantium towers above the wave.
Here the Greek Cæsar in his palace gave
The Prince warm welcome; here an envoy came
From thee, who, prompt the onward path to pave
Of our adventure, told at large the fame
Of Antioch won, and held to Persia's lasting shame;—

IX.

"Held in despite of Persia, who at once
Moved to invest it, with the boast rebuoyed
Of powers so vast, it seemed that all her sons
Swarmed to the war and left her kingdoms void;
First upon thee, on others next he joyed
To touch—on Raymond's prudence, Tancred's might;
Till to Rinaldo passing, he employed
A world of words to paint his first bold flight,
And each fair wreath which since his sword has reaped in
fight.

X.

"He told, in fine, how that your hosts around
These towers already in strict siege were cast;
And wooed him, yet unlaurelled, to be found
In this proud field, the noblest and the last:
His words roused Sweno's spirit like a blast
Of trumpets, and in his young bosom bred
A wish so strong, that every hour he past
Appeared an age, till he himself should tread
The hallowed soil, and turn his unfleshed falchion red.

XI.

"Your glory preyed on him; the world's applause
Seemed to upbraid his spiritless career;
Those who or begged, or counselled him to pause,
Alike he heard not, or disdained to hear;
No fear of peril knew he but the fear
Lest he too late should be in thine to share,—
This only hazard seemed to him severe;
Those with which others peopled their despair,
He either not perceived, or stood resolved to dare.

XII.

"His own brave zeal precipitates his fate,
Fate—his wooed guide, and our enforced ally,
Since scarce for his departure would he wait
Till the first rays of morning streaked the sky :
Of various routes, he counted the most nigh
The best,—enough ! it was our Chief that chose ;
No pass so close, no mountain shews so high,
Too deep no forest waves, no torrent flows,
For us to scale or stem, though held by furious foes.

XIII.

"Now round our steps the armed barbarians press,
Now spring from ambush : hunger, toil, and pain
In turn we bore ; but over all distress
We triumphed,—scattered were our foes, or slain :
Success assured us, victory made us vain,
And, day by day, more confident we grew ;
Till one fair eve we camped upon the plain,
With Palestine's green hills almost in view,
Blind to the' events, alas, that did so soon ensue !

XIV.

"Sudden our scouts returned ; they had beheld
The Turkish Crescent in our van appear,
Had caught the sullen clang of sword and shield,
And deemed, by various signals to the ear
And eye, some vast embattled army near :
On many a soldier's face these tidings spread
The pallid whiteness of despairing fear ;
Sweno alone, of all the host he led,
Changed not in thought or look, in gesture, voice, or tread.

XV.

" ' Brothers,' he cried, ' O now, how near we clasp
The victor's laurel, or the martyr's crown !
The first I hope, nor less desire to grasp
The greater merit with the like renown :
This very field, let fate or smile or frown,
Shall Memory vest with an immortal bloom,
And as a hallowed spot deliver down
To future times, which, glorying in our doom,
Shall either point our spoils, or flower-entwine our tomb !'

XVI.

"This said,—our posts marked out, the watch disposed,
He bade us all upon our shields to rest;
Nor, whilst in needful slumber he reposed,
Would he of helm or mail himself divest.
'T was midnight: Sleep on every eye had pressed
The' oblivious sweetness of her tranquil spell,
And the tired soldier was in visions blest,
When instantaneously a barbarous yell
Rose to the silent stars, and shook the' abyss of hell.

XVII.

"'To arms!' we shout, 'to arms!' and, cased in arms,
See Sweno first before all else aspire;
Whilst, gathering grandeur from the loud alarms,
His eyes and cheeks are flushed with generous fire.
Lo, we are charged! a circle deep and dire
Fronts and assails us, wheresoe'er we move;
And thickening, deepening, drawing nigh and nigher,
Round us of swords and spears a twilight grove
Frowns, and an arrowy cloud falls hissing from above.

XVIII.

"Uneven the fight! against a single Dane
Full twenty Arabs laid their weapons bare;
Many of these were wounded, many slain
By darts tossed blindly through the gloom of air;
But of the numbers struck or slaughtered there,
And by what hands, the dusky shades amid,
No mortal eye could mark, nor tongue declare;
The Night our loss beneath her mantle hid,
And, with the loss we bore, the valiant deeds we did.

XIX.

"But through the thick press of the fighting crowd,
And through the dark concealment of the hour,
Prince Sweno shone; his valour was avowed
By a sublime ubiquity of power,
Surpassing all belief; of blood a shower,
And heaps of slaughtered formed around the slayer
A crimson moat—a rampart and a tower;
And, wheresoe'er he rushed, he seemed to bear
Death in his red right-hand, and in his eyes despair.

XX.

" Thus fought we, till the Virgin of the Morn
Arising touched the heavens with rosy red ;
But when the night's dusk horrors were withdrawn
That hid from view the horror of the dead,
The so long-wished-for light before us spread
A scene, oh God ! the stoutest to appal,
Of grief, of pity, agony, and dread ;
The Camp was piled with corpses, as though all
Were of our army swathed in Death's purpureal pall.

XXI.

" Of full two thousand, ninety scarce remain ;
When Sweno saw the multitudes that slept
Pale in their gore, if aught of grief or pain,
If aught of sadness o'er his brave heart crept,
He shewed it not,—his eye its lustre kept,
His voice its tone : ' Come, follow,' was his cry,
' These brave companions who have far o'erstept
The streams of Tartarus, and with footsteps high
Printed in glorious blood our pathway to the sky !'

XXII.

" He said : and glad, I think, of hasting fate
No less in spirit than in aspect, bore
With breast intrepid and with brow elate
Against the ruinous assault and roar
Of the barbarians ; not the plate they wore,
Although 't were thrice refined, nor cap of steel,
Though into diamond charmed by wizard lore,
Might stand the strokes his fire and fury deal,
Into one total wound till gashed from head to heel.

XXIII.

" It was not life, but valour's subtle fire
Sustained the living corse no strength could tame ;
Struck, he re-strikes, nor yet his members tire,
The more they maim him, more he them doth maim ;
When lo ! loose-raging from the bloody game,
A Turk arrived, who all the rest surpassed
In savage aspect and gigantic frame ;—
Long time they obstinately fought ; at last,
By numbers pressed, to ground the dauntless youth was cast.

XXIV.

"He fell—ah, bitter fate!—nor left behind
One that could yield revenge: oh, blood well-poured!
Oh bones, abandoned to the bleaching wind,
Poor mangled relics of my Prince adored!
I summon you; speak! if I sought to hoard
My hated life, if then I did deny
My breast to spear, mace, sabre, shaft, or sword!
No! had it pleased our Arbiter on high,
Death had I dared enough, to be allowed to die.

XXV.

"Senseless amid my slaughtered friends I fell,
And there was left for dead; nor what our foes
Since or sustained, or acted can I tell,—
An icy torpor all my senses froze;
But when at length my faint eyes did uncloze
From blank unconsciousness, the wings of Night
Seemed o'er the shadowy landscape to repose;
Feebly I oped them, and a glimmering light
Far-off, appeared by fits to swim before my sight.

XXVI.

Albeit, no strength had I to recognise
E'en nearest objects through the void opaque,
But saw as one whose overwearied eyes,
Nor all asleep, nor openly awake,
Close and uncloze without the power to take
Regard or cognizance of things most nigh;
And now my cruel wounds began to ache,
Bit by the keen night air, doomed thus to lie,
Faint, on the naked earth, beneath a freezing sky.

XXVII.

"Meanwhile the light drew momentarily more near,
Till it arrived and rested at my side;
Then gentle whisperings murmured in my ear,—
I raised with pain my eyelids, and descried
Two tall commanding figures near me glide,
Clothed in long robes, and shaking in the air
Two torches: 'Son,' I heard them say, 'confide
In Him who oft consents the good to spare,
And with his grace forestals the sacrifice of prayer!'

XXVIII.

"And speaking thus, the awful two their palms
O'er me in holy benediction spread,
And in low accents murmuring mystic psalms,
Then little heard and less conceived, they said :
' Arise ! ' all lightly from my grass-green bed
I rose ; new light flowed to my eye-balls dim ;
My wounds were healed ; my thrilling pains were fled ;
O marvellous grace ! I seemed in bliss to swim,
And felt new life and strength uplifting every limb.

XXIX.

"Awe-struck I viewed them, and could scarce believe
The truths that struck my dazzled sprite, till one
Of the cowed sages said ; ' What doubts affright ?
On what illusions do thy fancies run,
O thou of little faith ? in us, my son,
Men of like flesh and blood thy wonder meets ;
Servants of Jesu, we have wished to shun
The flattering world, its fables and false sweets,
And here as hermits live in rocks and lone retreats.

XXX.

" ' Me to this service did that God ordain,
Whose throne is builded in ubiquity ;
Who by ignoblest means does not disdain
To work his will, the wonderful and high :
He would not that the form, which to his eye
Enclosed of late so beautiful a sprite,
Should on these lonely wilds neglected lie,—
The which, when made immortal, robed in light,
Yet with its radiant twin shall one day reunite ;—

XXXI.

" ' No ! Sweno's sanctified remains must have
A tomb befitting valour so sublime,
To which alike the beautiful and brave,
Virgins and chevaliers from every clime,
Shall point the finger through all future time ;
But lift thine eyes now to the stars, and mark
The one that to the crown of heaven doth climb
As on its golden car ! that sunlike spark
Shall to his noble corse direct us through the dark.' "

XXXII.

"I looked; and as the brilliant meteor rolled,
(Or rather midnight sun) a ray descended,
Which, like a glorious line of liquid gold
Ruled by some pencil, to the earth extended;
And o'er the body, when its flight was ended,
Shook from its skirts so beautiful a flood
Of coloured light, that all its wounds shone splendid,
Each like a ruby ring or golden stud,
And straight the face I knew, in its grim mask of blood.

XXXIII.

"He lay not prone, but as his high desire
Was ever turned toward the stars, his face,
E'en as the martyr's from his couch of fire,
Looked upward still to heaven's blue fields of space:
Closed was his red right-hand in strict embrace
Grasping that sword, in act to strike, whose blade
Such ravage wrought; his left, with careless grace,
In meek devotion on his breast was laid,
As though for peace to God the parting spirit prayed.

XXXIV.

"Whilst I his wounds bedewed with tears, that eased
None of my anguish for his fall deplored,
The ancient sage drew forward, and released
From his reluctant hand the inviolate sword;
And said to me: 'This crimson glaive which poured
Such streams of blood from bosoms of the foe,
Observe! perhaps the world cannot afford—
(Its strength none better than thyself can know)
One of of finer mould, or more superb in show.

XXXV.

"Hence, Heaven wills not, although a timeless doom
Has from its lord divorced the glorious brand,
That here with sordid rust it should consume,
But pass admired from martial hand to hand;—
To one who, with a spirit no less grand,
Shall with like force and skill its lightnings sway
For longer time, a happier fate command,
And with it wreak,—his ghost awaits the day—
Full vengeance wreak on him, who did Lord Sweno slay.

XXXVI.

“ ‘T was Solyman slew Sweno; Solyman
Must therefore by the sword of Sweno fall!
Take it, and bear it then where breezes fan
The Christian banners round high Salem wall;
Nor let a single fear thy mind appal,
That in these regions, or by night or day,
Fresh obstacles shall rise, or ills befall;
For He who sends thee forth, shall, when astray,
Guide thee, and smooth with flowers the roughness of thy way.

XXXVII.

“ ‘There ’t is his will that thou declare at length,
For to this end art thou to health restored,
The zeal, the piety, and valiant strength
Which thou hast witnessed in thy darling lord;
That others on their mantles bright and broad
May stamp the purple Cross, with holy aim
Caught from this tale,—a tale for Time to laud
Through long futurity, the whilst his name
In like illustrious minds lights up young Glory’s flame.

XXXVIII.

“ ‘What Christian hero may deserve the meed
Of this bequest, remains to be made known;
It is Rinaldo, to whom all concede
The palm of prowess, yet, a branch scarce blown.
Bear it to him, and say, to him alone
The eyes alike of men and angels look
To’ avenge his death, and for his loss atone;
Whilst on his lips I hang, in wonder’s book
A new portentous page my charmed attention took.

XXXIX.

“ For sudden, where the warrior’s corse reposed,
A rich sarcophagus was seen to rise,
Which in its heart his relics had enclosed,
I know not how, nor by what rare device;
And, briefly blazoned with heraldic dyes,
Shone forth the name and virtues of the dead;
From the strange sight my fascinated eyes
I could not lift; each glance fresh marvel bred;
Now I the porphyry scanned, and now the’ inscription read.

XL.

" 'Here,' said the ancient, 'near his friends shall lie
Thy prince's corse, safe shrined from vulgar sight,
Whilst their pure spirits, passed into the sky,
From the full fountain of divine delight
Quaff endless joy ; but thou the last sad rite
Of tears—the all that piety can pay,
Hast paid, and nature claims repose ; this night
I claim thee for my guest, until the ray
Of the new morning rise, to light thee on thy way.'

XLI.

" O'er hill and dale we walked, a devious track ;
Scarce could my weary steps with theirs keep pace ;
Till high, midst toppling crags and cedars black,
A hollow cave received us, round whose face
Green ivies clustered,—his lone dwelling place
Romantic ; here amongst the wolves and bears,
With his disciple safe he spends his days ;
Clear Innocence his shield, his breastplate prayers,
Armour of trustier proof than aught the warrior wears !

XLII.

" My food was roots,—moss, leaves, and dulcet thyme,
The couch whereon I slept fatigue away ;
But soon as zephyr rang his earliest chime
Among the pines, and morn's arising ray
Tinted the eastern cliffs with gold and grey,
The watchful Hermits rose to matin prayer,
And I with them ; I next inquired my way
Through the strange region ; of the holy pair
Grateful my farewell took ; and here my tale declare."

XLIII.

He ceased, and Godfrey answered : "Tears, Sir Knight,
Tears for thy tale, 't is all we can, receive ;
Things strange and doleful hast thou brought to light,
Whence we with reason veil our face, and grieve ;
Alas the' injustice of that cruel eve !
That friends so full of zeal, so brave in fight,
Fate should from pleasant life so soon bereave !
Thy valiant Lord was, like a flash of light,
One glittering instant shewn, then sudden snatched from
sight.

XLIV.

"But wherefore grieve? the prize of realms and gold
 Shews mean, compared with this their blissful doom;
 Never were bays so glorious, e'en of old,
 Given in the car-climbed Capitol of Rome!
 Throned in Heaven's star-lit temple, they assume
 Sceptres of palm, and crowns of flowers that grow
 In Eden, odorous with immortal bloom;
 There, to the radiant wounds received below,
 Each joyous martyr points, and glories in the show.

XLV.

"But thou, who for fresh toils and dangers new
 With the church militant art left behind,
 Shouldst in their blissful triumphs triumph too,
 And, to the wise decrees of Heaven resigned,
 Give now to joy thy melancholy mind;
 And, for Bertoldo's son,—know, that he strays
 Far from the camp,—the wanderer who may find?
 But tempt not thou the desert's doubtful ways
 In search, till certain news instruct us where he strays."

XLVI.

This their discourse in others' breasts renewed
 Their latent love for fair Sophia's son;
 And some exclaimed, "Through what wild desert rude
 Does not the youth now rove? what risks not run
 From the marauding hordes?" nor was there one
 That had not some brave-story in his praise
 To tell the Dane, of laurels nobly won;
 The long bright tissue of his deeds they blaze;
 Which he with transport hears, and undisguised amaze.

XLVII.

When now remembrance of the absent youth
 Had touched all hearts, and melted many an eye
 To tears of tenderness and anxious ruth,
 Behold, the troops, commissioned to supply
 The camp, from nightly forage far and nigh
 Return! vast flocks and herds with them they lead,
 That fill the region with their welcome cry;
 Corn, though not much, and fragrant hay to feed,
 With the fat beeves they bring, each knight his hungry steed.

XLVIM.

And last, not least, a too decisive sign
 Of tragic chance, severely to be rued,—
 The good Rinaldo's vests and armours fine,
 Those rent and bloody, these all hacked and hewed!
 Quick through the host, in sad incertitude
 And keen alarm, the sudden rumour flew;
 For who such things could hide? the multitude,
 Sore grieving at the tidings, thronged to view
 The brave young hero's arms,—they saw them, and they
 knew.

XLIX.

Too well they knew his hauberk's ponderous plates
 And moony shield, far-flashing, on whose face
 Is seen emblazed the bird which educates
 Her unquilled infants on the sun to gaze,
 With eyes undazzled by its ardent rays;
 Or first, or all alone, it used to strain
 Its proud wings fearless, giving glory chase;
 Now, not without deep pity, wrath, and pain,
 They see it cleft, and streaked with many a sanguine stain.

L.

Whilst the crowd whisper, and the dark event
 In various wise account for each to each,
 The virtuous Duke for Aliprando sent,
 Chief of the troop, a man sincere of speech,
 And whose ingenuous words might none impeach,
 Stamped as they were with truth's inviolate seal;
 Then thus: "The meaning of this mystery teach;
 Both how and whence these arms were had, reveal,
 Nor, whether good or bad, the slightest fact conceal."

LI.

"Far as an active traveller may attain
 In two days' journey hence," the knight replied,
 "In hollow of high hills, a little plain
 Lies from the road to Gaza somewhat wide;
 To which a brook's slow waters gurgling glide
 Twixt brier and bough, from tangled steep to steep;
 Low down, o'erarching oaks on every side
 Fling their brown shadows o'er a dingle deep;
 Fit screen for ambushed men their watch unseen to keep.

LII.

"And as we sought, in this sequestered nook,
For herds or flocks that to its grass-green bed
Might come to graze, we saw beside the brook,
Stretched on the purpled herbage, a knight lie dead;
Crimson his vest, his arms were dropt with red;
Through every heart instinctive horror shot,
For well we knew them, though with blood o'erspread:
To view his face, I, hastening to the spot,
Found but a headless trunk—the severed head was not!

LIII.

"The right hand too was gone, and many a wound
His noble body bore, from back to breast;
Hard by, the argent Eagle on the ground
Lay with his vacant helm and battered crest:
Whilst round the greenwood shade we gazed, in quest
Of some one to explain so strange a case,
A peasant passed, who spying us, repressed
His steps, and from the solitary place,
In instant act to fly, turned back his frightened face.

LIV.

"But, chased and taken, to our stern demand
And inquisition, he at length replied,
That he, the day before, had seen a band
Of armed soldiers from the forest ride;
One bore a head fresh severed at his side,
Grasped by its golden gory locks; his scan
Was keen—the visage clearly he descried,
And to his judgment (so his story ran)
'T was of a beardless youth maturing into man.

LV.

"In shawl of satin soon the murderer slung,
And bore it pendant at his saddle-bow;
He knew them Christians by their foreign tongue
And red-cross habits, or he judged them so:
Weeping I stripped the body, nor was slow
To speak my apprehensions; paid the brave
The last sad rites, the best I could bestow;—
His dirge was chanted by the whispering wave,
And the grey rustling woods sang requiem o'er his grave:—

LVI.

"But if the corse be his whom I bewail,
A nobler tomb his relics should receive :"
Nought left untold of his mysterious tale,
Good Aliprando took his mournful leave.
Godfrey stood pensive, and the livelong eve
Sighed as the subject inly he discussed ;
No clear assurance could his doubts relieve ;
And much he wished, by signs of surer trust,
To know the mangled trunk and homicide unjust.

LVII.

The night has risen, and silently unfurled
O'er heaven's blue infinite her brooding wings ;
And sorceress Slumber, walking through the world,
On every eye her dulcet syrop flings ;
Thou, Argillan, alone, by grief's sharp stings
Pierced to the quick, her blandishments dost slight,
Busying thy brain on mighty thoughts and things ;
Nor giv'st to thy wild eyes and troubled sprite,
Mute quiet's peaceful calm, or slumber's soothing rite.

LVIII.

He, of a fervid and impetuous mood,
Active of hand, and turbulent of tongue,
Was on the Tronto born ; in civil feud
Nursed by fixt hatred, and exiled whilst young ;
Thus, by strong passions to resentment stung,
In woods and wilds a robber he became,
And stained with blood the rocks from which he sprung ;
Till, into Asia summoned, he his fame
Bravely redeemed in war, and gained a nobler name.

LIX.

At length, toward morn he closed his eyes and slept,—
No calm, sweet sleep, but the dull synonym
Of death ;—through his thick blood deep stupor crept,
Possessed each sense, and locked up every limb
In dreadful nightmare ; then, delusions dim
Swarmed to his brain, by curst Alecto sent ;
He slept, not rested ; for the Fury grim,
In strangling dreams of terrible portent,
Her own alarming shape did darkly represent.

LX.

A headless trunk of monstrous size she feigned,
Shorn of its better arm; the left, the head
Fast by its horrent hair aloft sustained,
Disguised 'twixt livid pale and sanguine red.
The lips still breathed, and breathing spoke, though dead;
Dripped the dark blood; and many a doleful sigh
Shrilled from the skull, as hollowly it said,
"Lo, Argillan! 'tis daylight in the sky!
Fly, fly these dreadful tents! their impious Chieftain fly!

LXI.

"From his curst frauds which killed me but of late,
Who, comrades dear, shall keep you or defend?
The' insidious Traitor in his rancorous hate,
Thinks to slay you, as late he slew your friend;
But if that hand so eager to transcend
The' undying fame which Brutus dared to seize,
Can on its own audacity depend,—
Fly not; but let the tyrant's blood appease
My angry ghost, and give the' unquiet spirit ease.

LXII.

"I will be with thee, a pale shade, and yield
Arms to thy hand, and anger to thy breast!"
She said; and breathing, all his spirit filled
With a new fury not to be repressed:
He broke from sleep; and trembling rolled distrest,
While madness sparkled in each straining ball,
His poisonous eyes, of all the Fiend possessed:
Armed as he was, he flew to summon all
Italia's fiery sons, obsequious to the call.

LXIII.

He led them where Rinaldo's arms were hung
In funeral pomp around his vacant tent;
And thus, with pride and indignation stung,
His grief divulged, and gave his passion vent:
"Shall then a vile tyrannic race, whose bent
No faith can bind, no reason can restrain,—
Kites, never gorged, though ever on the scent
For blood and gold, shall they with iron rein
Curb our proud necks, and tame our spirits to the chain?

LXIV.

"What we have borne in sufferings, shame, and tears,
Six summers now, beneath their fatal spell,
Is such that Rome will, for a thousand years,
With anger burn, and with disdain rebel;
I will not, no, brave souls! I will not tell
How genius, prowess, arms were rendered void,
When Tancred triumphed and Cilicia fell;
What wonted arts the traitor Frank employed,
When that which Valour won, usurping Guile enjoyed!

LXV.

"I will not tell, when need and time require
Firm thought, bold heart, and executing hand,
How through a thousand deaths we all aspire
With axe, mace, dagger, truncheon, blade, or brand;
First where the prize is fixed, the peril planned,—
But when the palms, but when the prey they share,
The pride, the praise, the glory, gold or land,
These are not ours—'t is but for us to stare,
As they the trophies claim, the plunder homeward bear!

LXVI.

"Peace to the thought! there was perhaps a time
When serious and severe such wrongs would shew;
Now let them pass—this last tremendous crime
Has made their seeming scarlet white as snow;
Rinaldo have they slain, insulting so
All laws divine and human; in his bloom
Cut off, the beautiful, the brave; and lo!
Flash not the skies? cleaves not, O earth, thy womb,
In its perpetual night, the monsters to entomb!

LXVII.

"They've slain Rinaldo, of our faith the shield
And sword! and lies he unrevenged?—he lies
Yet unrevenged; and on the naked field,
Unhymned, untombed, beneath the freezing skies,
Laced o'er with wounds in terrible disguise:
Ask you what barbarous ruffian smote him down?
Of him who can be ignorant? you have eyes!
Who marks not, jealous of our high renown,
Both Godfrey's damning praise, and Baldwin's envious frown?

LXVIII.

"But why debate! I swear by Heaven, that Heaven
Which not unpunished lets the perjured pass,
'Twixt light and dark, before my sight was driven
His wandering ghost, a pale and mangled mass;
A sight how wildly horrible! alas,
What frauds from Godfrey did it not divine!
It was no dream; my brain is as a glass,—
I see it yet; where'er my eyes incline,
There the red figure stalks, the eyeballs dimly shine.

LXIX.

"What shall we do? to that imperious hand
Which so unjust a death yet foully stains,
Submit for aye? or seek the far-off land,
Where rich Euphrates laves the' Assyrian plains,
And many a city, many a town sustains,
Held by a feeble and unwarlike race,
Soon to be tamed, I ween! with little pains
This may we win; no Frank shall there find place,
To share our hard-earned spoils, or brand us with disgrace.

LXX.

"Yes, go, and let the guiltless hero lie
All unrevenge'd, if so it seemeth good;
Though, if your chill and stagnant blood boiled high,
Oh, boiled it high and ardent as it should!
This poisonous snake that has devoured for food
The flower and pride of our Italian clime,
Should to the rest of his accursed brood,
By his own pangs and death, of punished crime
A noted warning give, through long succeeding time.

LXXI.

"I, I, if courage serves your wish to dare
All that it should, will first assail his crest!
This very hour my dagger will I bare,
To probe his heart, malignant treason's nest!"
He said; and on the spirits of the rest,
His wrathful genius and electric eye
Their own tumultuous energy impressed;
And, "Arm, O arm you!" was the madman's cry;
"Arm! arm!" the' indignant youth in unison reply.

LXXII.

Midst them Alecto whirled her torch, and fire
Commixt with poison in their bosoms blew ;
The' infernal thirst for blood, the frenzied ire,
Each dreadful instant more controlless grew :
Forward the snaky witch dilating flew,
And to the Swiss from the Italians passed,
Storms in their fiery hearts alike to brew ;
Thence mid the British troops her plagues she cast ;
All lend a gaping mouth, and take the' infection fast.

LXXIII.

Nor did the public loss and grief alone
Rouse in these foreign bands disdain so deep ;
They had old piques and grudges of their own ;
Whence, this new wrong but added to the heap
Fresh nutriment ; each scorn, long lulled asleep,
Revived,—the Franks as tyrants were accursed ;
Their wrath and hate all limits overleap ;
Swell in proud threats, and, fixt to dare the worst,
Loud as a roaring stream, restraint's strong floodgates burst.

LXXIV.

So water, boiling in a brazen vase
With fire too fervent, gurgles, fumes, and glows ;
Till, hot at heart, it lifts its raging face
Above the brim, frets, froths, and overflows.
No remedy remains ; too few were those
Whose truth-illumined minds went not astray,
The headstrong crowd's distraction to compose ;
Tancred, Camillo, William, were away,
And all whose sovereign power their heat might else allay.

LXXV.

'Tis uproar all ; like tipsy bacchanals
The crowd to arms precipitately spring ;
And now are heard fierce cries, seditious calls,
Shields clash, hoarse trumpets stern defiance fling,
And beardless boys heroic ditties sing :
Meanwhile swift messengers, on every hand,
To Godfrey warning of rebellion bring ;
And armed Baldwin with his unsheathed brand
Fast by his brother's side in silence takes his stand.

LXXVI.

Hearing the charge, his eyes to heaven he turns,
And to his God for wonted succour flees :
" Lord ! thou who see'st how much my spirit spurns
The' imputed crime—thy sight all spirits sees,—
Rend the dark mantle of the mind from these ;
Their hearts illumine with thy light divine ;
Rebuke the furies of the crowd to peace,
And give mine unstained innocence to shine,
Pure in the world's dim sight, as pure it beams in thine ! "

LXXVII.

He ceased ; and felt new life and vigour dart
Warm thro' his veins, from heaven inbreathed, which shed
Light o'er his face, and fortified his heart
With faith ; surrounded by his friends, he sped
'Gainst those who thought to' avenge the' ideal dead :
Though bristling arms illumined all the place ;
Though hate and rage in every glance he read ;
Though there were some reproached him to his face,
Stately he still held on, with firm, unfaltering pace.

LXXVIII.

He had his hauberk on,—a vest of white,
Richly embroidered, from his shoulders flowed ;
Bare were his hands and head ; and, to the height
Of dignity sublimed, his features glowed,
Bright as an Angel's from his blest abode
Sent sceptred forth : such was his port ; he trod,
As on the winds ; no arms at need he shewed,
Dared them without,—but shook his golden rod ;
And when he spoke, all seemed to hear the voice of God.

LXXIX.

" What senseless threats are these that brave the skies?
What idle clang of arms is this I hear?
Who stirred these tumults ? is it in this wise
That your so-long-proved ruler ye revere ?
Godfrey of guile what whisperer in the ear
Arraigns ? who brings the accusation ? who
Abets the charge ? stand forth ! let him appear !
Ye look perchance that I with prayers should sue,
Number my proofs in plea, and mercy crave from you :

LXXX.

"No! never shall the world that with my name
Resounds, to such debasement see me bend!
Me Truth, the memory of my deeds, my fame,
And this starred sceptre only shall defend:
Justice for once to grace shall condescend;
For once remit the dues she should receive,
Nor o'er the guilty her just scales suspend;
For former worth this error I forgive;
Live, to regret your fault, for young Rinaldo live!

LXXXI.

"The' Arch-culprit only with his blood must wash
Away the treason—Argillan shall die;
Who, moved by mere suspicion, base as rash,
Led the revolt, and bribed you with a lie!"
Whilst thus he spake, his more than kinglike eye
In pomp of horror on the ruffian shook
Lightnings and frowns, as from a living sky;
That Argillan, amazed, of force forsook,
Turned (who would think it?) pale, o'ermastered by a look.

LXXXII.

The crowd too, late so insolent, that roared
Such bold defiance forth of spite and pride,
Whose hands had been so swift to seize on sword,
Axe, torch, or javelin, as the fiend supplied,
(Hushed at his golden words) could not abide
His glance; but cast their guilty eyes to ground,
While shame their cheeks to deepest crimson dyed;
And suffered Argillan, though bristled round
With all their ported spears, in fetters to be bound.

LXXXIII.

So when a lion, roaring in his rage,
Shakes high against the sun his frightful mane,
If he who tamed his wildness to the cage,
But knits his brows in visible disdain,—
His harsh rule fearing, fearing to sustain
His threats, he pays obedience to the spell,
Foregoes his fire and crouches to the chain;
Nor can his teeth, armed paws, or malice fell,
Spirit him up with pride, or tempt him to rebel.

LXXXIV.

'Tis famed that there was seen, of cruel look
And threatening gesture, but celestial mould,
A winged warrior, who with one arm shook
Before the pious prince a targe of gold;
And with his right hand, dreadful to behold,
Brandished the lightnings of a naked sword,
From which some recent drops of crimson rolled;
The blood perhaps of realms on which were poured,
In his long-slumbering wrath, the vials of the Lord.

LXXXV.

The tumult thus composed, they cast aside
Their arms and evil wills with one consent;
And Godfrey, slowly, and in decent pride
Returned, admired, to his imperial tent:
On various cares and new engagements bent,
He now determines to attack the town,
Ere or the second or third day be spent;
And oft surveys the timbers late cut down,
That now in huge machines tremendous battle frown.

END OF CANTO VIII.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IX.

I.

But Hell's great Plague, who saw her rule dissolved,
The heats allayed, the passions lulled to peace,
Immutable of mood, and still resolved
To war on fate and the divine decrees,
Departs,—and where she passes, the green trees
Fade, the sick sun turns pale, the living springs
Stagnate, and cankers blight the flowery leas;
Charged with fresh furies, pondering fiercer things,
Headlong she shoots abroad, and claps her sounding wings.

II.

She, knowing well how by the busy arts
Of her foul consorts, to the Camp were lost
Rinaldo, Tancred, and the rest whose parts
In war, were feared and celebrated most,
Exclaimed; "What wait we for, since clear the coast!
Now let our Solyman, when midnight lowers,
Unlooked-for come, and slay the sleeping host;
From a discordant camp, exhausted powers,
Surely (or much I hope) the victory will be ours!"

III.

This said, to the Arabian bands she flew,
Where, made their captain, Solyman remained;
Than whom no fiercer man the sabre drew
In Christ's defiance, or his laws disdained;
Not if the Titans were from hell unchained,—
Not if the earth were now to renovate
Her big-boned Giants; o'er the Turks he reigned,
And held his court in princely Nice of late,
In all the pomp and pride of oriental state.

IV.

He ruled the lands from Sangar's silver springs
To crook'd Meander and the Grecian shore,
Where the famed Phrygian and Bithynian kings,
The Mysians and the Lydians lived of yore,
With all who hear the stormy Euxine roar :
But when against the Turks, in Asian sky,
The pilgrim armies first their ensigns bore,
Conquered his realms, his Paynim chivalry,
Twice fought in tented field, were twice compelled to fly.

V.

When fortune oft he had in vain essayed,
Forced to abandon the loved kingdoms lost,
He to the Court of Egypt passed, in aid
Of its brave King, who proved a noble host ;
Glad that a warrior so renowned, the boast
Of Asiatic story, should combine
With him in plans which all his soul engrossed,—
To drive the Christian powers from Palestine,
And to their pilgrims still deny the sacred shrine.

VI.

But, ere he openly denounced on them
Decided war, to make success more sure,
He would that Solyman, with gold and gem
Given for that use, the Arabs should secure ;
Whilst he the Asian and barbaric Moor
Bribed to his ported flag ; at his desire
The Soldan went ; and quickly to his lure
Attached the greedy Arabs' souls of fire,
Robbers in every age, and myrmidons of hire.

VII.

Thus made their Chief, he now with blade and bow
O'erran Judea, gathering ample prey ;
So that he barred all access to and fro
Betwixt the tented camp and navied bay :
And brooding deep, from bitter day to day,
Over his ancient power, his present lot—
A ruined name, an empire passed away,—
Some greater deed his wrath resolved to plot,
Though yet he had not judged, or well determined what.

VIII.

To him Alecto hurried, in the guise
Of a grave man right venerably old,
With bearded lip, smooth chin, and piercing eyes,
And wrinkled aspect, bloodless to behold :
Her head a Turkish shawl in many a fold
Wreathed round ; the vest across her shoulders flung,
Flowed to her heel ; a scimeter in gold
Shone at her side ; aback a quiver hung ;
And in her martial hand she bore a bow unstrung.

IX.

" Whilst we " she said, " but traverse empty plains,
A howling wilderness of sands forlorn,
Where now no rapine to be reaped remains,
Nor conquest gained but such as we should scorn,
Godfrey to very heaven exalts his horn,
Smiting the City with his mustered powers ;
And now his engines to the walls are drawn ;
And we must see, if unimproved the hours,
Fire ride the flaring wind, and scale her topless towers.

X.

" Shall plundered herds, raped flocks, and hamlets burned
Be the sole spoils of Solyman ? what then,
Are thus thy realms retrieved, thy wrongs returned,
Rule reacquired, or grandeur thine again ?
Rouse thee, arouse ! lead forth thine armed men ;
Let Dedanim awake ; let Kedar rise,
And storm the Dragon in his midnight den !
Trust to thine own Araspes, whose advice
Has, both in good and ill, approved itself of price.

XI.

" He looks not for us, dreads us not, disdains
The naked Arab as a timorous slave ;
Nor dreams that tribes whom custom only trains
To spoils and flight, would dare a deed so grave.
But thy brave worth shall make the rovers brave
Against an armed camp, which slumbers bind
Apt for the sword ! " Her counsel thus she gave ;
And breathing all her furies in his mind,
Mounted the passing cloud, and mingled with the wind.

XII.

He, lifting up his arm toward the skies,
 Shouts to her,—“Thou, who fir'st my spirit so!
 No man art thou, though under man's disguise;
 I know thee—follow thee, behold! I go:
 Where plains extended, mountains now shall grow,
 Mountains of lifeless people gashed and stark;
 Where burned the desert, streams of blood shall flow;
 Be now my Genius; lead me to the mark;
 And rule my lifted lance to conquer through the dark!”

XIII.

No dallying; no delay! he sounds his swarms,
 Collects, harangues them, wins them to combine;
 And with his own electric ardour warms
 The Camp to second his matured design:
 All stand prepared; Alecto gave the sign;—
 With her own lips the sounding brass she blew,
 And loosed the banner on its breezy pine;
 Swift march the hosts, but still as falling dew,—
 So still, so swift, they e'en the course of fame outflew.

XIV.

Alecto led, then left them; she assumed
 A courier's likeness and succinct array,
 And at the time when chequering twilight gloomed,
 And earth, 'twixt serious night and cheerful day,
 Seemed pondering which dominion to obey,
 Entering the City, to the king's divan
 Through the mixt multitudes she made her way;
 And to his ear disclosed what Solymán
 Purposed by night—the hour, the signal, and the plan.

XV.

But now black shadows, flushed with vapours red,
 Curtained the moon; the weeping stars withdrew;
 And the chill skies, in lieu of hoar-frost, shed
 On earth the semblance of a bloody dew:
 Pale meteors fell; malignant goblins flew
 Through heaven; and groans that froze the soul with fright
 Were heard, whilst from his grotts of brimstone blue,
 The King of Ghosts let loose each damned sprite,
 And from the void abyss spumed forth his densest night.

XVI.

Through these drear glooms the fiery Solymán
Sought the devoted tents; but when Night's wain
Had measured half its journey, and began
Sheer down heaven's western steep to drive amain,
Within a mile of the pavilioned plain,
Where the hulled Christian in his martial cloke
Slept unsuspecting, he his barbarous train
With food refreshed; then, farther to provoke
Their souls to deeds of blood, thus eloquently spoke:

XVII.

"Look on yon Camp, with thousand thefts and spoils
Dressed out, more widely famed than strongly manned,
That, like a sea, into its greedy coils
Has gathered all the wealth of Asian land!
This now boon Fortune offers to your hand,
The amplest booty with the slightest cost,
And the least peril; all is at command,—
Steeds, clothed in scarlet, arms, with gold embossed,
Woo you, not profit them; all, all shall be engrossed!

XVIII.

"This is no more the host whose arms subdued
Imperial Nice, and clove the Persian's crest;
For in a war so long as hath ensued,
The greater part, of life lie dispossessed:
Yet, grant it were entire,—in deepest rest
Is it not drowned! the sabre in the sheath?
Unlaced the hauberk? he is soon oppressed
Who sleeps,—his life hangs by a slender breath;
Warriors! the cell of sleep is but the porch to death.

XIX.

"On then, come on! I first will cleave a path
Through the grim guards within the entered wall;
Let all swords strike like mine! pattern your wrath
By mine; by mine your cruelty and gall!
Now let the Galilean's empire fall;
Now write you glorious in immortal gore;
And free your Asia from the tyrant's thrall!"
Thus inflamed he their spirits to the core;
Then to the deed of death moved stilly as before.

XX.

Lo, through the gloom the sentinels he spies,
By the faint twinkling of a casual lamp!
Nor can he longer hope in full surprise
To take the cautious Duke and slumbering Camp.
The sentries soon behold his lion-ramp,
And, their alarum sounding loud, bear back,
Warned of his numbers by their sullen tramp;
So that the foremost guards were roused, nor slack
To seize their ready arms, and face the near attack.

XXI.

Sure of discovery now, the Arabs wound
Their barbarous horns, and raised their yelling cry,
"Lillah il Allah!" to the well-known sound
Neighed all their steeds—earth rang as they rushed by:
Bellowed the mountains, roared the rifted sky,
Roared the deep vales; the' abysses caught the tone,
And answered in drear thunder, whilst on high,
Alecto the blue torch of Phlegethon
Shook toward Zion hill, and signed her legions on.

XXII.

First rushed the Soldan on the guard, e'en then
In lax confusion, unarranged; less swift
Leaps the grim lion from his bosky den,
Shoots the fierce eagle from her mountain clift:
Floods, that pluck up and in their rapid drift
Roll down huts, rocks, and trees; lightnings, that blast
Strong towers with bolts that leave a burning rift;
Earthquakes, whose motions turn the world aghast,
Are symbols weak to paint the force with which he passed.

XXIII.

His sabre never through the grisly shade
Falls, but it smites; nor smites without a wound;
Nor wounds, but straight it kills; should more be said,
The truth would like romance or falsehood sound.
Pain he dissembles, or he has not found,
Or scorns the blows which feebler arms imprint;
Yet oft his burganet of steel rings round
Like loud alarm-bells with the lively dint
Of pole-axe, spear, or sword, and sparkles like a flint.

XXIV.

Just as his single sword to flight delivers
This foremost phalanx, a gigantic deed,
Like a sea swelled with thousand mountain-rivers,
His rushing Arabs to the charge succeed.
Then the scared Franks flew tent-ward at full speed,
The' audacious Victor following as they fled ;
And with them, rapt sublime on his black steed,
Entering the camp-gate, he on all sides spread
Havoc, and grief, and pain ; loud wailings, rage, and dread.

XXV.

High on the Soldan's helm, in scales of pearl,
With writhen neck, raised paws, outflying wings,
And tail rolled downward, ending in a curl,
A rampant dragon grinned malignant things :
Its lips frothed poison ; brandishing three stings,
You almost heard its hiss ; at every stroke
Heaped on its crest, through all its livid rings
It seemed the monster into motion woke,
Spit forth its spiteful fire, and belched Tartareous smoke.

XXVI.

Such and so Gorgon-like the Soldan's form
Shewed by those fires to the beholders' sight,
As Ocean tossing in a midnight storm
To sailors, with her million waves alight,
Some give their timid trembling feet to flight ;
Some, their brave hands to the revenging blade ;
And still the' infuriate Anarch of the Night
Increased the risks by darkening them in shade,
And to the midnight winds tumultuous discord brayed.

XXVII.

Of those who shewed in this tremendous hour
The stoutest heart, was old Latinus, bred
On Tiber's banks ; toils had not quelled his power,—
He stood an oak with all its leaves unshed,
Green, though in age ; five sons to war he led,
Who, nobly envying his exploits sublime,
His steps attended with unequal tread ;
In iron armours they their unripe prime,
And their yet growing limbs clothed, long before their time.

XXVIII.

The sire's example whets their souls to slake
In blood their eager wrath; "And come," he cries,
"Come where ye see yon tyrannous proud Snake
Devour the crowd that from his fierceness flies.
Let not the sanguine crimes and butcheries
Which he on others perpetrates, unbrace
Your usual courage; fame through peril lies;
And honour, O my boys, itself is base,
Which no surmounted toils of jeopardy aggrace!"

XXIX.

So the fierce Lioness her tawny whelps,
Ere mane invests their neck, or nails their paws,
Ere time with power their native malice helps,
Or teeth and whiskers jag their horrid jaws,
Leads sternly with her to the sylvan wars,
And by her own inflames their savage moods
Against the hunter who to flight o'erawes
The weaker beasts, and insolent intrudes
Upon the holy gloom and quiet of her woods.

XXX.

At once before, beside him, and behind,
The sire and his imprudent little crew,
As though incited by one heart and mind,
In sudden impulse on the Soldan flew;
Five long sharp lances they or thrust, or threw;
But his, the eldest son in daring vein
Rashly abandoned, and with ardour drew
The keen-edged sword, presuming, but in vain,
The warrior's prancing steed at vantage to have slain.

XXXI.

But as a cliff, exposed to storms, which towers,
Smit by a sea that ever howls and raves,
Firm in itself, sustains the wrath of showers,
Heaven's hail, fire, thunder, winds, and mountain waves;
So the strong Soldan lifts his front, so braves,
Unshaken in his seat, the' encounter weak
Of sword and spear: himself from harm he saves;
And of the son that on his steed would wreak
Revenge, the head disparts, betwixt the eyes and cheek.

XXXII.

Fond Amarante, to aid the falling youth,
Stretched forth his pious arm ; O zeal misplaced,
Vain tenderness, and inconsiderate ruth !
That to his brother's ruin he must haste
To join his own ! twined fondly round the waist,
That arm the Turkish sabre from his side
Lopt off,—down sank embracer and embraced ;
And lip to lip, with melancholy pride,
Mixing their last faint sighs, like drooping roses died.

XXXIII.

Then, having cut Sabino's lance in twain,
That vexed him from afar, he spurred his horse,
Which, bounding on him with a loosened rein,
O'erturned and trampled so without remorse
On his fair breast, that from the youthful corse
In dreadful throes the spirit passed forlorn ;
Sorely repining at its foul divorce
From those delightful visions which adorn,
With such sweet hues, the birth of Boyhood's fresh May-
morn.

XXXIV.

But Picus and Laurentes yet had life ;
Twins, born so similar in face and size,
Their persons oft set strangers at sweet strife,
And caused fond error in their parents' eyes :
The' illusion now which with an art so nice
Nature had raised, Rage disenchant to dust ;
The sabre harshly cancels all disguise ;
One through the heart the savage Soldan thrust,
And one he surndered quite, and left a breathless bust.

XXXV.

The father (ah, no father now !) bereft
Of his brave infants in so short a space,
Felt his own death in those five deaths, which left
To him no scion of his name or race :
In such sharp agonies how strength could brace
His aged heart, or reason aid his brain
Still to live on and combat face to face,
I know not ; but perhaps he saw not plain
The looks, the dying pangs, and paleness of the slain.

XXXVI.

Perchance the Night with friendly pinions dim
Hid half their anguish from the parent's view ;
Still he felt conquest would be nought to him,
Unless with full revenge he perished too :
Then of his own blood prodigal he grew,
And of the Soldan's than a bird of prey
More greedily voracious ; nor well knew
Which best his passionate desire would pay,—
Or to be killed outright, or suffer on, and slay.

XXXVII.

But cried aloud : “ Is then this arm so frail,
So scorned as old, or ridiculed as dead,
That all its efforts do not yet avail,
To call down wrath on my defenceless head ? ”
He said, and hurled with fury as he said,
His spear at the majestic homicide ;
Straight to the mark the whizzing weapon fled,
Shivered both plate and mail, and pierced his side ;
Whence the bright blood outgushed, and all his armour
dyed.

XXXVIII.

Roused by the wound, the Turk against him drove,
Sternly severe ; his sword quick passage found
Through the knight's mail,—the target first it clove,
Which seven bull-hides in vain encompassed round,
And in his bowels sheathed its point profound :
The forcible assault from saddle pushed
The hapless knight ; he sighed, and from his wound,
And from his mouth a purple vomit gushed,
That all with blood the sands, with blood the herbage blushed.

XXXIX.

But as an Alpine oak which scorned the strength
Of Aquilo and Eurus, firm and sound,
By some unusual wind torn up at length,
Down tumbles, widely ravaging around
The pines and crashing cedars, so to ground
Latinus fell, and to destruction drew
More foes than one round whom his arms he wound ;
Fit end for one so brave ! that overthrew,
E'en when overthrown himself, and e'en when slaughtered,
slew.

XL.

Whilst, wreaking thus his inward hate, the Turk
Broke his long fast of battle, in their turn
His active Arabs in their barbarous work
Make quick despatch, and all resistance spurn :
Henry, the English knight, and Olopherne,
The proud Bavarian, stretched on earth supine,
Expire beneath thy hand, Dragutes stern !
Gilbert and Philip, Ariadene ! by thine,
Born in fair castles both, beside the' enchanting Rhine.

XLV.

Albatzar's mace Ernesto slew ; the blade
Of Algazel, Engérian ; but to tell
What various modes of death the field displayed,
And the ignoble multitudes that fell,
Mocks all attempt ; at the first " Lillah " yell
And blast of trumpets, in his martial bed
Godfrey was woke, was up, was armed, in selle ;
Gathered a massy squadron ; at their head
Placed himself ; ranged their ranks ; and on to battle led.

XLII.

He, when he heard the uproar that was raised
Grow momentarily more wild, was well advised
That the marauding wanderers of the waste
In sudden insult had the camp surprised ;
Having by frequent message been apprised,
That they the regions round for spoil laid bare ;
This well he knew ; but never had surmised,
That such wild vagabonds would ever dare
To beard, in very deed, the lion in his lair.

XLIII.

But riding on, he heard alarum given
Elsewhere,—" To arms ! to arms !" the trumpet jars ;
And barbarous howls all horribly to heaven,
Loud as the clang and whirl of countless cars,
Ascend, and in loud thunder climb the stars ;
This was Clorinda, who to battle hied
With the king's troops, and, terrible as Mars,
Argantes, breathing fury, at her side ;
To Guelph, his viceroy, then the Captain turned, and cried :

XLIV.

"Hear what new war-cry swells from yonder part
That lies toward the hills and city! there,
We need thy utmost courage, strength, and art,
The sallier's first insulting shocks to bear:
Go then! to guard that quarter be thy care;
And with thee half of these my troops array
In closest cube; whilst I myself prepare,
Where southward the hoarse horns defiance bray,
To front the hostile charge, and stand at desperate bay."

XLV.

The plan marked out, to right and left they wheeled,
By different paths, an equal risk to face,—
Guelph to the hills, and Godfrey to the field
Where now the Arabs hold his men in chase;
Proceeding, he gains strength; at every pace,
To his uplifted standard numbers throng:
Which, by the time he reached the special place
Where the grim Soldan slaughtering passed along,
Had grown a mighty host, firm, massy, stout, and strong.

XLVI.

Thus, humbly gliding from his native mountain,
The Po at first fills not his narrow bed;
But aye the more, the farther from the fountain,
With added forces his proud waters spread;
O'er the burst banks his curled brows tower; with tread
Conquering and swift, he takes his giant leap
Down the 'whelmed vales, and with his horned head
Rebuts the Adrian waves: nor, in his sweep,
Seems to pay tax, but wage fierce warfare with the deep.

XLVII.

When Godfrey saw his troops affrighted fly,
He spurred, and shouted: "Shame! what new disgrace,
What dastard fear is this? tell me but why
You run, behold at least who gives you chase;—
A heartless crowd, irresolute and base,
Reeds shaken by a breeze; they neither know
To strike a gallant soldier to his face,
Nor take a stroke in front; your faces shew!
That will alone suffice to scare the craven foe!"

XLVIII.

This said, he spurred his horse, and onward flew
Where he beheld the Soldan's shining snake;
Through blood and dust, through sabres not a few,
And groves of spears his progress did he make;
With stroke and onset he dissolved and brake
Ranks the most strong, and masses most compact;
And every where to earth was seen to shake,
With a bold arm, attacking or attacked,
Warrior and war-horse, shield and shielded cataphract.

XLIX.

O'er the mixt heap of men and arms made black
With bloodshed, bounds his barb, of nothing shy;
The' intrepid Soldan saw the coming wrack,
And neither fled, nor had the wish to fly;
But spurred abroad to meet him, and on high
Raised his Damascus scimeter to smite
The moment they should meet;—thus drew they nigh;
O what two Peers did Fortune there unite,
From the world's wide extremes, to prove their matchless
might!

L.

Fury in narrow lists with virtue strove
For Asia's boundless empire: who can tell
The fierceness of the fight! how sabre drove
At sword! how swift and strong the strokes that fell!
Their dreadful deeds I pass unsung; they dwell
With unessential Night, whose awful screen
Hid them from notice! they were deeds that well
Deserved a noonday sun, and to have been
By the whole world at once in cloudless glory seen.

LI.

The Christians, cheered by such a glorious guide,
Wax bold, and push the battle to the gate;
And round the dragon-crested homicide,
Dense grows the crowd armed best in proof of plate:
Foot prest to foot, no ground repining hate
Concedes; nor this nor that side wins or quails;
Faithful and Infidel alike elate,
The victor falls, the vanquished now prevails;
And life and grisly death are hung in equal scales.

LII.

As with like rage and strength to battle fly
Here the strong South-wind, there the ruffian North,—
They cuff, they rave, they clash; and sea and sky
To neither yield themselves, though lashed to froth,
But cloud for cloud, and wave for wave send forth:
So fought both hosts beneath the hideous shade—
Unyielding, firm, sharp, obstinate, and wroth;
Front shocking front, in horrible parade,
Shield with shield, helm with helm, and blade loud clashed
with blade.

LIII.

Nor toward the City shock the charging hosts
Meanwhile with less loud uproar; nor less dense
Glooms their array; a thousand thousand ghosts
And Stygian fiends the cope of heaven immense
Fill, and in Pagan bosoms breathe intense
Resolve and fortitude; that none desire,
Or even think to stir a footstep thence;
Whilst with new rage Argantes they inspire,
Enough inflamed before with his accustomed fire.

LIV.

He too the guards repulsed, and at one bound
Clear o'er the deep fosse and high ramparts leaped,—
Levelled the outworks, smoothed the lofty mound,
And with the Franks he slew, the trenches heaped;
So that his knights with ease pursuing, steeped
The ground with gore, and to a purple red
Dyed the white tents; like praise Clorinda reaped
Fast by his side, or following where he sped;
With much disdain that she the' assailants did not head.

LV.

And now the Christians were in flight, when Guelph
The field of slaughter opportunely gained;
He made them turn their faces; he himself
Bore the foe's onset, and his rage restrained.
Thus fought they; and on both sides the blood rained
In equal showers, and equally they earned
The dreary laurels of revenge distained:
His eyes meanwhile where hot the battle burned,
From his empyreal seat the King of Glory turned.

LVI.

There He abides; there, full of truth and love,
Creates, adorns, and governs all that be,
High o'er this narrow-bounded world, above
The reach of reason and of sense; there He
Presides from all to all eternity,
Sublime on solemn throne, unbuilt with hands,
Three Lights in One! whilst in meek ministry,
Beneath his feet, with Fate and Nature stands
Motion, and He whose glass weighs out her golden sands:

LVII.

With Place and Fortune, who, like magic dust,
The glory, gold, and power of things below,
Tosses and whirls in her capricious gust,
Reckless of human joy and human woe:
There He in splendour shrouds himself from shew,
Which not e'en holiest eyes unshaded see;
And round about him, in a glorious bow,
Millions of happy souls keep jubilee,—
Equals alike in bliss, though differing in degree.

LVIII.

As the loud harmony of angel hymns
Joyous through heaven's resounding palace rolled,
Michael he summoned, whose seraphic limbs
Sparkle and burn in adamant and gold;
And thus serenely spake: "Dost thou behold
How from the' abyss yon fiends are risen, to spoil
The faithful flock beloved of my fold?
Seest thou them, armed with malice, how they toil
In wrack and uproar wide those kingdoms to embroil?"

LIX.

"Go! bid them all avaunt, and leave the care
Of war to warriors, as is just and right;
Nor tempest and infect the earth and air
Longer, with their foul charms and evil flight;
But bid them back to the abyss of night,
Their merited abode of wail and pain;
There to torment themselves, and wreak their spite
On the lost spirits subject to their chain;
Lo, this my bidding is, and thus do I ordain!"

LX.

This said, the wing'd Archangel low inclined
In reverent awe before the' Almighty's throne;
Then spread his golden pinions on the wind,
And, swifter than all thought, away is flown:
He passed the regions which the Blessed own
For their peculiar home, a glorious sphere
Of fire and splendour; next, the milder zone
Of whitest crystal; and the circle clear,
Which, gemmed with stars, whirls round, and charms his
tuneful ear.

LXI.

To left, distinct in influence and in phase,
He sees bright Jove and frigid Saturn roll;
And those five other errant fires, whose maze
Of motion some angelic spark of soul
Directs with truth unerring to the goal:
Through fields of endless sunshine he arrives
Where thunders, winds and showers from pole to pole
Waste and renew, as each for mastery strives,
Green Earth, that fades to bloom, and to decay revives.

LXII.

The horrors of the storm, the shadowy glooms,
With his immortal fans he shakes away;
The splendour falling from his face illumines
Night with a sunshine luminous as day:
So after rain in April or in May,
The sun with colours fine of every hue
Paints the moist clouds, green, crimson, gold, and grey;
Cleaving the liquid sky's calm bosom blue,
So shines a shooting star in momentary view.

LXIII.

But when he came where the malignant Fiends
Inflamed the Turks, he checked his swift career;
Balanced his vigorous pinions on the winds;
Then spoke, and, speaking, shook his dreadful spear:
"Not yet, Accursed! have ye learned to fear
That God whose blazing thunderbolts of yore
Scorched your gay wings, and to the nether sphere
Smote you? have ages, spent in torments sore,
Left you rebellious still, and haughty as before?"

LXIV.

"Lo! Heaven hath sworn, that to the Cross shall nod
Yon towers, and Sion ope her portal gates;
Who shall withstand the oracles of God;
Provoke his wrath, and fight against the Fates!
Depart, ye Cursed! to your native states,
The regions of perpetual death and pain,
To you devote; the fiery surge awaits
Your coming, and rears bright its blazing mane;
There urge your impious wars, your triumphs there ordain!

LXV.

"There o'er the guilty tyrannise; there wreak
Your rage, and muster all the pangs ye know,
Mid racks of iron, shaken chains, the shriek
And gnashing of interminable woe!"
This heard, they fled; whom he perceived more slow,
The Angel, with his fatal lance divine,
Goaded and drove; with sullen groans they go;
The realms of smiling light, and golden shine
Of the gay morning-stars reluctant to resign.

LXVI.

And spread toward Hell their dragon wings, to tease,
And tear with sharper pangs the tortured ghosts;
Not swallows in such flocks pass o'er the seas,
Gathering to milder suns and warmer coasts;
Not leaves in woods, when Autumn's first night-frosts
Nip their seared beauty, in such numbers e'er
Heap the low valleys: freed from their foul hosts,
The joyous earth shook off her black despair,
And cheered with flowers the ground, with harmony the air.

LXVII.

Yet not for this the valour or the ire
In fierce Argantes' breast decayed or sank;
Though there Alecto breathed not now her fire,
Nor with her whip of scorpions lashed his flank;
But evermore, where frowned the closest rank,
He keenly plied his sharp, vindictive blade;
He mowed down Briton, Greek, Italian, Frank;
The proud, the mean, the potent equal made;
And the plumed liege beside his plumeless vassal laid.

LXVIII.

Not far behind, the Camp Clorinda strowed
With severed limbs, and with as keen a gust;
Through Berlinger's proud heart, the warm abode
Of life and sense, her scimeter she thrust,—
True to her wish, and to her aim so just,
Its red point issued from the back; she left
The hapless warrior grovelling in the dust,
Then through the navel Albino bereft
Of life, and Gallo's skull, though helmed, in sunder cleft.

LXIX.

Gernier's right hand, that gashed her as she passed,
She cut sheer off; which yet did not abstain
From grasping with its quivering fingers fast,
Half animate, the sword, and on the plain
Glid like a snake's lithe tail, that, cut in twain
By some stung passenger, twists to and fro,
And fiercely strives to reunite, in vain:
Thus lopt, he writhed; the Heroine left him so,
Then at Achilles flew, and dealt a nobler blow.

LXX.

Betwixt the nape and neck the sabre smit,
And cut the nerves and sinews that sustained
The head, which, falling, on the earth alit,
And in foul dust the beauteous face profaned,
Ere the trunk fell; erect the trunk remained,
(A sight of horror!) nor its seat forsook;
Till the sagacious steed, no longer reined
By the strong hand that wont its pride to brook,
Rampant from off its back the useless burden shook.

LXXI.

Whilst thus the dauntless Heroine gored and scourged
The Western Lords, and thinned their serried lines,
Her steed against her brave Gildippe urged,
Nor made less slaughter on the Saracines:
Their sex the same, the same wild beauty shines
In each; in each the fire of glory glows;
At her courageous rival each repines;
But face to face in battle thus to close,
Fate grants it not,—their lives are owed to mightier foes.

LXXII.

Here one, and there the other shocked and charged,
Nor this nor that could clear the fighting crowd ;
But generous Guelph pressed forward, and discharged
At his fair foe, with broad-sword raised, a proud
Aspiring stroke ; it lingered not, but ploughed
Her side, and purple turned its purest white ;
Heroic scorn her flashing smile avowed,—
She with a thrust sharp answer made the knight,
And 'twixt the ribs his wound did passing well requite.

LXXIII.

A second, stronger blow Lord Guelpho strook,
Which erred, as tall Osmida, passing by,
By chance upon his turbaned forehead took
The wound unmeant, gashed deep from eye to eye :
But here, for glory fierce, the company
Which Guelph commanded, interposing, drew
In numbers round ; whilst, fixed to do or die,
Of the pressed Pagans crowds on crowds thronged too,
So that the maddening fight more wild each moment grew.

LXXIV.

Meanwhile Aurora sweet her roseate face
Shows from the balcony of heaven ; and lo !
Burst from his bonds, and fervent from disgrace,
Where the press thickens and the tumults grow,
Comes Argillan, abrupt ; from top to toe
Sheathed in such arms as chance for the assault
First offers,—good or bad, he cares not, so
They do but serve him to amend his fault,
And by new deeds to praise his tarnished name exalt.

LXXV.

As when a wild steed in the stalls of kings
Fed for the battle, from his manger breaks ;
O'er vales, o'er mountains to his loves he springs,
Seeks the known meads, or to the river takes ;
His curled mane dances on his back ; he shakes
His haughty neck aloft ; his broad hoofs sound
Like the black thunder ; with the bright fire-flakes
Struck forth from his swift trampling, burns the ground,
And with his neighings shrill he fills the world around.

LXXVI.

So issues Argillan; his fierce eyes blaze,
Intrepid shews his brow, sublimely strong
His lifted arm; his swift feet leave no trace,
Scarce stir the light dust as they bound along:
And now, the turbaned multitudes among,
He lifts his voice like one that laughs to scorn
All jeopardy and fear; "O ye vile throng!
Dregs of the world! what impudence has drawn
You to a field of war, amidst wild asses born?

LXXVII.

"'T is not for you the shield and battle blade
To shake aloft, or wear the warrior's weed;
But to commit, half naked and afraid,
Wounds to the wind, your safety to the steed!
All your achievements and brave schemes, indeed,
Are wrought by night, blind Night your sole resource
And tower of strength! now she has fled, you need
Valour and arms of more efficient force;
To what kind guardian Power will you now have recourse?"

LXXVIII.

Whilst thus he spoke, on Algazel's bare cheek
So fierce a stroke he took at bold surprise,
As clove his jaws, and, as he sought to speak,
Cut short his answering accents; o'er the eyes
Of the poor wretch a misty horror flies;
An icy frost runs chill from vein to vein;
He groans, he falls, and in the agonies
Of death, still filled with fury and disdain,
Bites with his gnashing teeth the' abominated plain.

LXXIX.

By various deaths then Agricalt he slew,
Strong Muleasses, stronger Saladine;
Then at Aldiazal exulting flew,
And clove the haughty Arab to the chine:
Next wounding in the breast bold Ariadine,
He beat him down, and with fierce vaunts of pride
Taunted the youth; he, stretched on earth supine,
His languid eyes uplifting ere he died,
Thus to his glorying words presagingly replied:

LXXX.

"Not thou, whoe'er thou art, shalt glory long
In this my death, short-sighted homicide!
Like chance awaits thee; soon a hand more strong
Shall stretch thee pale and breathless by my side!"
Grimly he smiled; and "Of my fate," he cried,
"Let Heaven take care; meanwhile die thou, and fill
The maw of birds and hounds!" then with a stride
Of haughtier vaunt, he pressed him with his heel,
And drew at once away the spirit and the steel.

LXXXI.

Mixed with the lancers rode the Soldan's page—
His favourite page, angelically fair;
On whose smooth chin the flowers that vernal age
Strews in its deepening ripeness yet were rare;
A poet's fancy would the pearls compare
That in moist silver his warm cheeks enchain,
To dew on April roses; to his hair,
Untrimmed, the golden gathered dust gave grace,
And even severe disdain shewed sweet in such a face.

LXXXII.

His steed for whiteness matched the snows that drift
On the high Apennines; the lights that glance
In Arctic skies, are not more lithe and swift
Than he to run, to twine, to wheel, to prance:
Grasped in the midst he shook a Moorish lance,
And a short sabre graced his side; with bold
Barbaric pomp, as in antique romance,
He shone in purple, glorious to behold,
Fretted with blazing gems, and damasked o'er with gold.

LXXXIII.

Whilst the fair boy whose mind the new delight
Of glory charmed, with unchecked conquest warm,
Hither and thither in his childish sleight
Drove the bewildered crowd with little harm,
Like a grim lion couching cool and calm,
Fierce Argillano to his motions lent
Regard; watched well his time; then raised his arm,—
Loud whizzed the lance, and, true to his intent,
At stealth the white steed slew, and down the rider went.

LXXXIV.

At his sweet face, where suppliant pity mild
For mercy, mercy, vainly made appeal,
The victor-churl struck, hoping to have spoiled
That masterpiece of beauty; but the steel,
Humaner than the man, appeared to feel
Pain for the wrong, and lighted flat; alas,
What could it serve him! soon his cruel skill
The fault retrieved,—he made a surer pass;
Deep gashed the sword his cheek, and stretched him on the
grass.

LXXXV.

The Soldan, who at no great distance fought,
By Godfrey in the battle kept at bay,
Turned his spurred steed the moment he had caught
Sight of the risk, and through the wedged array
Of charged and charging squadrons clove his way,
And came in time—for vengeance, not for aid;
O grief! O anguish! he beheld his gay
And late so smiling Lesbin lowly laid,
Like a fine flower cut down, and drooping undecayed.

LXXXVI.

His graceful head fell with an air so meek;
Life's flitting sunshine languished into night
O'er his blue eye, and on the suffering cheek,
Strewed by Death's Angel in his love, the white
Rose breathed so sweetly, that, in pride's despite,
His marble heart was touched; and from his brain,
In midst of rage, the tears gushed big and bright:
What! can he weep, who saw his ancient reign
Pass by without one tear to mark his parting pain?

LXXXVII.

He weeps! but when the smoking sword he views
In Lesbin's blood imbrued, all softness dies;
His spirit is ablaze; his rage renews;
The scorched tears stagnate in his stormy eyes,
That flash with fire; on Argillan he flies,
Lifts his drawn sword, and splits from thong to thong,
First the raised buckler with its proud device,
And next his helmed head—a stroke most strong,
Worthy a Sultan's scorn who writhed beneath such wrong.

LXXXVIII.

Nor thus content, he from his steed alights,
And makes fierce battle with the corse he slew ;
Like a struck mastiff, that in vengeance bites
The stone some passenger in anger threw :
O vain relief of anguish ! to pursue
With rage the dust insensible to pain :
But meanwhile Godfrey and his circling crew
Of chevaliers, against the Soldan's train
Spent not in vain their powers, struck not their blows in vain.

LXXXIX.

A thousand Turks were there from head to heel
Sheathed in fine mail, with plated shields ; their frame,
Untired by toil, was stubborn as the steel
That armed their limbs ; their daring souls the same,—
Versed in all movements of the martial game :
The Soldan's ancient body-guard, they passed
With him to the Arabian wilds, when came
His evil hour, and to his fortunes fast
Adhered through bright and dark, confederates to the last.

XC.

These, pressed together close in firmest rank,
Little or nothing to the Franks gave place ;
Amongst them Godfrey charged, and in the flank
Wounded Rostene, Corcutes in the face ;
From Selin, lifting high his Moorish mace,
He shore the head ; then to Rosseno drew,
Lopt off both arms, and in that piteous case
Left him to die, whilst on the rest he flew ;
And many a Paynim maimed, and many a Paynim slew.

XCL.

Whilst thus he strikes, and on his moony shield
Takes all their strokes, invincible as bold,
Nor in one point the gruff barbarians yield,
Their hopes yet ardent, nor their courage cold,
Fresh clouds of drifted dust ride nigh, that hold
Lightnings of war within their womb ; and lo !
Nearer and nearer as their skirts are rolled,
A sudden shine of arms moves to and fro,
That fills with deep alarm the bosoms of the foe.

XCII.

Here fifty knights to battle came, who bore
In argent field the Red-cross of their Lord;
Had I a hundred mouths and tongues, yea, more,
Throat, lungs, and breath of brass to sound abroad
Their deeds, I could not fittingly record
What numbers lifeless sank upon the plain
In their first charge; the valiant Turk that warred,
And Arab that warred not, but sought to gain
The gates for flight, alike was met, was pierced, was slain.

XCIII.

Grief, Scorn, Pain, Horror, Cruelty, and Fear,
Ran shrieking on all sides, and you might see
Death the Destroyer stride from van to rear,
In thousand guises, butchering those that flee;
Conquering the brave; and with a bloody sea
Billowing the ground:—the king with many a knight
Had issued from the walls, in certainty
Of full success, and with the morning light
Beheld the subject plain and uncompleted fight.

XCIV.

But when, no longer dubious of the event,
He the main army saw in disarray,
He bade the trumpet sound retreat, and sent
Repeated heralds to command, and pray
Argantes and Clorinda back; but they,
Intoxicate with blood, and blind with ire,
Long time refuse his message to obey;
At length they yield, but jointly still aspire
To orb their scattered troops, and in firm rank retire.

XCV.

But who a coward host can rule or guide?
The flight is taken, and the fierce foe nigh;
One casts his shield, and one his sword aside,
As more encumbered than defended thereby:
Stretched from the South towards the Western sky,
A rugged valley winds, abrupt and deep,
Near Salem,—thither do the many fly,
In crowds on crowds rude rushing down the steep,—
Dark clouds of dust arise, and to the city sweep.

XCVI.

Whilst down the hill precipitate they ran,
The Christian host vast slaughter of them made;
But when they crossed the valley, and began
To climb the rocks in bowshot of the aid
Sent by the king, his forces Guelpho stayed;
For, at such disadvantages of height,
He would not risk the' uncertain escalade;
Thus safe within the walls, the king from flight
Received the small remains of that unprosperous fight.

XCVII.

All that to human efforts Nature grants,
The Soldan now had done; with sweat and gore
His members are bedewed; he gasps and pants;
Sharp anguish shakes his frame, he can no more:
Weak grew his arm beneath the shield it bore;
His red right hand, with slaughter overspent,
Scarce waved the sword; that sword, so sharp before,
Now only bruised, so blunted, hacked, and bent,
It long had lost the use for which the shape was lent.

XCVIII.

Feeling thus faint, he hesitating stands
In dubious mood, 'twixt warring counsels tost,—
Or should he perish by his own proud hands,
Since hope afresh was wrecked and honour lost,
So none the glory of his death could boast,
Or, should he care to save his life, and flee
Far from the field where lay his vanquished host?
“Fortune,” at last he cried, “I yield to thee;
And let my flight the seal of thy scorned conquest be:—

XCIX.

“Let Godfrey view once more, and smile to view
My second exile;—soon shall he again
See me in arms returned, to vex anew
His haunted peace and never stable reign:
Yield I do not; eternal my disdain
Shall be as are my wrongs; though fires consume
My dust, immortal shall my hate remain;
And aye my naked ghost fresh wrath assume,
Through life a foe most fierce, but fiercer from the tomb!”

END OF CANTO IX.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO X.

I.

WHILST yet he spoke, a steed from battle strayed,
Came bounding up to him, on whose free rein
A hot and hasty hand the Soldan laid,
And leaped across him, faint with toil and pain :
The dragon crest, that with such length of train
Of late in air rose dreadful, shorn away,
Leaves the proud helm undignified and plain ;
Rent are his glorious robes, his trappings gay ;
Nor has he left one sign of pomp or kingly sway.

II.

As from the wattled pens the villain wolf
Chased out, scuds darkling to the forests hoar,
Which, though he well has filled the ravenous gulf
Of his vast stomach with the flesh and gore
Of many a victim, thirsting yet for more,
Laps off the bloody froth his jaws distil,
With greedy tongue ; e'en so the Soldan bore
From that night's slaughter an unsated will,
For boundless fields of blood athirst and hungering still.

III.

As was his fortune, from the drizzly cloud
Of sounding arrows that around him flew,
From groves of lances, ranks of swords, a crowd
Of hostile knights, securely he withdrew ;
And ever as he rode, unknown to view,
The most untrod and wildest ways he sought ;
Whilst, unresolved what measure to pursue,
With each fresh billow of conflicting thought,
Fluctuates his stormy mind, still fixing, fixed on nought.

IV.

At length to Egypt he resolved to hie,
Where now the Caliph his vast hosts arrayed ;
And, joined with him, the arms and fate to try
Of a fresh conflict ; this decision made,
In his mid course no longer he delayed,
But with the speed his urgency demands,
Rode for the South ; he needed none in aid,
To shew the way where on the seashore sands,
Right strongly towered, the town of antique Gaza stands.

V.

Nor, though sharp pangs upon his members seize,
And his weak frame grows weary, will he lay
His arms aside to taste the bliss of ease,
But in sore travel spends the total day,
Till from his sight the landscape swims away,
And shadows tinge the sky's sweet colours brown ;
He then alights ; then swathes, as best he may,
His thrilling wounds ; and from the lofty crown
Of overnodding palms ambrosial fruit shakes down.

VI.

And, thus refreshed, on the bare earth he sought,
His head reclining on his shield, to gain
Rest to his wearied side, and still the thought,
The restless thought that tired his busy brain :
But every moment miserable pain
Stung the sick slumberer on his couch of thorn ;
Oft a swift horror shot from vein to vein ;
Whilst by the inward vultures, Grief and Scorn,
His sad heart still was pierced, his liver fiercely torn.

VII.

At length, when Night had reached her deepest noon,
And lulled in solemn trance all things around,
Conquered with weariness, in softest swoon
His vexing memories and regrets he drowned :
Brief languid quiet his shut eyelids crowned,
And a benumbing torpor, dull but dear,
Its soothing coils about his members wound ;—
Whilst yet he slept, a sudden voice severe,
Toned like the thunder, thus resounded in his ear :

VIII.

"Solyman! Solyman! this lazy rest
To a more suited time reserve; still groans
The land thou' hast ruled—a weeping slave, oppressed
Beneath the yoke of foreign myrmidons:
And sleep'st thou here, upon a soil that owns
So deep a vestige of thy late disgrace?
Hast thou the sad remembrance lost, whose bones
Untombed it holds? is it in such a place
That thou must idly wait to give the morning chase?"

IX.

The Soldan, waking, raised his eyes, and viewed
A man beneath a hundred winters bent;
Who, with a writhen staff from the wild wood,
Guided his feeble steps where'er he went:
"And who art thou?" he uttered, malcontent,
"Officious goblin! whose ill ministry
Is—thus to haunt lone passengers o'erspent,
And scare off their brief sleeps? take wing, and flee!
What is my proud revenge, what my disgrace to thee!"

X.

"I," said the bearded Sire, "am one to whom
Is known in part the scope of your new scheme;
And as a friend more watchful of your doom
And cherished interests than you yet may deem,
I come; nor let my bitter sarcasm seem
Severe in vain; scorn is the quickening spur
Of virtue and ennobling self-esteem;
Let not my accents then, which serve to stir
The latent fire to flame, your anger thus incur.

XI.

"Though now (if I your purpose read aright)
Your steps to the Egyptian Court incline,
A dangerous journey and a fruitless flight,
If yet you pause not in your rash design,
My mystic art, from many a hostile sign,
Predicts; since, whether you remain or go,
No less the forces of the Saracine
Will march; and there, what valour can you shew,
Or how your genius use against our common foe?

XII.

"But, if you trust to me, within those walls
Which fast the Latin arms in leaguer gird,
In open day, and to the inmost halls
Of Salem, without sword, I pledge my word
To bring you safe, unnoticed and unheard;
There take your fill of glory and delight;
With arms and zeal to fit exploits transferred,
Defend her towers, till, to renew the fight,
The hosts of Egypt come, and conquest crowns your right!"

XIII.

Whilst thus he spoke, the fierce Turk with amaze
The ancient man's electric aspect eyed;
His voice was like a spell; and from his face,
And from his savage mind all signs of pride
And rage he banished: "Father!" he replied,
"This instant I am ready, I am swift
To follow wheresoe'er thy will may guide;
That counsel's best which promises to lift
My steps with most of toil to Danger's loftiest clift!"

XIV.

The Ancient praised his zeal, and straightway poured
Into his smarting wounds, which Night had chilled,
A sovereign juice that soon his strength restored,
Stanch'd the red ichor, the sore bruises healed;
And, seeing now the sun begin to gild
The orient clouds yet purple from their play
Round young Aurora, "Rise from off thy shield!"
He said, "'t is time to go; since breaking day,
Which calls the world to toil, already lights our way."

XV.

His magic Car stood ready at command,—
They mount; the Stranger, shunning all delay,
Shook the rich reins, and with a master's hand
Lashed the black steeds, that, ramping, scoured away
So swift, that not the sands a trace betray
Of hoof or wheel; they vanish as they come,
Proudly precipitant, and snort, and neigh,
Paw the parched soil, and, ardent for their home,
Champ their resplendent bits all white with fleecy foam.

XVI.

Away! away! and still as fast and far
They fly, the air to clouds condensing rolled
In heaps around, and draped the' enchanted car,
Yet not a wreath could human eye behold;
Nor stone nor rock, (surprising to be told,)
Hurl'd from the most magnificent machine,
Might of its crapelike volume pierce the fold!
Yet by the two within were all things seen —
The clouds, air, earth, and sky, all rosily serene.

XVII.

With wrinkling forehead and arched brow, the knight
On cloud and car gazed stupidly intent,—
Its wheels seemed wings, and its career a flight,
So swift and soundless on its way it went
O'er the smooth soil; the Sage plenipotent,
Who saw his raptured spirit stand aghast
At the sublime and mystical portent,
From his abstraction roused him; voice at last
Came to his lips, from which these eager questions passed.

XVIII.

"Whoe'er thou art that, passing mortal man,
Mak'st pliant Nature thus thy freaks fulfil,
Who, reading thought and purpose at a scan,
The heart's close chambers rangest at thy will,
O! if it be within thy gifted skill,
Far peeping into Time, to see the shows
Of things yet dark, and spell their good or ill,
Say, prophet! say, what ruin or repose
Do the mysterious stars foredoom from Asia's throes.

XIX.

"But first thy name declare, and by what art
Thou work'st things thus beyond weak Fancy's reach;
For, in this stupor of the mind and heart,
How else can I attend thy wondrous speech?"
The Wizard smiled; "Of that which you beseech,
Part I, at least," said he, "will grant; one page
We may turn over, and its secrets teach;
Ismeno I, the Syrian Archimage,
Named from the magic arts in which I love to' engage.

XX.

"But, Prince, to glance through dark futurity,
And of far fate the' eternal leaves to read,
Were an attempt too arrogant and high,
Nor do the Heavens to man such power concede :
To face the ills and sufferings here decreed,
All spirit, wisdom, strength, let each assume ;
For oft the valourous and the wise succeed
In striking brightness from the deepest gloom,
And from the spheres shape out their own triumphant doom.

XXI.

"For thee 't will be a little thing, the powers
And pillars of Frank rule to shake ; prepare
Not to flank only, nor to shield the towers,
Which those fierce hosts with such unceasing care
Strongly enclose,—'gainst steel,—'gainst fire lay bare
Thine all unconquerable arm ; be bold ;
Hope all things, suffer all things, all things dare ;
Myself hope much ; to thee shall now be told,
What through the mist of years obscurely I behold.

XXII.

"I seem to see, ere many an annual round
Yon dancing planet runs, a Chief arise,
Who shall grace Asia with his deeds renowned,
And with the sceptre of the Ptolemies
Rule fruitful Egypt ; on the policies,
Industrious arts, and blessings of his reign,
I 'am mute,—their number pains my straining eyes :
This be content to know, the Christian chain
With equal scorn and strength his hand shall shake in twain.

XXIII.

"Yea ! from its very base their rule unjust
Shall in his last proud field uprooted be ;
And the lone remnant for their safety trust
A petty rock beside the howling sea,
Protected only by its waves ; from thee
This Chief shall spring !" here hushed the prophet's voice :
"And O !" the Turk replied, "thrice happy he,
Destined to such a noble task !" the choice
His vulture thoughts half grudge, yet, whilst they grudge,
rejoice.

XXIV.

"Let Fortune," he subjoined, "for good or ill
Come or come not, as is prescribed on high,
She sways not me, but shall behold my will
Unconquered aye, and stedfast as the sky:
First shall the moon from her blue circuit fly;
First shall the stars' immortal footsteps reel
From the path fixed for them to tread, ere I
Swerve but a step to shun her whirling wheel!"
He said, and crimson turned, with scorn and fervent zeal.

XXV.

Thus commune they; and now the plain they pass,
Near which their domes the white pavilions rear;
There what a cruel sight was seen! alas,
In what unnumbered shapes did death appear!
To Solymán's stern eyes a troubled tear
Of grief and passion rose at the survey,
And filled his face with gloom; afar and near,
In what wild havoc, how insulted, lay
His arms and ensigns, feared, so feared of yesterday!

XXVI.

He saw the Franks in carnival o'erspread
The field, oft trampling on the faces pale
Of his slain friends, as from the' unburied dead
They tore the gorgeous vests and shirts of mail,
With rude insulting taunts: down the far vale,
In long, long order, many a funeral quire
Was seen attending with the voice of wail
Bodies beloved, whilst some brought careless fire,
And Turks and Arabs heaped in one commingling pyre.

XXVII.

He deeply sighed, he drew his sword in rage,
And from his seat leaped, eager in their blood
To' avenge the insult; but the Archimage
His mad resolve inflexibly withstood;
And, curbing by rebuke his furious mood,
Made him perforce resume the seat resigned;
Then to the loftiest hills his course pursued,
Baffling the rival pinions of the wind,
Until the hostile tents in distance sank behind.

XXVIII.

Alighting then, the chariot disappeared,
And side by side on foot the travellers went ;
Still curtained in the cloud, their course they steered
Down a deep vale of difficult descent,
Till they arrived where to the Occident
Sublime Mount Sion turned its shoulders wide,
In rocks and cliffs fantastically rent ;
There paused the Sorcerer, and its fissured side
Coasting from steep to steep, in close perusal eyed.

XXIX.

Scooped in the bosom of the living stone,
Time immemorial, yawns a hollow grot,
Whose mouth, from long disuse, was overgrown
With briars and herbs that mantled all the spot,
By all but the Magician long forgot ;
He cleared the way, the entrance he explored,
And, bending low his body, scrupled not
Darkling to creep into the cave, unawed,
Holding his right hand out to guide the Turkish lord.

XXX.

Out then spake Solyman ; " What uncouth cave
Is this, through which my stealing steps must glide ?
Far nobler passage with my trusty glaive
Would I have cleft, if thou hadst not denied :
" Reluctant soul ! " the Archimage replied,
" Let not thy proud feet spurn the gloomy ways
Which potent Herod has so often tried,—
Which Herod oft times trod in ancient days,
Whose deeds in arms are yet the theme of Syrian praise.

XXXI.

" This cave the monarch scooped, when with a power
More strict his froward Jews he wished to bend ;
By this he could with ease from yonder tower,
(Then named Antonia from his noble friend,)
Either, invisible to all descend
To the grand Temple, and secure his flight,
If aught of tumult threatened to impend
In the rebellious city, or, by night
Fresh forces introduce, nor shock the public sight.

XXXII.

"This dark and solitary cave, of all
Existent beings but to me is known;
It now shall be our usher to the hall,
Where in divan the mightiest of his throne,
Emir, and sage, and Persic Amazon
Are gathered by the King, who seems to fear,
Somewhat too much, misfortune's angry frown;
Much needed shalt thou come; stand still, give ear,
Then move, at suited time, bold words of lively cheer."

XXXIII.

He said: the Prince no longer now disdains
To enter the strange cavern; but by ways
Where ever-during night, and silence reigns,
Follows the Wizard through the winding maze;
At first low stooping, but the grot in space
Loftier dilates, the farther they explore
Its labyrinthine depths, until they pace
At utmost ease of height the chiselled floor,
And midway soon approach a little grated door.

XXXIV.

Ismeno shot the lock; and to the right
They climbed a staircase, long untrod, to which
A feeble, glimmering, and malignant light
Streamed from the ceiling through a windowed niche;
At length by corridors of loftier pitch
They sallied into day, and access had
To an illumined hall, large, round, and rich;
Where, sceptred, crowned, and in dark purple clad,
Sad sat the pensive King, amidst his Nobles sad.

XXXV.

The Turk, unseen within the hollow cloud,
His eager eyes around the assembly rolled;
And heard meanwhile the monarch, from his proud
Enamelled seat of elephant and gold,
His changed imaginations thus unfold;
"Oh, ruinous indeed the day gone by
Proved to our rule! my eagle heart is cold;
Cold, O my friends! and, cast from hopes so high,
Egypt is now the all on which we can rely."

XXXVI.

"But well ye see how distant are her arms
From our so pressing exigence, alas,
Our risks! for your advice in these alarms
We all are met,—each speak the thoughts he has :"
He ceased; sad sounds around repining pass,
Like hollow winds in woods when dark the year
Weeps into winter; but, with front of brass,
Lively of look and confident of cheer,
Argantes straight uprose, and hushed each whispering peer.

XXXVII.

"What, most magnificent of Kings! what now?"
Were the first words of the undaunted Knight;
"What trial's this? who does not know, that thou
Need'st not our judgments to decide aright?
Yet will I say, be all our hopes in fight
Placed in ourselves; and if, as schoolmen tell,
No ills can harm true Virtue, nor affright,
Be that our spear, our shield, our citadel,—
Let us her dictates use, nor love our lives too well.

XXXVIII.

"I say not this as hopeless of the aid,
The most sure aid our Court did late decree;
To doubt the promises my lord has made,
Were neither just in you, nor right in me:
But this I say, because I wish to see
In some of us an energy more brave;
A soul prepared for whatsoe'er may be—
To scorn the chance that guides us to the grave,
And look on victory still as our predestined slave."

XXXIX.

Thus spoke Argantes; nothing more he chose
To say, as useless in so clear a case;
When with an air of state Orcano rose,
A peer descended from a princely race:
With warriors once he held respected place;
But, married to a young and beauteous bride,
His courage melted in her sweet embrace;
And in his babes now placing his chief pride,
Sad o'er the risks of war the sire and husband sighed.

XL.

"My Prince," he thus began, "I ne'er can blame
The warmth of words magnificent, that start
Bright with the impress of young Glory's flame,
Which will not be confined in the close heart;
And if the good Circassian, in the smart
Of ardent feeling, oft in speech exceeds
Cool caution's bounds and overplays his part,
This let him claim; for, hotly as he pleads,
His glorying words are matched by no less glorious deeds.

XLI.

"But it behoves thee, whom the wider ken
Of times and actions so discreet has made,
Such spirits by thy wisdom to restrain,
When by enthusiast heat too far betrayed;
To balance with thy hopes of distant aid
Our present perils—what may yet befall,—
And to contrast, in this their fierce crusade,
The arms, the zeal, the genius of the Gaul,
With each new builded work and immemorial wall.

XLII.

"Our town (if freely I may speak my thought)
Is strong by nature, stronger yet by art;
But what sublime and strong machines are brought
Against its bulwarks, on the adverse part!
What is to happen, I know not,—my heart
Both hopes and fears the issue, as the scale
Vibrates of war; but hope must soon depart,
Hope must depart, for sustenance will fail,
If they in stricter siege invest us, and assail.

XLIII.

"But, as respects the store of herds and grain
That yesternight within the walls was brought,
Whilst the prest Franks, in yon pavilioned plain
Crimsoning their swords, on conquest only thought,
(And at the greatest hazard it was wrought,)
What will it be in this large town? at most,
Scant for our need, if the siege lasts; nor short
The siege must prove, e'en though the Egyptian host
Come punctual to the day and hour at first proposed.

XLIV.

"But what, if longer they delay? or grant
That they our hopes outstrip, and well fulfil
Their plighted promise, is there nought to daunt?
Is the war-storm rolled back from Zion hill?
Is victory ours?—No, King! we must fight still
With this redoubted Godfrey, as at first;
With the same captains, the same hosts, whose skill
So oft has baffled the fair hopes we nursed,
And Arabs, Persians, Turks, in utter rout dispersed!

XLV.

"Their bravery, brave Argantes! thou hast known,
Who oft in field hast yielded quick retreat,
Oft to the conquering foe thy shoulders shewn,
Oft turned for safety to thy wind-swift feet:
Coupled with thee in danger and defeat,
This knows Clorinda, this know I; not one
In the divan has cause for self-conceit
Above the rest; my lord, I censure none;
All that the might of man can do, ourselves have done.

XLVI.

"Yet will I say, though he should frown to hear
The truth, and fiercely take the dues of hate,
I see, alas, by tokens but too clear,
The dreaded Franks led onward by a fate
Not to be shunned! no force, however great,
Nor harnessries of steel, nor towers of stone
Will bar their final conquest; this I state,
(Bear witness, righteous Heaven!) from zeal alone,—
Zeal for my country's good, and duty to the throne.

XLVII.

"How wise the King of Tripoli! he knew
How with calm peace his kingdom to retain;
Whilst by his stubbornness the Soldan drew
Their vengeance down, and either now lies slain,
Or vilely groans beneath the victor's chain;
Or into exile, of each face afraid,
Flies, eeking out a life of care and pain;
He too, had he but yielded part, and paid
Tribute or gifts of price, might still his realms have swayed."

XLVIII.

In these ambiguous words the Syrian gave
A dubious glimpse of his oblique device;
For, to buy peace and live a feudal slave
He durst not openly the king advise:
But the impetuous Solyman of Nice,
With deepest scorn and indignation stung,
No longer could endure such calumnies;
And first the Wizard whispered him, "How long
Art thou disposed to bear the taunts of such a tongue?"

XLIX.

"Against my will," he answered, "well you wist,
Keep I thus mute; I burn with rage and scorn!"
Scarce had he said, than the gross web of mist
That like a garment mantled them, was torn,
And into open heaven dissolving borne;
At once refulgent from the rending cloud
The Prince stood forth in the clear light of morn;
With fiery eye, magnificent and proud,—
Into the hall he strode, and sudden spake aloud:

L.

"Lo, I of whom ye prate, before you stand,
No timorous wretch that into exile flies,
But ready e'en with this war-wearied hand,
To prove how foully yon pale craven lies!
And is it I, who shed—in all men's eyes,
Such streams of blood; who fought, the livelong night,
Till the smooth plain did into mountains rise,—
I, who with thousands still sustained the fight,
Of every friend deprived—am I accused of flight?"

LI.

"But mark me well! if he, or any such,
False to his faith, his country, and his kind,
Dares on so base a theme again to touch,
This sword shall stab the mischief in his mind:
First lambs and wolves shall in one fold be joined;
First doves and snakes shall in one nest embrace;
Ere on one soil affianced peace shall bind
Our hands in friendship with this hated race;
No! first the stable globe shall perish from its place."

LII.

Whilst speaking, he his terrible right hand
Laid on his sword in threatful attitude;
As statues mute, the Magnates of the land
Sate, by his words and Gorgon face subdued:
Then with a gentler tone, in milder mood,
He greeted courteously the King, and said;
“No more, my lord, on past reverses brood,
Since I am here, who bring no trivial aid;
Let this to livelier hopes thy fainting heart persuade.”

LIII.

He, rising to salute him, made reply;
“Oh with what joy do I behold thee here!
Now, neither of my slaughtered chivalry
Feel I the loss, nor for the future fear;
Thou of a truth art come, companion dear!
My power to fix, and in good time renew—
Unless the flattering stars prove insincere—
Thine own;” thus saying, to the Prince he drew,
And round his neck his arms in strict embracement threw.

LIV.

Their greetings paid, his own rich chair of state
The King conceded to the brave Nicene;
Then on a damask throne beside him sate,
And on his left hand placed the sage Ismene:
Whilst of their wondrous coming unforeseen
Curious the King for explanation pressed
The Archimage apart, Clorinda sheen
Came from her seat, and to the royal guest
Respectful homage paid; him honouring, rose the rest:

LV.

And with them brave Ormusses, who, endued
Of late by Solyman with powers to guide
A troop of Arabs to the town, pursued
Ways long disused, and whilst the fight was plied
With sternest resolution, undescried
Through the dark midnight, had the skill to gain
The straitened town in safety; and beside
His armed force, brought store of herds and grain;
Aids, which the pining host had looked for long in vain.

LVI.

Sole with an aspect full of surly scorn,
Silent the piqued Circassian kept his place ;
Like a grim lion, that at sound of horn
Rolling his eyes, disdains to stir one pace :
Abashed Orcano durst not e'en upraise
His eyes ; but, pricked by Shame's compunctuous sting,
Shrunk from his wronged opponent's angry gaze :
The Soldan thus and nobles in a ring
Leave we in deep divan, around the Syrian King.

LVII.

But Godfrey, following fast as victory led,
Had cleared the ambushed straits, the guarded heights ;
And paid meanwhile to his lamented dead
The last funeral pomps and pious rites :
And now he gives command that all his knights
Be ready, when the matin trumpet calls,
To move the' assault ; their ardour he incites ;
And wheeling round, in prospect of the walls,
Yet mightier rams and towers, the townsmen more appals.

LVIII.

And when he knew the noble troop that came
In the last fight so timely to his aid
For his own knights, who, through their amorous flame,
Had followed late the fair insidious maid,—
And with them Tancred, whom we saw betrayed
To powerless bondage in Armida's cage,
After his fancied Lady as he strayed,—
Alone before the Solitary Sage
And his chief friends, he sent, their presence to engage.

LIX.

Soon as they came, " Let one of you," he said,
" Of your brief wanderings the events relate ;
And by what turn of fortune you were led
To bring such succour in so sharp a strait : "
They blushed ; since, e'en for venial errors, great
Is the remorse of virtue ; each would shun
The task, and downcast stood with looks sedate :
Raising his eyes at length, the' illustrious son
Of British William rose, and bashful thus begun.

LX.

" We, whose void lots remained undrawn, whilst night
Favoured us, secretly from camp withdrew ;
Following, I not deny, Love's meteor light,
And a fair face insidious to undo ;
We went by crooked byways, trod by few,
In discord, jealousy, and fierce debate ;
And oft the witch impassioned glances threw,
Sweet words, and sweeter smiles, (seen through too late !)
Which, whilst they fed our love, increased our mutual hate.

LXI.

" At length we reached the' accursed spot, where Heaven
Rained down its flaky fire in ancient time,
Revenging outraged Nature on the leaven
Of foul Gomorrah and her coasts of crime :
Once fruitful was the land, and pure the clime ;
Where odious winds now fret, and billows yell,
Rolled on a wild lagoon of bubbling slime
Bituminous, that, smoking as they swell,
Breathe in gross air the hue and sulphurous scent of hell.

LXII.

" This is the pool in which whate'er is thrown
Will never sink, but on the surface float ;
Men, iron, marble, brass, and solid stone,
All that has weight, is buoyed up as a boat :
A castle crowns the flood, and o'er its moat
A narrow bridge gives access to the pile ;
Thither we went ; within, sweet mysteries smote
Our senses,—Nature wore her brightest smile ;
Gay shone the summer sea, and laughed the'enchanted isle.

LXIII.

" The air was mild, heaven calm, the joyous bowers
Fresh, the woods green, the waters bright and blue ;
Midst myrtles, lilachs, and divinest flowers,
A fountain to the sun in silver flew ;
The crisp leaves made soft music, as to woo
Tired eyes to slumber in the shaded grass ;
Heard was the bee to hum, the dove to coo,
Nor mute was heavenly Philomel ; I pass
The glorious structures wrought in marble, gold, and glass.

LXIV.

"On the smooth turf, near the melodious wave,
In brownest shade were ivory tables set;
With sculptured vases decked and viands brave
Of every clime and season,—all that yet
Art dressed, or taste purveyed, or rifling net
Snared from the leafy wood or billowy sound,
With every flavoured wine and rich sherbet;
A hundred charming nymphs, with roses crowned,
Skilful as Hebe, served, and sped the banquet round.

LXV.

"With radiant smiles and fond engaging speech
She brewed enchantments fatal to our fame;
Whilst at the feast, from Love's full goblet, each
Quaffed off a long forgetfulness to shame,
She, rising, said, "I soon return;" she came,—
But with a face less tranquil than before;
Her cheek's rose-hues were deepened into flame;
A small enchanting wand her right hand bore,
Her left a book, whence she strange mysteries murmured o'er.

LXVI.

"Fast as she read, I felt a secret change
Invest at once volition, sense, and thought;
I longed the watery element to range,
Leaped from my seat, and flounced in amorous sport
Through the smooth wave,—so wonderfully wrought
Her spell! my legs combined; my arms began
To incorporate; my tall form grew spare and short;
O'er all my skin bright scales of silver ran;
And the mute fish possessed the late majestic man.

LXVII.

"Changed like myself in form and instincts, all
Swam the clear silver of the living stream;
What then my feelings were, I now recall
As through the medium of a brainsick dream:
At length it pleased the Enchantress to redeem
Our spirits from the spell; our shapes we took,
But wonder kept us dumb, and awe supreme;
When, still some anger lowering in her look,
She, threatening thus, our hearts with fresh commotion shook.

LXVIII.

"Lo, now at length ye know my height of power,
My empire o'er you! in my will it lies,
To shut you up for ever in yon tower,
Dead to the sunshine of the cheerful skies;
Or rib you into rocks of stone or ice,
To bear the fury of all winds that blow;
To wing you into birds; or, in a trice,
Root you in earth to germinate and grow;
In shaggy hides to howl, or in cold fountains flow.

LXIX.

"You yet may shun my anger, if ye choose
To' adapt your conduct to my sovereign will;
Change but your faith, and in our service use
Your swords the impious Lorrainer to kill:"
All scorned the curst conditions to fulfil,
Save base Rambaldo; him, and him alone
She won,—whilst we (for 'gainst her magic skill
What could avail?) in darksome cells were thrown,
Beneath a weight of chains, for long, long moons to groan.

LXX.

"To the same castle came in evil hour
Bold Tancred, who by guile was captured too:
But the fair false Enchantress in her tower
Not long detained us; for, if fame say true,
An envoy with an armed retinue
Came with Prince Idraotes' signet ring
From rich Damascus,—of the maid to sue,
That he our troop, disarmed and chained, might bring
As an obliging gift before the' Egyptian king.

LXXI.

"Watched by a hundred guards we went our way;
When, as the providence of Heaven decreed,
The good Rinaldo, who from day to day
Goes adding by some new heroic deed
Fresh grace to glory, on his sprightly steed
Met us, nor paused a moment to assail
The knights our guard;—most nobly did he speed;
Victorious from the foe our shirts of mail
Striped, and to us restored, attest the certain tale.

LXXII.

"I saw, all saw him! to his robes we clung,
Heard his kind voice, and grasped his hand; thus then,
False is the rumour that from tongue to tongue
Sounds through the Camp, which misreports him slain:
The youth is safe; but thrice the sun's bright wain
Has circled heaven, since, with a pilgrim guide
Parting from us, he took the sandy plain
That leads to Antioch; having first aside
His shattered armour cast, to deepest crimson dyed."

LXXIII.

He ceased; meanwhile his eyes the Hermit raised
To heaven,—his colour changed, diviner grew
His sainted form; quick feelings feelings chased,
And all his features into sunshine threw:
Full of the Deity, his spirit flew
On rapture's glowing wings, in glorified
Trance to the sanhedrim of Angels,—drew
The curtains of the sanctuary aside,
And the eternal march of unborn years descried.

LXXIV.

Unlocking then in more than mortal sound
His lips, of things to come the Prophet tells;
The rest in wonder at the change stand round,
Attentive to his thundered oracles:
"He lives," he cried, "Rinaldo! and all else
Are but the wiles of feminine deceit;
He lives; and God, the living God that dwells
In splendours beaming round the Mercy-seat,
Reserves his unripe youth for glories more complete.

LXXV.

"Trivial as yet and infantile appears
Each feet of his wherewith awed Asia rings;
I see, I see him with the rushing years
Tame the strong crimes of Cæsars and of kings;
And with the mild shade of its silver wings,
I see his brooding Eagle overspread
The' Eternal City and the Church, that springs
From the wolf's paw redeemed as from the dead,
And many a worthy son shall bless his happy bed;—

LXXVI.

“ Children, and children’s sons, who shall be styled
 Illustrious patterns of their sires’ renown;
 And guard from wicked courts and traitors vilde
 The Papal mitre and the ducal crown,
 With the religious temples; to strike down
 The haughty, raise the weak, the guilty goad,
 And shield young merit from misfortune’s frown—
 These be their arts; and in this glorious mode
 Shall Este’s Eagle soar beyond the Solar road.

LXXVII.

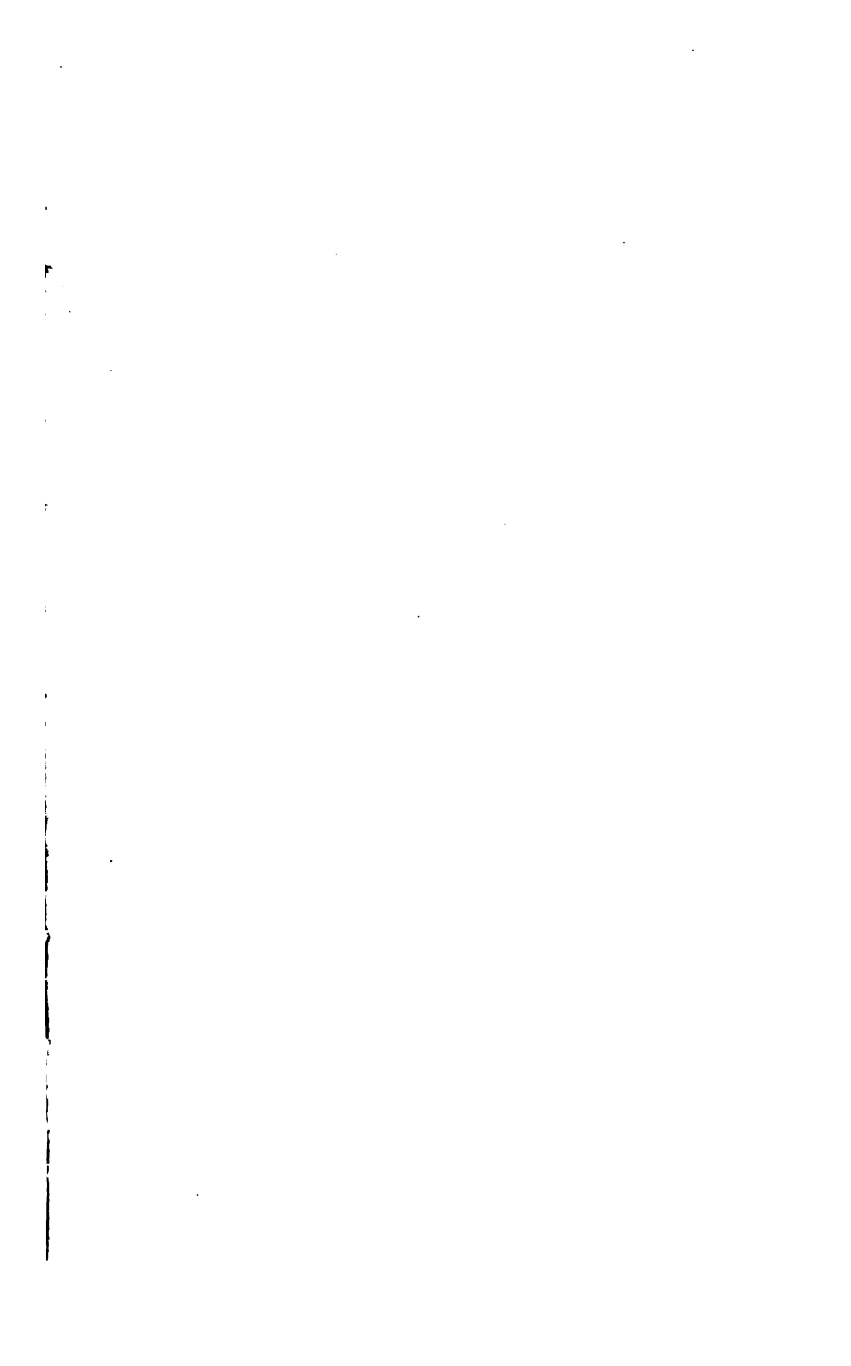
“ And just it is, that, as by power unawed
 She strikes for truth, rejoicing in the light,
 From Peter’s hands her pounce should bear abroad
 The mortal thunders; wheresoe’er the fight
 Waxes for Christ, her baffling pinions bright
 With triumph aye shall spread; this brilliant track
 Heaven, and her inborn virtue to her flight
 Accord;—thus, home to the sublime attack
 Whence she hath flown, ’tis willed the trumpets call her back!”

LXXVIII.

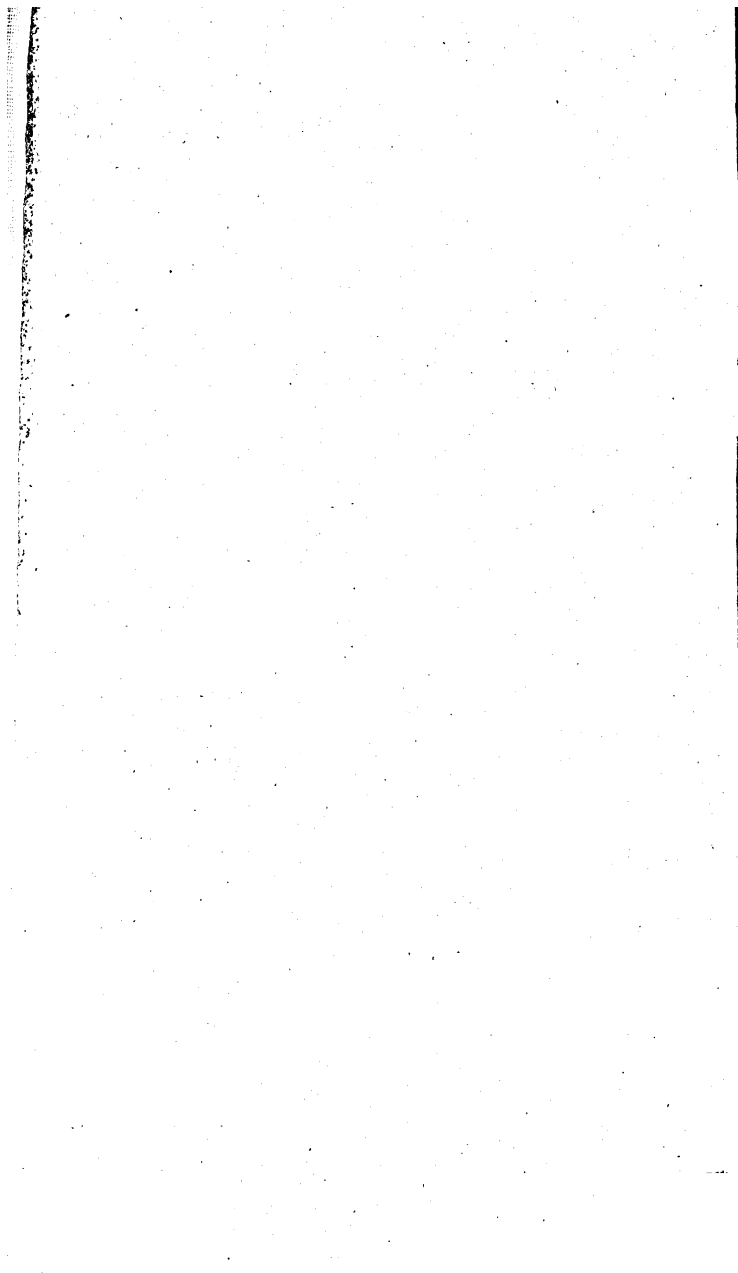
The griefs and fears that each had entertained,
 Wise Peter’s words did wholly dissipate;
 Sole in the general joy the Duke remained
 Silent, given up to themes of gravest weight:
 Meanwhile the sun had reached Eve’s golden gate;
 Still Night o’er earth her solemn mantle throws;
 Home to their several tents the Chiefs of state
 Return, and give their members to repose;
 But Godfrey’s studious mind no rest in slumber knows.

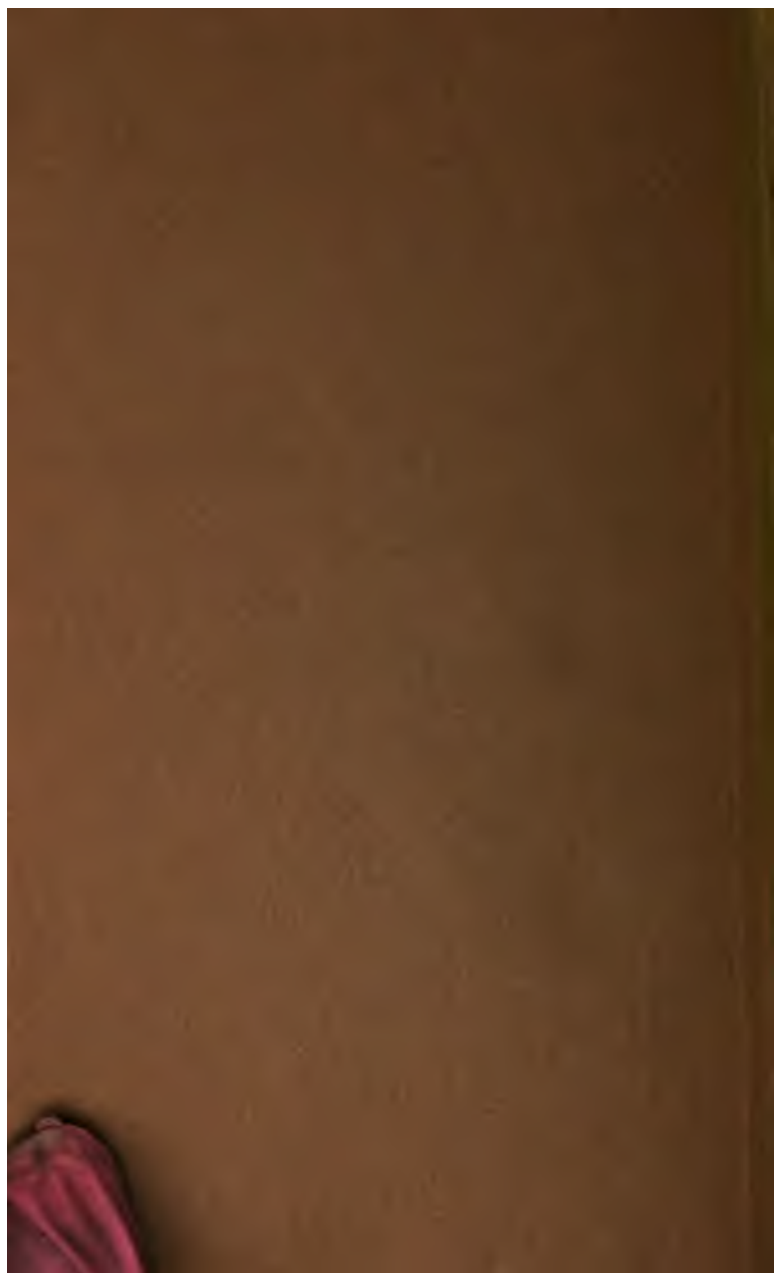
END OF CANTO X.

EP, 22









OCT 4 - 1934

LEDOX LIB



Bancroft Collection.
Purchased in 1893.



OCT 4 - 1904

LENOX LIB



Bancroft Collection.
Purchased in 1893.